Jan. 27, 1962

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THE NEW YORKER

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NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Caretaker—A moth-eaten tramp moves in on two brothers in London, and the results, whether comic or dreadful or puzzling, are consistently fascinating. The playwright is Harold Pinter; the actors are Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alex Davion; and the director is Donald McWhinnie. All of them are English imports of the highest quality. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Complaisant Lover—Graham Greene's attempt to give a Gallic twist to the cuckolding of an upstanding English dentist isn't always as buoyant as it might be, but he has invented a very hilarious scene in a hotel room where the dentist, his erring wife, and her boy friend all foregather at a most awkward moment. Michael Redgrave, as the dentist, is possibly too formidable to be completely believable, and Richard Johnson, as the cuckolder, isn't entirely persuasive, either, but Googie Withers, as the wife, is just right. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes with a special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 28.)

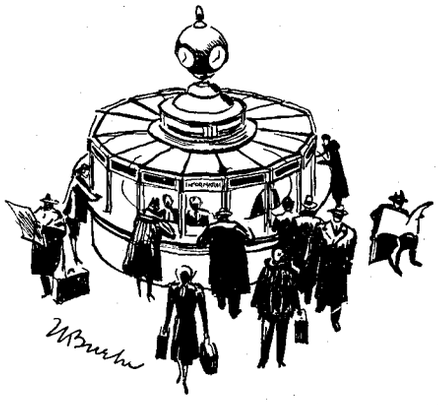
Gideon—Fredric March and Douglas Campbell make an entertaining team as they portray God and Gideon, respectively, in this Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky, but their colloquies are not magnetic enough to hold one's attention through two acts and five scenes. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, who has assembled a strong cast to help the principals along. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Man for All Seasons—A distinguished play and a distinguished actor in happy conjunction. Paul Scofield is the actor, and his interpretation of Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, as re-created by the playwright Robert Bolt, is sympathetic, amusing, exciting, and convincing. Other highly estimable performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, Jack Creley, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Bette Davis, and Alan Webb as some mixed-up Tennessee Williams people assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Romulus—Cyril Ritchard is very amusing as the last emperor of ancient Rome, but the play itself, adapted by Gore Vidal from a work by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, meanders quite a bit before it finds its comic stride. Cathleen Nesbitt and Howard Da Silva support Mr. Ritchard in style. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Thursday, Jan. 25, and Thursday, Feb. 1, at 2.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Ross—Terence Rattigan's portrait of T. E. Lawrence occasionally highlights some aspects of the original desert fox but it never gives us a really plausible image of a very difficult and confusing character. John Mills is first-rate as Lawrence (who used the name Ross when he enlisted in the British Air Force after the First World War) and John Williams is excellent as General Allenby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Shot in the Dark—Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled into a magistrate's examining chamber after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—is murdered while spending an evening in her quarters. The combination of French farce and courtroom drama, which Harry Kurnitz adapted from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard, doesn't always progress very speedily, but William Shatner, as the examining magistrate; Walter Matthau, as a banker; and Louise Troy, as the banker's wife, lend sturdy support to Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—Old-hat notions about whether a girl should surrender her all before the wedding bells ring out are tossed about relentlessly during a good part of this comedy by Norman Krasna. For a moment in the second act, however, he churns up a measure of lively comedy in one of those mistaken-identity scenes. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee do what they can to animate the play. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—It is doubtful whether Frederick Knott's tale of intricately plotted homicide in an old English manor house will have you biting your nails in suspense, but in its lethal and simple-minded fashion it is not without its interesting effects. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies head up a highly capable cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—Come Blow Your Horn: Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Mary, Mary**: The plot of this Jean Kerr comedy concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Gay Life—Old-fashioned Viennese schmalz presented in very delicious settings by Oliver Smith and offering as its pièce de résistance the lovely and talented Barbara Cook. Sad to relate, Mr. Smith and Miss Cook make the only arresting contributions to the show, which was written by Fay and Michael Kanin, has music and lyrics by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, and was directed by Gerald Freedman. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—All the Horatio Alger ground rules for getting ahead in business are broken in this saga of a young egomaniac who skims to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. A jolly piece of spoofing, which owes much to Frank Loesser, Abe Burrows, and a couple of other collaborators. The best performances are those by Robert Morse, who plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée, who plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The ladies aren't always the most diverting company in the world, but there is dancing galore, and the songs, by Jerry Herman, are rendered amiably by a cast led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—The songs, book, and direction of

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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 50, January 27, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this only so-so musical are by Noël Coward. Elaine Stritch, Alice Pearce, Patricia Harty, James Hurst, and Grover Dale head the cast, and the setting is a British cruise ship with a cargo of Americans aboard. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—You probably won't split your sides laughing at this Betty Comden-Adolph Green comedy about people trying to survive in Manhattan without money, and the score by Jule Styne may leave you unmoved. But the play is handsomely mounted, includes a couple of splendid production numbers, and has the valuable services of Sydney Chaplin, Orson Bean, Carol Lawrence, and Phyllis Newman. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Camelot: It's about one of those foreign kings. William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **Carnival:** Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Her associates are James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **My Fair Lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Sound of Music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Martha Wright and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Unsinkable Molly Brown:** An account of the ups and downs, domestic and foreign, of a backwoods Colorado girl, played by Tammy Grimes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 10.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Family Affair—Shelley Berman, Eileen Heckart, and Morris Carnovsky in a musical by James Goldman, John Kander, and William Goldman. The director is Harold Prince, the producer Andrew Siff. Opens Saturday, Jan. 27. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Passage to India—Saintha Rama Rau's London play, based on the E. M. Forster novel and starring Eric Portman, Zia Mohyeddin, Gladys Cooper, and Anne Meacham. Directed by Donald McWhinnie and presented by the Theatre Guild, Robert Fryer, and Lawrence Carr, with John Herman. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Faces of '62—Leonard Sillman's revue, with music and lyrics by June Carroll, Mark Bucci, Murray Grand, and others; sketches by Ronny Graham, Paul Lynde, and others; and a company that includes Marian Mercer, R. G. Brown, and Joey Carter. Produced by Carroll and Harris Masterson, and staged by Mr. Sillman. Opens Thursday, Feb. 1. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

All in Love—David Atkinson in a musical based on Sheridan's "The Rivals," with book and

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lyrics by Bruce Geller and a score by Jacques Urbont. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Apple—Jack Gelber's new play is horrifying, funny, and repellent, though seldom all at once. The setting is a coffeehouse, and among the seven characters are a spastic and a mad drunk who drops dead at the end of Act I but revives to participate in Acts II and III. Judith Malina's direction and the performances of Marilyn Chris, John A. Coe, and the other members of the cast are nothing short of astonishing. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 2; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Banker's Daughter—A musical with book and lyrics by Edward Eliscu, music by Sol Kaplan, and a cast headed by Helena Scott. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8.)

Black Nativity—Langston Hughes' Christmas celebration is appropriately jubilant and moving. Most of the music is provided by two sets of gospel singers, one headed by Marion Williams and the other by Professor Alex Bradford. The company also includes a soloist, three dancers, and a narrator. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cantilevered Terrace—Mildred Dunnock in a play by William Archibald. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30.)

Creditors—Strindberg's drama, with Donald Davis, Rae Allen, and James Ray as the entire cast. Opens Thursday, Jan. 25. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a

large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's ideas and the character of Mrs. Alving are as good as new, but some of the dramatic machinery has rusted a bit over the past eighty years. Leueen MacGrath, as Mrs. A., heads a bright cast. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and Alan Nunn, as the caretaker of the lodgings, are especially good in this most satisfactory revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Jungle of Cities—This 1922 Bertolt Brecht play, concerning a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays and Sundays at 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30.)

Misalliance—Philip Minor, who directed this revival of Shaw's comedy, rates high marks for its breeziness and clarity. The actors do well, too, especially Lidia Prochnicka, as the Polish acrobat who drops in on his house party, and Emery Battis, as Lord Summerhays. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl—A scruffy back yard in Port of Spain is the background and only unfamiliar element in this play that is compounded of laughter and tears in fairly standard proportions. The performances by almost all concerned, though, are shrewd, lively, and refreshing. Vinnette Carroll, as a stalwart Trinidadian matron, and James Earl Jones, as a young bus driver bound for Liverpool, head the cast. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Signs Along the Cynic Route—A little revue that presents a snappy rundown on local and global conditions and also provides the opportunity to watch a skillful young comedian named Will Holt at work. Mr. Holt wrote the songs; he and Dolly Jonah wrote the sketches; and he and Miss Jonah and Robert Barend are the whole cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

WHO'LL SAVE THE PLOWBOY?—A play by Frank D. Gilroy. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (*LF 3-5020*). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 25: "Apollo," "Illuminations," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 26: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 27: "La Sonnambula," "Valses et Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 27: "Interplay," "Donizetti Variations," "The Cage," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Jan. 28: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 30: "Illumination," "Valses et Variations," "Agon," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 2: "Interplay," "Serenade," "Illuminations," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 3: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 3: "Serenade," "Pas de Dix," "Ebony Concerto," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 4.)

CEYLON NATIONAL DANCERS—The only New York performance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 9. For tickets, call CI 6-8059.)

TALLEY BEATTY—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—That fine old Hollywood formula—stars in your eyes, maybe even stars in your hair. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room's pruned version of Jerome Kern's sweetly flowing "Music in the Air" concentrates on the play-within-a-play sequence, which is beneficial to both operetta and cast. Wilbur Evans and Harry Snow are superb in it, Marthe Errolle and a child named Phyllis Arick are quite all right. Stanley Melba's band and Phil Wayne's trio do dance music the evening through. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the place is closed. . . . ¶ A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where there's always something—usually Stanley Worth's little dance band—going on from apéritifs to curfew night after night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room affords two nighttime vistas, at dinner and supper, of the matinée-idol Johnny Desmond, who gives his all to a violins-and-harp recital of ballads. Emil Coleman's ample orchestra and Mark Monte's small one weave yard after yard of dance music the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano that contains absolutely no harsh irritants is presented by Kurt Maier in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty (except Mondays) and in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is populated by the good-natured dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's big, dreamy dance band is musing every night but Sunday in the big but not necessarily dreamy Grill.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Charles Trenet, a Gallic composer who is as adroit at infusing heady light wine into a ballad as are his compatriots Prévert and Poulenc, is giving the author's version of how his lyrics should be done. His sounding board is the Maisonette. Chauncey Gray's orchestra, which has been turning out social-occasion dance tunes for a couple of lifetimes, is still at it, and Chiquito's rumba trio is also present. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, an Italian villa by moonlight, is conveniently situated right on the verge of a promenade commanded by Gunnar Hansen's bubbling band, to which one may listen from seven to eight-thirty and then dance. A set of Latin scholars spells the Hansens after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends his evenings from cocktails through supper in the leisurely Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance. Closed Sundays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The easiest way to reëstablish town-house life on Park Avenue is to buy into the Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's big band plays marches and Roger Steele's trio plays pretty from eight-thirty to two), or into the little gazebo called the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's soft-spoken violin sets to at eight. Both enterprises are shut on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Carol Channing, who believes that every year is a diamond anniversary (for girls, that is), is distributing her sunflower eyes and rampant voice around the Empire Room at both dinner and supper. She disappears on Saturday, Jan. 27, and on Monday, Jan. 29, Pearl Bailey, the self-proclaimed tiredest girl in town, will start proving that she's nothing of the sort. Dance music will continue to issue until after one from the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Emery Deutsch. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ From five to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday, Peacock Alley sounds much more like its old self, now that Sam Hamilton and George Cory do single and tandem stands at the piano.

NOTE—Addicts of the Twist (forgive them, for—it is plain to the observing eye—many of them know not what they do) frequently assemble at three midtown parlors. One is the ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310), where the group called the Orchids gallivants to its own dance music night after night and Ronny Hawkins' band goes noisily to pieces. Another is the CAMELOT, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135), where the Mantarays (they're musical, or semi) and other ranters are at work evening after evening. The third is the PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (CI 5-9363), the local instigator of this whole civil disobedience, where a

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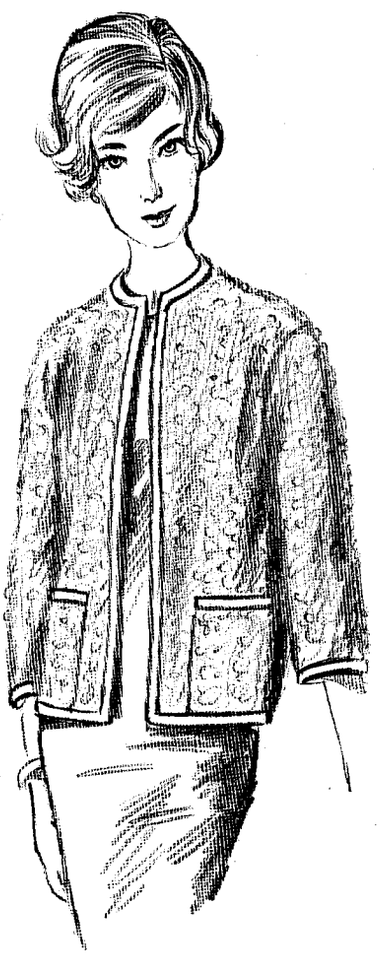

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couple of small bands persistently disturb the peace not just at night but on Sunday afternoons, too, from two to seven.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The cliff dwellers of Manhattan playing at grown-up boys-and-girls-together, in tune (after eight) to Freddie Fassler's violin and occasional song, both of which will be replaced on Tuesday, Jan. 30, by Phil Delapena's piano. Warning: Mondays are now Twist nights.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A brand-new locale for this little old schoolhouse. The children's hour may run as late as two or three in the morning, and the pied pipers operate like this: Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight, after which Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders take to *their* pianos. After midnight, these two get around to real double-or-nothing work. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes the stand on Sundays and Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the main roads to Rome. Nobody is more expert at threading the traffic than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Lest the night ever become silent, a brace of accordionists are likewise on the prowl. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florence that blooms in the spring, tra-la, and spring is eternal here. It is garnished with native dishes and native operatics. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi, the major-domo, and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A kindred knighthood-in-flower enterprise, whose décor reflects the King's progress on his way South for the winter Crusades. A violin and an accordion make their own romantic progress from room to room every evening but Sunday.... **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The spirit of this inn is *Alpenhütte*, and the cuisine is Wien, Wien. From six to ten, a zither is in charge; thereafter, Greta Keller (who is probably more Wien, Wien than anyone else in the world) sings the appropriate notes with the help of an indigenous trio. Her bedtime is two. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Implications of the Alhambra are everywhere to be seen, but the restaurant is as American as smog, and so is the drifting-and-dreaming piano of Conrad Monjoy, which begins at six and keeps on until midnight, or a bit later on Saturdays. A trio run by Eddie Lane plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. No music Sundays.... **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The citizens of Seville engaging in their favorite nocturnal pursuit—a mass uprising of ballet whose sound and shape are clearly flamenco. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. ... **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): So this is Vienna? Well, not exactly, but people who like to cry into their wine at the sound of Danubian waltzes and songs seem not to mind, especially when Liane, who has spent most of her career chanting in the Viennese *boites*, takes the floor. Closed Mondays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian cookery and Hungarian revelry (the latter composed of Tibor Rakossy's songs of the heart. Laureanne Lemay's trillings), and the earnest and ceaseless rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): An outlet for artistic temperament (*vide* the oils on the walls) and (after ten) for musicians mostly new to the city. Billy Rubenstein's piano, a mingling of untrammelled invention and controlled passion, guides what sounds like the best new trio of the season, and Chris Rayburn, a mere slip of a pretty girl, chirrups some special songs in tune with it. Andy Hamon's voice and piano are also front and center. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park, giving it a professional touch from cocktail time to suppertime. His night off is Sunday.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The late, late edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, along with (from eight-thirty until perhaps two) the piano of George Feyer, which can be as nebulous as a customers' man's advice. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Latin America quietly wrapped up in itself, except when a flamenco group ascends the podium with fire in its eye. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very.... **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday.... **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): This segment of the St. Moritz houses the trio of Jimmy Lyons, who puts on an airy little music festival from dinner through supper every night but Monday and an equivalent celebration on Sundays from two until eight.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A pride of valorous young ladies, so devoted to their art (whatever it is) that they are willing to show up for work in their bare essentials. Interwoven with their hearty but innocent gambollings are Rafael de Cordova's troupe of furious flamenco balletomanes, the time-honored pantomime of the Arnaut Brothers, the Wallenda troupe's loop-the-loop gymnastics in midair, and Dave Barry's reasonably viable humor. Dancing. ... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Charlie Manna, at last making his advent into the *panem-et-circenses* circuit, is (it is nice to report) a neat but definitely not gaudy humorist; Della Reese, who does the singing, is beautiful but definitely gaudy. Their attendants are a set of eight ballerinas, all just old enough to be released by the game warden, who seem not at all sure that practice really does make perfect. Prancing for the customers as well.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The assault is led by Dorothy Loudon, whose special delivery can strike terror into the heart of nearly any composer. Her mordant jollity is supplemented by the hardly respectful folk music of a picturesque caravan named Peter, Paul, and Mary. Miss Loudon withdraws from action on Wednesday, Jan. 31, and among the fresh troops to be brought forward next evening is Michelle Nichols, a singer unfamiliar to this city. The piano of Otis Clements and the trio of Don Abney

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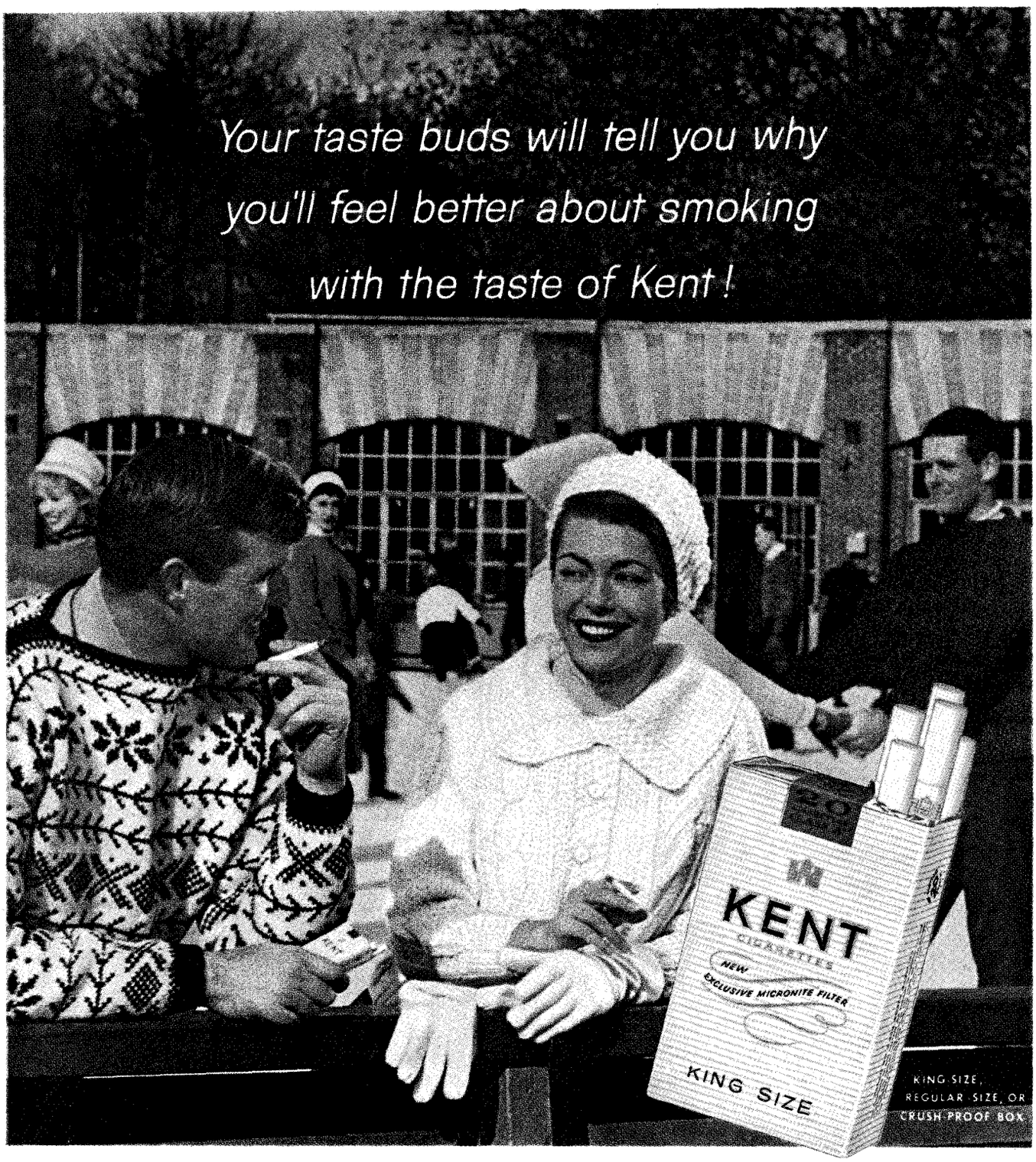

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make up the background for all this. . . . ¶ In the lounge, every night but Saturday, in between the back-room charivaris and from two o'clock on, Bobby Short restores life after dark to its golden age by pouring forth his wake-up-and-live piano and lyrics without stint. Sundays, he adds a five-to-eight preamble. Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's traps are his aides. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Seven Come Eleven," Julius Monk's most recent revue, is a detailed explanation, couched in hundreds of well-chosen words and grace notes, of why civilization simply had to go. Its mourners (all of them most professional) are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, ministering archangels of long standing, and a flock of blithe new cherubs—Rex Robbins, Donna Sanders, Steve Roland, and William Bogert. The music is the precocious pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): An earlier example of the Julius Monk revue. Its inhabitants are Freddie Weber, a one-girl gallimaufry; Lovelady Powell, a glowing brunette with a sly eye; and their mischief-loving guardians, Jim Sheridan and Pat Fox. The keyboard work of Robert Colston and Robert Milrad is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In this corner of the Parque del Retiro, an odd fiesta goes on a couple of times a night. It's staffed by a sextet of dairy-fresh chorus girls on their first visit to any big city, and by the nearly nonpareil clown called Tun Tun, in whose facile mind the horns of elfland are more than faintly blowing. Pupi Campo's fiery Spanish band plays for the customers' magnificent maneuvers, which reach a crescendo during the Sunday tea dances. . . . ¶ After ten, in a fine little den next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the ardent flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): An optical (and often aural) illusion: that one has driven up in a growler to a Victorian music hall with a fair lady and is taking in London night life of 1900. A set of expert mummers from the Players Theatre of London is now enacting the second edition of this extravaganza, which is a lot more amusing than the trial balloon. Fred Stone, the master of the revels, is unvarying perfection; Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are hot in pursuit of Mr. S.'s laurels. On Fridays and Saturdays, there are dinner and supper parades; the rest of the week the parade occurs only at dinner. In the bar adjoining the stage, Larry Carr does piano from seven to nine and from ten-thirty until curfew. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): "Seacoast of Bohemia" is the name given by the "Second City" troupe—Severn Darden, Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, and Howard Alk—to its new venture into the revue form, but these gifted performers get far inland to some astonishing little byways and byplay. They set off at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty every night but Saturday, when there are three picnics, at seven, nine-thirty, and midnight. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): There are uptown visitors these nights, including Betty Kean and Lew Parker, a pair whose fondness for fun can lead them into almost any broad-scale gambit; Karen Chandler, an excellent sample of the old-days manner of doing right by a ballad; Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to lose your mind to; and Burke McHugh, *conférencier*. Miss Chandler will be succeeded on Tuesday, Jan. 30, by Morgana King, who knows what to do with a sad, sad song. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky's band is rattling its bright little sabres in defense of a venerable school tie. Bob Wilber is in the group, and so—quite often—is Mr. Condon. Sundays are disorganized by Twist parties. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Good things in a small package. Right now, they're the Modern Jazz Quartet, a summit conference of minds working by noble means to a noble end, and Bill Evans' brisk threesome. As of Tuesday, Jan. 30, they'll be (a) Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, jazz singers who are simultaneously charming household pets and complete people of the world, and (b) the Montgomery Brothers and their band, whose instrumentation is rarely orthodox. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Ella Fitzgerald, queen of the May, or any other time of the year, is exerting her royal prerogatives more in favor of balladry than in favor of jazz, but no matter. Ray Bryant's trio keeps its supply of dynamics warm as toast whenever it takes the stage. This emporium will take a short midyear holiday at close of business on Wednesday, Jan. 31. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's new piano divides its time between representation without taxation (of the mind) and glittering spurts into the blue yonder. He has two sidemen on tap. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman, who insists that his brand of what-the-hell period-piece (and five-piece) music is going to die honorably with its boots on, shares the podium with the quintet of Dick Ruedebusch, a very new traditionalist horn man. On Monday, Jan. 29, a new cast arrives—Charlie Shavers' quartet and Gene Krupa's quintet. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays the Twist goes on upstairs in the hayloft. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams, running with throttle wide open, does the singing, mostly dyed a deep blue, with Harry Edison's band; the Johnny Griffin-Eddie Davis quintet are also contributors. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are home. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A crèche in which excellent jazz is often a-borning. Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer, better men than which are hard to find, are running the incumbent fivesome. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' trumpet is never completely engulfed by the rip tides of room noise that sweep over the down-front tables. He has a quartet in hand. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk in New York. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-0800): Some veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit matter-of-factly, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist, and on Mondays Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join him to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A trumpet too hot to handle by almost anyone but Wild Bill Davison is making it very warm for January. Mr. D. has a crew of fellow-thinkers in attendance. Dancing, by the way, has been resumed after an absence of just about twenty years. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The eminent Dizzy Gillespie, who still considers music to be a public service rather than a private joke, is governing (with a loose rein) a quintet; Oscar Brown, Jr., a poet of the people, is singing his psalms, homilies, and good humors; Mal Waldron's threesome is its usual industrious self. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Life here is indeed all beer and skittles during the extremely offhand courses in Early Americana. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, the faculty should consist of Buck Clayton, George Wettling, Eddie Barefield, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Letman, Red Richards, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): This newly reupholstered conservatory deserves E for effort, A for ambiance. Charlie Mingus and his Jazz Workshop Quintet are steadily pushing on into territory no musician has ever seen before; Olatunji and his mob are going native (African, it sounds like) as hard as possible. On Tuesday, Jan. 30, two new crews take over—the Jazztet, which is the justifiable pride and joy

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of Art Farmer and Benny Golson, its leaders, and Herbie Mann's West Indian drum corps. On Mondays drop-in artists have their say. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The most prominent member of this individualist community, not a very dressy resort, is Donald Byrd, whose trumpet directs a modernist quintet. His particular group stays home Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

SID ABRAMS—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Feb. 6. (Sherman, 306 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—Bronzes, including some early examples never exhibited before; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL BARNET—Figurative and abstract oils; through Feb. 10. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

MAX BECKMANN—Paintings (1925-50) by the late German Expressionist; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

FORREST BESS—A retrospective of paintings by a Texas neo-primitive artist; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD BURNE-JONES—Drawings by the nineteenth-century English painter; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Abstract collages and graphics; through Feb. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

JIM DINE—Abstract Expressionist works on canvas. (Jackson and Anderson galleries, both at 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays. The Anderson show closes Thursday, Feb. 1, the Jackson show Saturday, Feb. 3.)

RAOUL DUFY—A large survey of his oils, water colors, and drawings, dating from 1900 almost to his death, in 1953; through Feb. 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Gaunt, effective studies of Southern sharecroppers; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JOSEF JAKOB—Canvases painted with various materials by an Israeli artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Thursday evenings until 10.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Semi-figurative sculptures in welded metal; through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

HENRY KOERNER—Paintings and drawings, most of them centering on the main exhibit—a large, symbolic, many-panelled composition on the aspects of man; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JEAN LIBERTE—Paintings of Mexico and Italy; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Crystal, 54 E. 58th St.)

REGINALD MARSH—A small but evocative group of his oil and tempera paintings (1928-36); through Friday, Feb. 2. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

PIET MONDRIAN—Early and late works and works in progress at the time of his death, in 1944; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

KYLE MORRIS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Feb. 10. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD MOSES—Assemblages, paintings, collages, and drawings by a California artist. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 10. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ERNST WILHELM NAY—Paintings, Abstract Expressionist in manner, by a contemporary German artist rather new to this country; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Terra-cotta figure and animal sculptures; through Feb. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER PASSUNTINO—Large, sombre abstract oils. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

EDOUARD PIGNON—Semi-abstract paintings by a top-ranking School of Paris artist; through Feb. 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Mainly landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

G. R. SANTOSH—Paintings by one of the leading young Indian abstractionists. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 6. (Mayer, 61 E. 82nd St.)

LEON SAULTER—Expressionist oils and stone and metal sculptures by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM SCHARF—Surrealist oils; through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Herbert, 14 E. 69th St.)

MANFRED SCHWARTZ—Etretat, on the coast of Normandy, serves as the theme for a series of rhythmic abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

SYD SOLOMON—Large, lusciously colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 10. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Large, dramatic Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

JOACHIN TORRES-GARCÍA—Stylized abstract paintings, gouaches, and drawings (1928-45), by the late Uruguayan artist; through Feb. 10. (Marks, 50 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

TSENG YU-HO—Paintings by a Chinese-Hawaiian artist, done in a combination of collage and other techniques; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

MAX WEBER—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and woodcuts; through Feb. 18. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

ELBERT WEINBERG—Bronze figure sculptures; through Feb. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Figure paintings; through Feb. 10. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOLS—Non-objective aquarelles by this German painter, who died in 1951; through Feb. 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE E. WOODMAN—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their twentieth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members from all over the United States; through Feb. 4. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

DRAWINGS—At the **AMEL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Gustav Klimt, Elie Nadelman, and Yves Tanguy are three of the artists represented in a showing of American and European works; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Old-master drawings by, among others, Delacroix, Turner, and Hubert Robert; through Saturday, Jan. 27.

SCULPTURES—Pieces dating from 1880 to 1961 by Rodin, Gauguin, Lipchitz, and others; through Feb. 17. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHINESE ART—Paintings by masters of the Ming (1368-1644) and Ch'ing (1644-1912) dynasties; through Feb. 10. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and Xavier Gonzalez; through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VALENTE**, 119 W. 57th St.: Drawings and water colors by George Bellows, Edward Hopper, Ben Shahn, and others; through Feb. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works on paper by such artists as Paul Delvaux, Marino Marini, and Henry Regis; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **THIBAUT**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Jean Fautrier, Antonio Music, Paul Jenkins, and Stuart Devlin are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists introduced at the gallery between 1936 and 1948, including Lyonel Feininger, Vieira da Silva, and David

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"Jim, darling, aren't these Worth Avenue shops simply gorgeous?"

"Yes, Marge. I like everything about Palm Beach, particularly the reception we got at FIRST NATIONAL this morning."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Smith; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Show—Drawings, water colors, and lithos from Delacroix to Renoir to Picasso; through Feb. 17. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately sixty recent additions to the collection of European drawings, including examples by Boucher, Rubens, and Veronese; through March 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Three nineteenth-century French symbolists: Odilon Redon (paintings, drawings, and prints), Gustave Moreau (paintings), and Rodolphe Bresdin (prints and drawings); through Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, ceramics, and enamelware by students of the Brooklyn Museum Art School; through Wednesday, Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Creative works of art and mechanical objects by Russian school children; through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Three exhibitions: Mystical Expressionist paintings by the late Jan Müller, sculptures from the Museum's collection, and 1961 acquisitions; through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Artists and Autographs," an exhibition of drawings by Michelangelo, Rubens, Fragonard, and others, along with a selection of their letters; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Designs, photographs, and stage or architectural models for eight proposed theatres, created by eight designer-architect teams, including Ralph Alswang and Paul Rudolph; Eldon Elder and Edward Durell Stone; and Ben Schlanger and Donald Oenslager. Starts Saturday, Jan. 27. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Selections from the collections of René d'Harnoncourt and Gertrud A. Mellon—masks, sculptures, ritual vessels, fetishes, and weapons (from such diverse regions as Africa, the Americas, and Oceania); through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Seventeenth-century etchings and engravings by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Jacques Callot, and other European masters; through June 18. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics, dating from 1920 to the present, by Zygmunt Menkes, Marsden Hartley, Louise Nevelson, and others, plus Tibetan seventeenth- to nineteenth-century tankas and art objects; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1961 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, consisting of one work apiece by a hundred and thirty-six artists, including Elaine de Kooning, Conrad Marca-Relli, and Reuben Tam; through Feb. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8: A new production of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Anneliese Rothenberger, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 26, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Eileen Farrell, Jan Peerce, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 1: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Gladys Kuchta, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Norman Mittelmann, and Gottlob Frick. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Tosca," with Margherita Roberti, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 29, at 7:30: "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Jean Madeira, Hans Hopf, Randolph Symonette, and Paul Kuen. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Anneliese Rothenberger, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Salvatore Baccaloni. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Production Fund; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.). . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 1, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Gladys Kuchta, Jean Madeira, Karl Liebl, Norman Mittelmann, and Gottlob Frick. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Salome," with Jane Rhodes, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and William Olvis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Helen Vanni, Sandor Konya, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Laurel Hurley, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Thomas Schippers conducting—Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 26, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 3 (no soloists); Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30 (with Gina Bachauer, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3 (all with a chorus; Judith Raskin, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter and Helen Vanni, mezzo-sopranos; and others).

Boston Symphony—Richard Burgin directing Mahler's Third Symphony, with Florence Kopleff, contralto, and the Chorus Pro Musica. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:15.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Virginia Babikian and Barbara Washington, sopranos; Louise Parker, contralto; Mallory Walker, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Temple University Concert Choir—Robert Page directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Augustana College Choir—Arnold Running directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

The Festive Pipes—A program of baroque solo concertos, performed by the Krainis Baroque Ensemble, with Bernard Krainis, recorder, and Morris Newman, bassoon. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music by Flemish composers in sixteenth-century Italy. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Zara Doloukhanova—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:40.)

Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Cesare Valletti—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Raya Garbousova, cello, and Ania Dorfmann, piano. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 4. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel—Pianos, with

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Muriel Haas, soprano. A benefit for the New School Scholarship Fund. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 4:30.)

Lyric Trio—With Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:40.)

Artur Balsam and Joseph Fuchs—In a program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Quartetto di Roma—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Christian Ferras—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Four Seasons Consort—Eric Leber, recorders and harpsichord; Patricia Livingston, harpsichord; Barbara Mueser, viola da gamba; and Lois Wann, oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:40.)

Note—The Hungarian Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued *on Monday, Jan. 29, in the order written applications are received on that day* (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Sonny Rollins and his group. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 26, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 27: Federico Thompson vs. Luis Rodriguez, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3: Charley Scott vs. Ralph Dupas, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 28, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 2, at 7:15.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Amato Opera Company**: "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:30.) . . . **Brooklyn Philharmonia**: Siegfried Landau conducting, with Beatrice Brown, viola, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:30.) . . . **Little Orchestra Society**: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mozart program, with soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Ballet—The Brooklyn Ballet Company presenting "The Seasons," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Hag Habikurim." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **American Theatre for Children**: "The Inside Out Adventure." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Cavkap Productions**: "The Adventures of High Jump." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **Children's Fine Arts Guild**: "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **Merri-Mimes**: "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **Peppermint Players**: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **Pilgrim Productions**: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 11.) . . . **Vera-Dee Productions**: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **Gia Wallace Puppet Theatre**: "Sleeping Beauty," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 27-28. . . . ¶ "The Candy Princess" and "The Circus," Saturday, Feb. 3. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and paper mosaics by children of Jordan; through Feb. 18. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Design of the Universe," explores the structure of the world and how it came into being. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

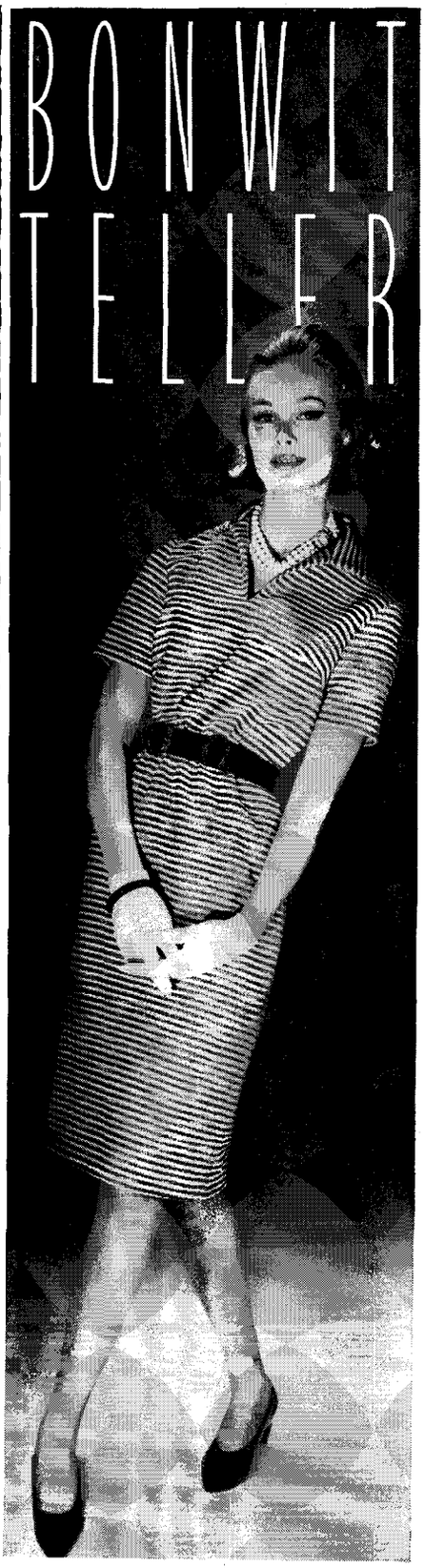
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Readings—Douglas Campbell and William Squire in a program of readings from Shakespeare. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from many countries and periods, assembled by over a hundred dealers, plus several complete room settings, including a Louis XVI drawing room, a Pennsylvania Dutch family room, and an American Chippendale dining room. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, the Winifred Wheeler Nursery School, and Mill Brook Center. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 25, from 11 to 10:30.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 3-4, from 10 to 10.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 1:45: French, English, and Italian furniture; silver; glass; Gothic and Renaissance art; sculptures in wood, stone, and terra cotta; tapestries; and Oriental and Aubusson rugs. From the estate of Gertrude Hill Gavin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 1:45: Sporting books, a large group of Derrydale Press books, and other *literary material*; from the library of the late Mrs. Charles T. Church and from other sources.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—If you think that cinematic technique should be an end in itself, you may feel that this Italian movie is worth two and a half hours of your time. If not, not. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 30, tentative.)

La Belle Américaine—Robert Dhéry and company have a high old time with a vast American car in a working-class corner of Paris, where bicycles are still à la mode. A practically perfect family comedy. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 31.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this handsome picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

From a Roman Balcony—In which a good-looking young man in need of money encounters several pretty women and an equal number of dirty crooks, and takes his first reluctant steps downhill into real life. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 31, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—The scandalous eighteenth-century best-seller by de Laclos has been brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe play the corrupt couple bent on destroying innocence in others. A highly moral comedy. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Daily at 2:30, 7, and 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Mark—An Anglo-American production, starring Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. A man in his thirties discovers, to his horror, that he is attracted to little girls, and is enabled by means of psychoanalysis to uncover the origins of his sickness, and slowly, painfully, overcome it. The picture itself is often painful; luckily, there are light moments along with the dark, and the three principals are superb. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Murder She Said—The great Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, an elderly amateur criminologist, in a charming and often witty adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

No Love for Johnnie—A flawed but continuously exciting English picture, in which Peter Finch shows how to succeed in politics by double-crossing everyone, even himself. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney in eruption is a natural wonder well worth travelling miles to see. The unlikely setting for this successful farce is Berlin, and among Mr. Cagney's fellow-*farceurs* are Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Paris Blues—Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Diahann Carroll, and Sidney Poitier meet and quarrel and make up against the enchanting backdrop of a cold, gray Paris and to the sound of the loudest possible trumpets and trombones. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 28-30.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, which, though the plot is something of a cheat, justifies itself by admirable acting and romantic settings. The villain is played by Alain Delon, and the girl he pursues is Marie Laforet, who is very young and pretty. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 30, tentative.)

A Summer to Remember—What it feels like to be five years old and gain a new father and a new brother and fear to lose one's mother and then almost lose all three is shown in, and through, the eyes of a Russian child-actor named Borya Barkhatov. A beautiful picture. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Truth—Old-fashioned in form but racy and up-to-the-minute in content, this first-rate courtroom drama about a promiscuous young Parisian murderess (she has killed her lover in what is probably the only disinterested act of her life) stars a brand-new actress named Brigitte Bardot, who is every bit as pretty and sexy as that old non-actress Brigitte Bardot. Henri-Georges Clouzot is the talented man behind both the picture and La Bardot. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 27.)

Two Women—An Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and meets there an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, its effect is anything but depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection itself. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Jan. 31.)

A View from the Bridge—Grim but enthralling family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and splendidly acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 31.)

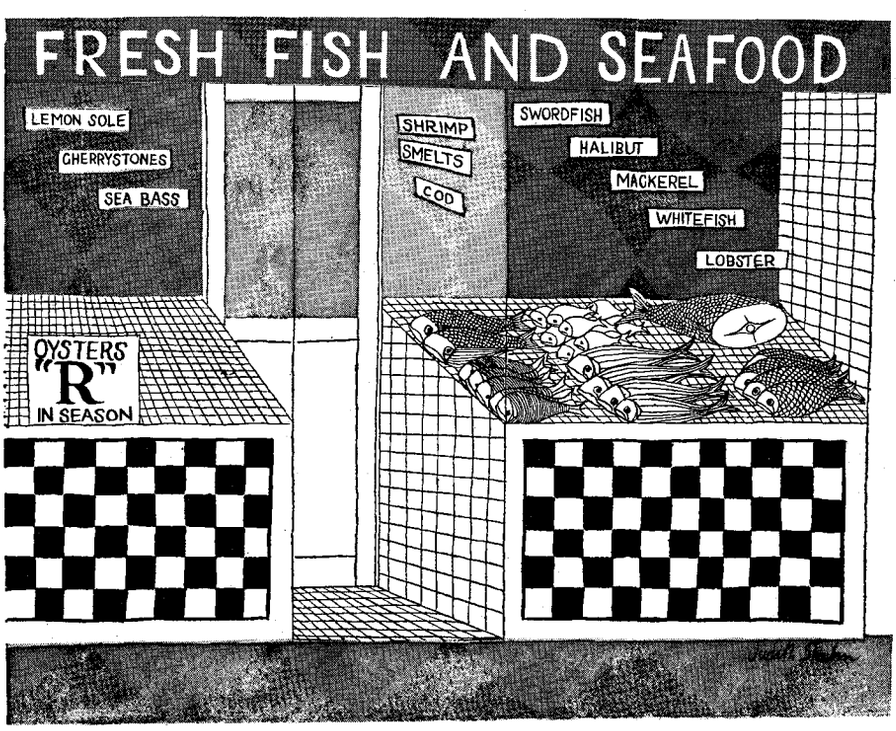
Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 26.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Jan. 26-29.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—A screen adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 30.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 27: "Swing Time" (1936), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 28: "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1934), with Douglas Fairbanks and Merle Oberon. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Jan. 26: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
From Jan. 27: To be announced.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 31 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Jan. 25: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "Desert Patrol," Richard Attenborough, John Gregson.
Jan. 26-30: "Twist Around the Clock," Chubby Checker; and "The Three Stooges Meet Hercules."
From Jan. 31: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 30 (tentative): BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S; and BREATHLESS (in French), revival.
From Jan. 31 (tentative): "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A SUMMER TO REMEMBER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 27: "Bachelor in Paradise," Bob Hope, Lana Turner; and "Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.
Jan. 28-30: "Twist Around the Clock," Chubby Checker; and "The Three Stooges Meet Hercules."
From Jan. 31: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONE, TWO, THREE.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MURDER SHE SAID.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 31 (tentative): "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Jan. 25: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta; and "Desert Patrol," Richard Attenborough, John Gregson.
Jan. 26-30: "Twist Around the Clock," Chubby Checker; and "The Three Stooges Meet Hercules."
From Jan. 31: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Bachelor in Paradise," Bob Hope, Lana Turner; and "Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 25: "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
Jan. 26-29: DEVIL IN THE FLESH (in French), revival; and "The Eternal Return" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
Jan. 30-31: To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 27: THE TRUTH (in French); and BREATHLESS (in French), revival.
Jan. 28-30: PARIS BLUES; and "The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen.
From Jan. 31: BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian), revival; and "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 30 (tentative): PURPLE NOON (in French).
From Jan. 31 (tentative): "Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE MARK.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Bachelor in Paradise," Bob Hope, Lana Turner; and "Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 30 (tentative): L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).
From Jan. 31 (tentative): FROM A ROMAN BALCONY (in Italian); and "The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 31: TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Jan. 28: Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.
From Jan. 29: "Bernadette of Lourdes," Daniéle Ajoret.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Notte Brava" (in Italian), Rosanna Schiaffino, Elsa Martinelli.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), Machiko Kyo.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 31: "The Devil at 4 O'Clock," Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra; and "Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 29: "The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand. (On Monday, Jan. 29, the last showing will begin at 1:30.)
From Jan. 30: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 30: FROM HERE TO ETERNITY, revival; and ON THE WATERFRONT, revival.
From Jan. 31: BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S; and "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 25: "The Idiot" (in Russian), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
From Jan. 26: BREATHLESS (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 27: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta.
From Jan. 28: "Twist Around the Clock," Chubby Checker; and "The Three Stooges Meet Hercules."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 30 (tentative): L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).
From Jan. 31 (tentative): FROM A ROMAN BALCONY (in Italian); and "The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 26: "The Devil at 4 O'Clock," Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra; and "Scream of Fear," Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis.
Jan. 27-31: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill; and "The Hoodlum Priest," revival, Don Murray.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Jan. 25: "Flower Drum Song," Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta.
Jan. 26-30: "Twist Around the Clock," Chubby Checker; and "The Three Stooges Meet Hercules."
From Jan. 31: "The Second Time Around," Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest; and "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.

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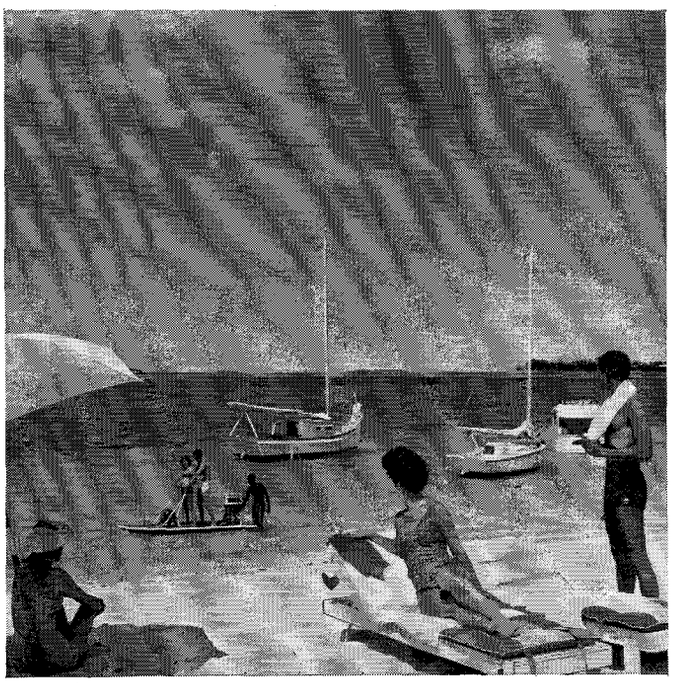
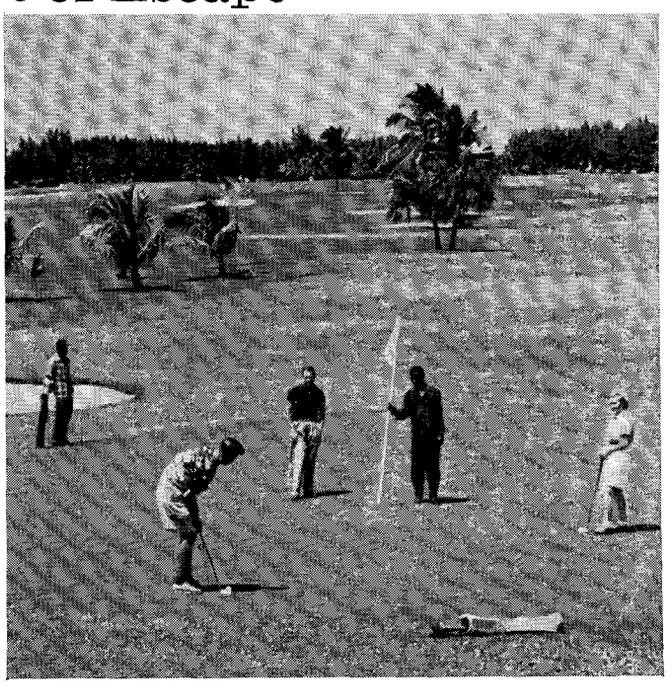
The Fine Art of Escape





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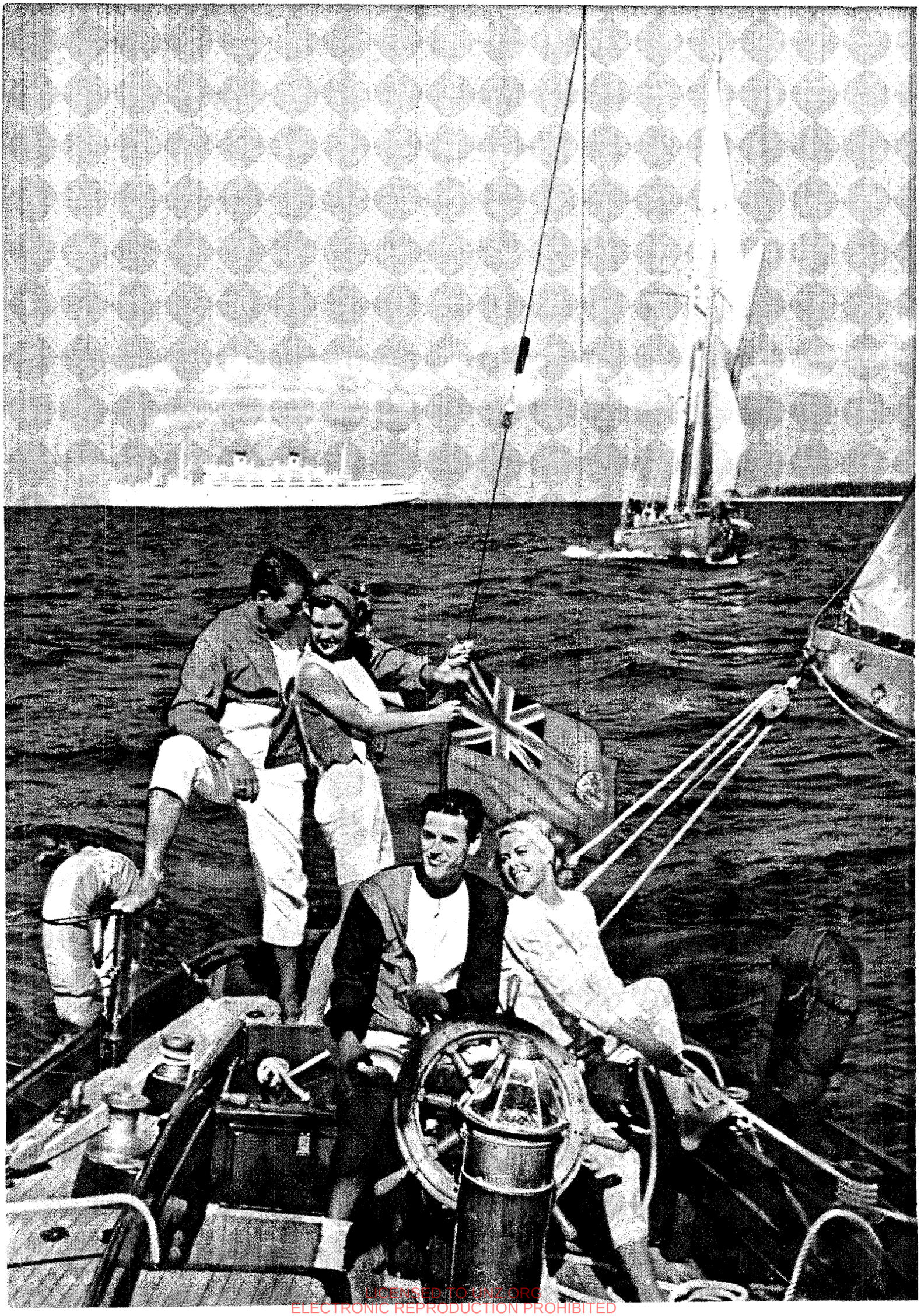

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* * *

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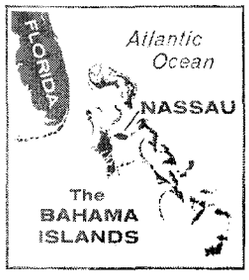

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Sunny sky, a spanking breeze, the bluest water—gay picture of a Bahamian holiday. Photographed by Ozzie Sweet

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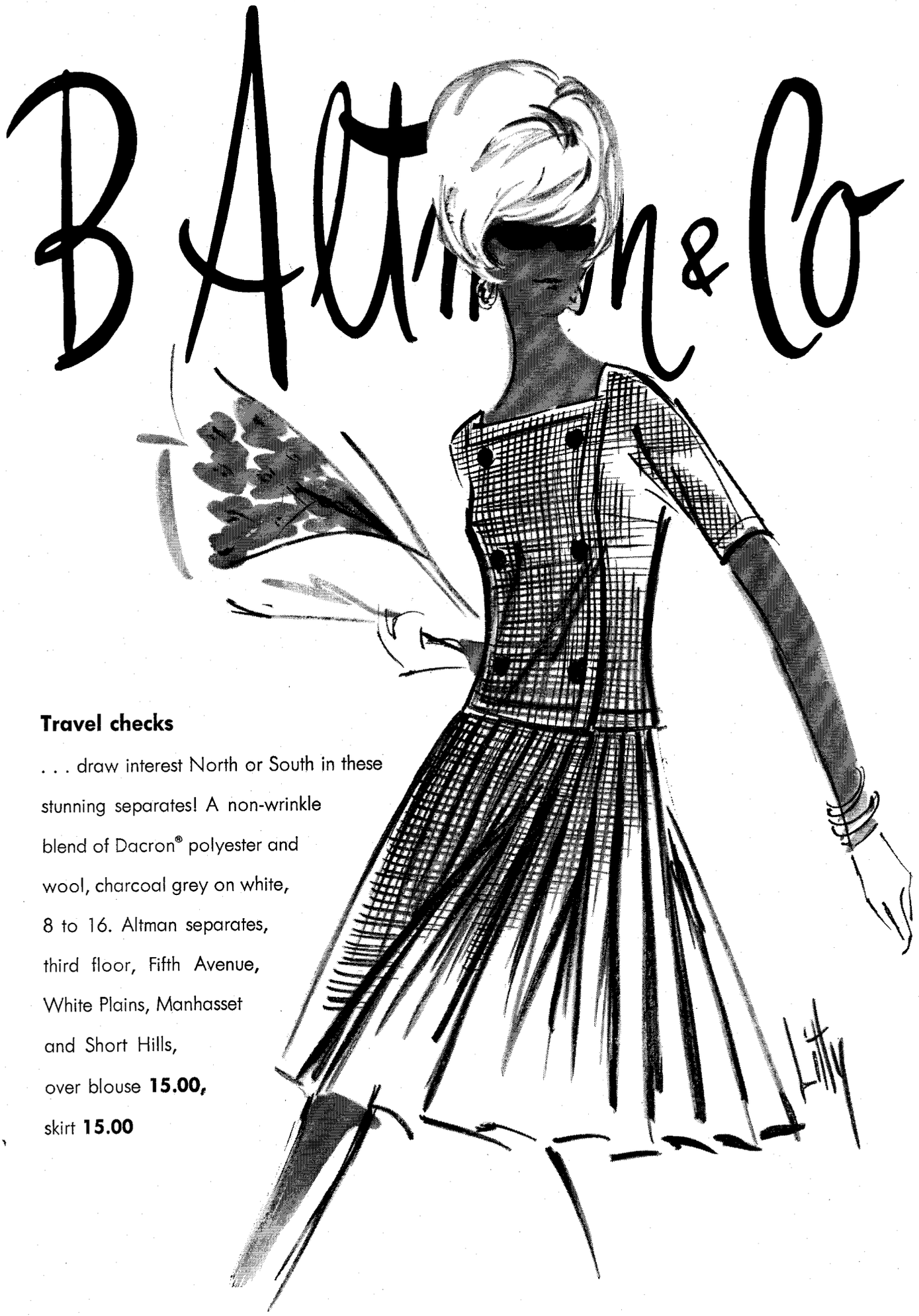

Travel checks

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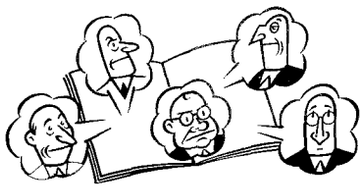
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN order to drum up public support for a campaign to keep the subways tidy, the Transit Authority and the Young Men's Board of Trade hit upon the striking idea of attaching a special, carpeted car to a regular train and serving champagne to the press in it. The public was excluded. Doubtless the public will resolve, as one man, never to litter the subways again, if only to protect itself against some greater fatuity by the men who deal in public relations. Indeed, we see larger possibilities in this method of proceeding by contraries. The *Times*, for example, might consider soliciting contributions for its annual work of charity by pub-



lishing a list of the city's Hundred Most Enviable Bankers. Other charitable organizations might vie with one another to discover the most overdeveloped child from an underdeveloped country. For our own part, we mean to stand aloof from such enterprises, journalistically speaking, until something really good comes along—until, say, the City of Newburgh offers us a seat at a banquet overlooking the office where its relief checks are distributed.

Hong Kong Suit

OUR man Stanley burst into the office the other day, cried "Can't keep the rickshaw waiting!," and departed, leaving behind the following dispatch:

"Chop-chop, I am vision in blue worsted. Several weeks ago, spotted advertisement in *Times* reading, 'Order a custom-made suit from Hong Kong . . . right in New York direct from Hong Kong's famous tailor James Lau, Ltd. Special Notice. James Lau will receive his clientele in his new showrooms and fitting room located at the corner of 41st St. and Madison Ave. (1 block from N.Y. Public Library.) Please make note of this.' Did not bother to make note. Went right over. Nedick's on first floor, Lau on second. Bright, airy showroom with white walls. Large packing cases marked 'Air Express' and stamped 'Hong Kong' in large black letters on floor, finished suits hanging on portable racks. Was greeted by tall, thin Occidental, who introduced himself as Frank Litt, sales manager, and by short, thin Oriental, who introduced himself as James Lau, Hong Kong's famous tailor.

" 'Suit?' asked Mr. Litt.

" 'Suit,' I said.

" 'You have come to the right place,' said Mr. Litt.

"Mr. Lau bowed. 'In addition to the economies effected, there is the rare pleasure of wearing something that was fashioned by human hands according to the tastes and proportions of an individual,' said Mr. Lau.

" 'We better look at some swatches,' said Mr. Litt.

" 'Probably no single factor is contributing more toward the relief of thousands of Chinese that have fled Communist China than the purchase of clothing by Americans in Hong Kong,' said Mr. Lau.

"Felt I was not only about to buy suit but about to strike blow for freedom.

" 'Many of the more than three million Chinese in the British Crown Colony are from Canton and Shanghai, where they were engaged in the tailoring business,' said Mr. Lau.

" 'Swatches,' said Mr. Litt.

" 'Their skills, coupled with the world's finest materials that enter the Hong Kong free port, combine to afford a unique opportunity for Americans seeking surfeit from the machine age,' continued Mr. Lau.

"Felt I was not only buying suit and striking blow but registering protest. Fine, uplifting feeling. Never felt this way in Brooks Brothers.

" 'Swatches,' said Mr. Litt, leading me to long table near window overlooking Madison Avenue. Table covered with swatches. Mr. Lau followed.

" 'Year-round job or tropical worsted?' asked Mr. Litt.

" 'Year-round,' I said.

" 'Very good,' said Mr. Lau.

" 'You are a nice man, and we like to do business with you,' said Mr. Litt.

" 'In many parts of the world, the American dollar buys a small fraction of what it could once command, and Americans have discovered that shopping in Europe is only for those to whom price tags have but academic interest,' Mr. Lau said.

"I looked over swatches, selected

sliver of dark-blue worsted with tiny pattern.

" 'Your choice?' asked Mr. Litt.

"I bowed. Mr. Litt bowed. Mr. Lau bowed.

" 'You have excellent taste,' said Mr. Lau. 'You have selected a Dormeuil English worsted, none better, ninety-five dollars.'

" 'Now for style,' said Mr. Litt. 'Style is of the essence.' He opened illustrated folio of finished suits.

" 'If I may make a suggestion,' said Mr. Lau, 'I would not suggest the Continental but, rather, a medium-shoulder, easy-waist, three-button, single-breasted, notch-lapelled, center-vent suit.'

"I bowed.

" 'And now vests,' said Mr. Litt. 'Vests are extra—twelve dollars for a seventy-nine-dollar suit, fifteen dollars for an eighty-nine-dollar suit, and sev-

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"Yes, I see the elephant!"

•

enteen dollars and fifty cents for a ninety-five-dollar suit.'

" 'No vest,' I said.

" 'There is another factor of no small consequence, and that is the matter of doing business with the world's oldest traders,' said Mr. Lau. 'The Chinese have been engaged in trade since long before this continent was discovered, and over the years they have developed their skill to a degree that is at once amusing and edifying to the Occidental.'

" 'And now we will move over to the fitting room,' said Mr. Litt, taking a few steps toward a triptych mirror. 'We start from scratch. We start with nothing but a swatch. When we have finished, we will have a suit measured just for you, and the measurements will be on file in Hong Kong forever.'

"Felt I was not only buying suit, striking blow, and registering protest but about to become immortal.

"Mr. Litt circled me. He worked like lightning. Tape measure flashed around waist, around chest, down trousers. Gave Mr. Litt my shirt size, shoe size, sleeve size, and telephone number. He made rapid notes on long white sheet of paper illustrated with trousers, sleeves, backs, cuffs, jacket pockets, and so on.

" 'I have designed this sheet myself,' said Mr. Lau, 'and will airmail it promptly to Hong Kong, where the suit will be made.'

" 'Cigarette pocket?' asked Mr. Litt.

"Told him yes—inside jacket.

" 'Done and done,' said Mr. Litt, making note on long white sheet. 'Your order number is 06530,' he said, 'and we would appreciate a deposit, either by check or in cash. You will hear from us in four weeks, and return for a fitting.'

" 'Besides quoting Confucius, the Chinese can express themselves in idioms of more recent vintage, and their sense of logic elevates reasoning to an art which compels the interest of visitors accustomed to the impersonal environment at home,' said Mr. Lau.

"Wrote out deposit check, bowed to Mr. Litt, bowed to Mr. Lau, and departed.

"Spent next four weeks reading Confucius and eating in Chinese restaurants. Went around to showroom day I received postcard saying suit was ready. Was greeted by Mr. Litt and Mr. Lau. They suggested I try on suit in small dressing room, with draw curtain. Stepped into dressing room, stepped out wearing suit, and stood before triptych mirror.

" 'A perfect fit,' said Mr. Litt.

" 'While it is difficult to make direct comparisons with other areas, because of the intangibles involved, it is safe to conjecture that an American in Hong Kong gets values unavailable anywhere else,' said Mr. Lau.

"Told Mr. Litt jacket too tight, too shaped.

" 'The English style,' said Mr. Litt.

"Told Mr. Litt jacket too tight, too shaped.

" 'You are the customer,' said Mr. Litt. 'We will alter the coat to suit your every requirement.'

" 'There is an Oriental joke that I sometimes relate,' said Mr. Lau, 'about an American tourist taking a rickshaw from the Hong Kong docks to his hotel, and noticing that throughout the journey the rickshaw boy almost continuously turned around to look at his passenger. "Why are you turning around?" asked the American. "Because I am measuring you for a suit," said the rickshaw boy.'

" 'You will hear from us in three weeks,' said Mr. Litt.

"Bought dozens of back-scratchers, waited for postcard. Postcard on time. Went around, was greeted by Mr. Litt and Mr. Lau. Tried on suit. 'Now we are in business,' said Mr. Litt. 'It is elegant. It is superb. It is perfection.'

"Mr. Lau bowed. 'It is all accomplished through the miracle of airmail,' he said.

"Paid final amount, was handed suit in box, was escorted to door by Mr. Litt and Mr. Lau.

" 'I am bridging the gap between East and West to the satisfaction of many New Yorkers who lack the time to jet-shop,' said Mr. Lau. 'My showroom is a surcease to nostalgia and an escape from an overly organized existence.'

" 'You are a pleasure to do business with,' said Mr. Litt.

"Mr. Litt bowed. Mr. Lau bowed. I bowed."

•

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: A sign in the Air Force APO snack bar in Long Island City reads, "No Paper Bags to Be Consumed in This Cafeteria."

Art and Mammon

"IN this country," John O'Hara wrote in his introduction to "The Portable F. Scott Fitzgerald," in

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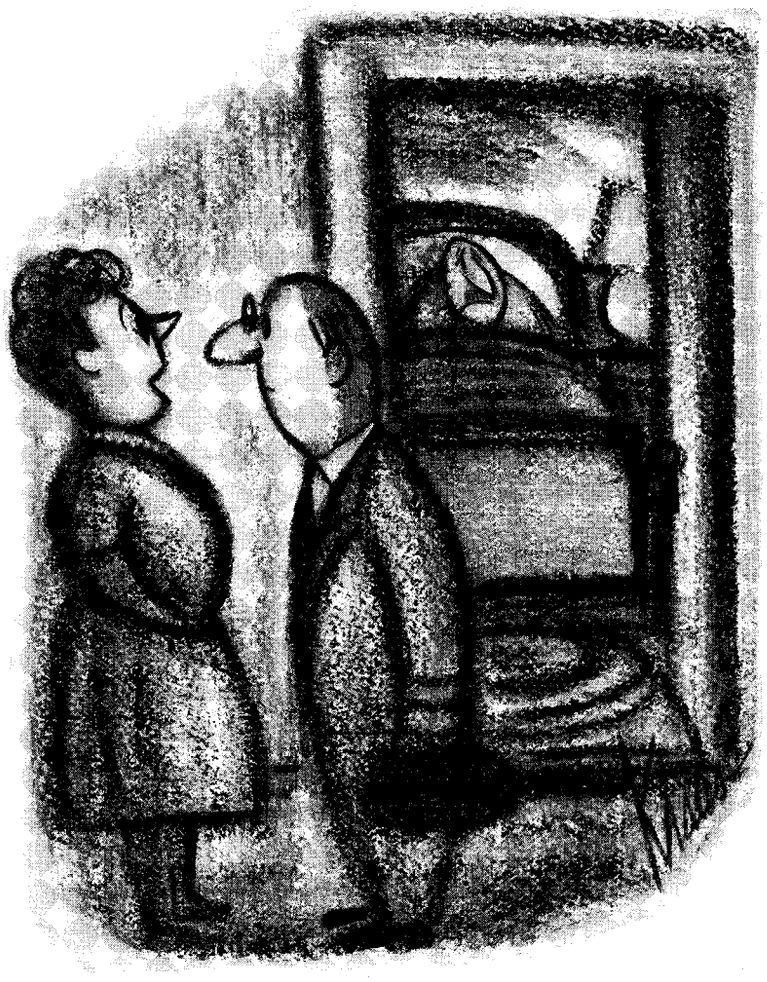
1945, "the rich don't write; there are really so few of them, and they can't write anyway." If this was true then, it no longer is. Permit us to adduce the case of Mr. B. H. Friedman, a vice-president and director of a wildly flourishing real-estate firm—the Uris Buildings Corporation, of which his maternal uncles, Harold D. and Percy Uris, are president and chairman, respectively—who for a good many years has been contributing articles on literature, art, architecture, jazz, and other aspects of contemporary life to a number of magazines, and who has also written five novels, four of which are unpublished but the fifth of which, called "Circles" and dealing with sex, status, and professional aggressiveness in the Abstract Expressionist set in New York and East Hampton, is scheduled for publication on January 29th. We sought out this versatile and prolific man—dark, slender, dark-suited, dark-tied, and thirty-five—at the Uris headquarters, in the Uris-owned Western Publishing Building, at 850 Third Avenue, where we found him in an office equipped with five Abstract Expressionist paintings, a large hexagonal table, and a cupboard full of records (half classical, half jazz).

"I have a few more paintings—mostly by people I've known, such as Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Robert Goodnough, Franz Kline, and Helen Frankenthaler—in my house, in Turtle Bay," he said when we pressed him for biographical data. "I used to stay with the Pollocks in East Hampton, and last summer my wife and I rented a house there. The older of our two children—we have a boy and a girl—was born just after Pollock's death, and is named Jackson. I was born in New York—my father retired from the wholesale shoe business last year—and I began to write at the Horace Mann School. I later wrote for *The Cornell Widow*. I started to take a pre-med course at Cornell, left when I was seventeen to go into the Navy, and finished up, after a couple of years in the Pacific, as an English major, having abandoned an ambition to become a psychiatrist. Since going into the family business, I have done most of my writing after work, while my associates are playing bridge. I write two or three nights a week and a good part of every weekend. There's no conflict between what I do at the office and what I do at the typewriter; in some ways they help each other. You don't use much of your sensitivity in business; the tensions you build up during the day are relieved by writing at night. I'm finishing a thirty-five-page monograph on Alfonso Ossorio, the painter, to whom Pollock introduced me. He became a close friend. I've been interested in jazz since high school, when I used to go to Jimmy Ryan's, Nick's, the Onyx Club, and Kelly's Stable. Now my wife and I go to the Five Spot, the Jazz Gallery, Basin Street East, the Village Vanguard, and Birdland. There's a close relationship between what's happened in jazz—the whole cool-jazz revolution since the war—and what's happened in painting, and in a strange way these worlds have stimulated my writing more than my reading has. I try to do the sort of thing a painter does with collage. This is reflected, I think, in a piece of mine in the current issue of *the noble savage*."

At our urging, Mr. Friedman discussed these worlds further. "Contemporary jazz is working with completely free rhythms," he said. "Just as a de Kooning might start out calling a painting 'Coast Guard Beach' and then get pretty far away, so musicians deal with sounds for their own sake; they get pretty abstract. I come away from an evening at the Five Spot with a feeling that I've been in touch with contemporary life. I've written a piece on Pollock for *Gutai*, the most avant-garde Japanese magazine; it was translated into Japanese, of course. The Japanese are now doing with painting what they did with machines—imitating. They imitate Pollock, for example. Probably the next thing that will happen is that Japanese jazz groups will be coming here."

We asked him to dwell upon his diurnal tensions.

"I started out, in 1948, as assistant residential manager of One University Place, which was then a Uris-owned apartment house," he started out. "It was built in the twenties. I supervised the modernization of its kitchens. Its tenants included Paddy Chayefsky, Molly Picon, and Jay Lovestone. They thought my kitchens were neat. I wrote on the side; I finished my first novel, 'It's Only Money,' when I was twenty-three, and over the next ten years I wrote three more, equally unpublished. In 1950, for experience, I went to Cross & Brown, the real-estate brokers, and stayed there for a little over a year. Then I came back to Uris, where I've been ever since. Real estate is an interesting and lucrative field. I'm in charge of midtown leasing, and I'm peripherally involved with the art program for our new hotel—the New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center. I've started on another book, a novel set in the world of pro-



"Can't you shoot him full of something?"

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fessional bridge players—the tournament circuit. My Uncle Percy is a fine bridge player. I used to play a great deal in the Navy and in college, but I quit after my marriage."

Mr. F. took us on a tour of the corporate offices, which contained a collection of Uris-owned art and also some paintings on loan from the Whitney Museum, of which Mr. F. is a trustee. Uncle Percy was in Palm Beach, but we met Uncle Harold in an office decorated with a 1904 representational photograph of the Harris H. Uris Ironworks, on West Twenty-sixth Street. "My father started the iron business in the eighteen-nineties, about ten years after he came here from Russia," Mr. Uris said. "He was probably one of the best mechanics in the city."

We subsequently picked up a copy of *the noble savage* and read Mr. Friedman's collage-inspired piece, "Whisper." The author makes no bones about being a rich writer. "Can you hear me?" he starts out, and goes on, in part:

The New York I love is so cool you may not recognize her. Cooler than the neon at Times Square. Cooler than the drinks they serve at Yankee Stadium. Cooler than the snow in Harlem. It's cool near the top.

I love what others hate: executive dining rooms of Wall Street banks, big legal offices with rows of CCH reports, the patterns made by teleregisters, and the way necktie stripes move up to the left among men who move to the right. The towers should be connected by bridges. I go down only to refuel—i.e., when not eating at some cloudy club. Down there, I like those filling stations in the mid-forties: Christ Cella, Pietro's, the Palm, and the French ones farther North. I like them because the food is good and cheaper than the places that cost money. New York is almost free, if you love your work. . . .

I like the top of the G.E. building, as visible from the garden behind our brownstone house, as are the chandeliers by Louis Comfort Tiffany in the windows of Third Avenue antique shops. I wish Comfort were my middle name.

I'm too well dressed to go into Third Avenue bars; my clothes are always picking fights with people. . . .

I like art before it goes into museums. I like a city that can throw away the Ritz without batting an eye. . . .

I like the papers I see on businessmen's desks: Dun & Bradstreet reports . . . Proudfoot, Dodge, Standard and Poor's, Moody's. Moody I like best of all. I wish Moody were my last name. . . . I like statements of profit and loss. I like black ink. I like analyses of projected income, inventories, contracts, licenses, permits, legal documents of all kinds. . . . I wish Comfort were my middle name. I wish I had a first name, instead of initials. . . .

Money talks quietly, like me. It's all zeros. Duels, now, are fought with zeros. The best tables are bought with zeros. The best seats are bought with zeros. Money whispers. Bills never crackle in the hands of a headwaiter or a cop. . . .

Reflecting that it was Uncle Percy and Uncle Harold who caused the city to throw away the Ritz (a Uris building now stands on its site), we picked up the telephone and asked the solvent and quiet talker what his initials stand for. "Bernard Harper," he said. "Too much trouble to sign on legal documents."

Politesse

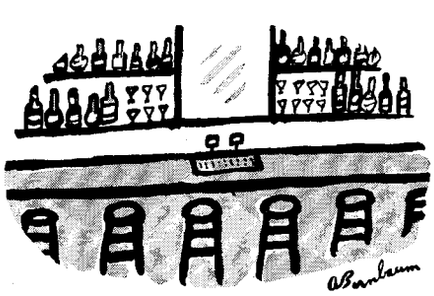
A FAMILY man we know overheard his nine-year-old daughter and her friends improvising a playlet, which turned out to be a sequel to the story of Cinderella. The following is a reconstruction of Act II, Scene 3, in its entirety:

FAIRY GODMOTHER: "The King and Queen have just died. Would you like to come to the funeral?"

CINDERELLA: "No, thank you."

Memories

A YEAR ago, when Caroline Kennedy and her infant brother became the youngest children of a President to grace the White House since the second term of Grover Cleveland (1893-97), who was the father of five, we resolved to look up the Cleveland children and elicit any recollections they might have of their early White House days. Of his four surviving children (the eldest daughter, Ruth, died when she was twelve), only two, we discovered, were born during their father's Presidency—Esther, now Mrs. William Bosanquet, whose home is in Yorkshire, England, and Marion, now Mrs. John H. Amen, whose home is in New York. (The two sons, Richard and Francis, were born after their father's second term.) We looked up Mrs. Amen, but she informed us that, having been only a year and a half old when she left the White House, she had no real memories of the place. She added, however, that her sister, who had been three and a half, might have some, and promised that upon Mrs. Bosanquet's next New York visit she would arrange an interview for us. The other day, she kept her promise, in the form of an invitation to tea at her apartment. On our arrival, Mrs. Amen, a handsome lady, greeted us at the door and said, "My sister is the only real White House baby. She's the only child of a President ever born *in* the White House. I lived in the White House, but I was not born there. I was born at my father's summer place, at Buzzards Bay, on Cape Cod. The trouble is that people confuse me with my sister. They become convinced that *I* was born in the White House. When I set them straight, they become impatient and disappointed with me, even indignant. It can be very trying."



Mrs. Amen thereupon led us into the living room and introduced us to Mrs. Bosanquet, who proved to be handsome, too, but taller than her sister. "The only President's baby ever born in the White House," Mrs. Bosanquet said. "What a shock to be thrust into the limelight for that after sixty-eight years! My husband is English, and we were married in London forty-four years ago. We've lived in England ever since. It's a rather secluded, rustic life, and a happy one. We have a seventeen-acre farm in Yorkshire, which we run ourselves. It keeps us very busy. About all I have time for is my piano playing. After President Kennedy's Inauguration, when the word got out that I was born in the White House, our life became a nightmare. Phones ringing day and night. Reporters rushing out to interview me. And they all wanted memories, memories. I find it remarkable that I remember anything at all. But I do. And what I remember is at least authentic. It could be a terrible temptation to *imagine* White House memories."

Gently, we urged Mrs. Bosanquet to reminisce.

"I have two rather unpleasant White House memories," she said. "I'll tell you about them first. I remember the huge staircase, and crawling down it one night, feeling sick and guilty. I had eaten a whole box of my grandmother's chocolates, which turned out to be chocolate-coated pills. My other bad memory was terrifying. I woke up in the middle of the night and wandered into one of the state rooms. It was dark and spooky, and through one of the windows I saw a huge, frightful face staring at me. I screamed and ran out, and to this day I haven't any notion what it was."

"It was probably a harvest moon," Mrs. Amen said.

"I think not," Mrs. Bosanquet said. "It was more square than the moon. Anyway, my happy memories are more

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"Act friendly and display an appreciative interest in Earthly accomplishments. As a rule, avoid political discussions, although some criticism of the United States is always considered good form."

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precise. I remember a huge Christmas tree with great heaps of toys underneath it. And I remember Easter—rolling colored eggs on the White House lawn. I remember seeing Papa a good deal in the evenings. I'd be taken into his study. He'd be sitting behind an enormous desk, and he would bounce me on his knee. I remember very vividly that he once let me dip my fingers in his inkwell and make big blobs on his papers. And I remember our last day there, just before we went to the station. I was sitting all alone in the downstairs hall. I had on a pair of brown fleece-lined gloves, the kind with a little snap button near the wrist. How I remember buttoning and unbuttoning that little snap, over and over! Then somebody came along and asked me why I was leaving. 'Because McKinley's coming,' I said. 'And there can't be two Presidents.' I don't quite remember saying that, but I'm sure I did, because I do remember Papa telling guests about it later."

"I'd no idea you remembered so much," Mrs. Amen said.

She had a pensive look, and we inquired if a memory had perhaps occurred to her.

"Oh, no," she said. "Not a real memory. But there is something—a kind of impression. Would you really like to hear about it?"

We assured her that we would.

"It has to do with the way people think of me as *the* White House baby and demand memories of me," Mrs. Amen said. "The worst instance of this occurred the winter of 1929—right *in* the White House, as it happened. My husband and I were in Washington, and President and Mrs. Hoover invited us over for tea. Mrs. Hoover was so sweet and gracious, but she, too, expected me to have memories. She took me on a tour through all the downstairs rooms of the White House, and she kept asking, 'Doesn't this look familiar to you?' I wanted so much to say yes, but nothing looked familiar to me. 'I was only one and a half when I left,' I explained to her. But she would not give up. We tried the East Room, the Green Room, the Red Room. I would have given anything to remember something, but I just couldn't. When we got to the Blue Room—that's where my father and mother were married—Mrs. Hoover said, 'Surely you remember this.' But I didn't. Horrible! When we got to the second floor, though, a strange thing happened. I was overwhelmed by a sense of nostalgia. There was a smell of roses and also a subtle, musty scent, as in a house by the sea. I was so puzzled by the sensation that I said nothing about it to Mrs. Hoover. How I wish I had! But all at once we were having tea with the President, and the proper moment for bringing it up seemed to have passed. Maybe I was afraid, too, that it wasn't a real memory. But the next time I saw my mother, I put the question to her, out of the blue. 'What did the second floor of the White House use to smell like?' I asked. 'Why, it was strange,' she replied. 'That one floor had the smell of an old house by the sea, a musty scent, overlaid with roses.' So you see, it was true, after all. I *did* have a kind of memory."

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SUCCINCT letter from the secretary of a London club to "The Occupier" of a certain residence:

DEAR SIR:

Unfortunately, when we sent our letter checking up the addresses of members, we failed to put your name on the paper, and so, having received your address and information, we do not know who you are.

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OLD MACBERLITZ HAD A FARM

As a former student of nightingales' cries—I once took the matter up in *The New Yorker*—I have long known that men hear things differently. Set a few poets to transcribing nightingale notes and one man's "jug-jug" is another man's "tereu" and a third man's "whit, whit, whit." Yes, and a fourth careful listener's "*zuckü*t, *zickü*t, *zidiwick*, *zifizigo*." If you grant even moderate consistency to what nightingales actually sing, you are forced to conclude that the human ear operates on remarkably low fidelity.

Just how low-fi it can get, though, I didn't realize until I happened to stop off between planes in Singapore a couple of years ago. Most of my two days there I spent visiting an acquaintance from college, a young Chinese scholar who lives over toward the campus of the University of Malaya. This man owns a good-sized white bulldog, and we were out walking it. It was making a spectacle of itself.

"Listen to him," Henry said proudly. "He'll go *wang-wang* at anything on four legs."

"He'll bark at anything, you mean?"

"Sure, bark. *Wang-wang-wang*. Look at that Pekinese run."

I did look, but my mind had leaped to matters of fidelity. "Henry," I said, "I want to ask you something. Have you ever heard a cow m— I mean, call to another cow?"

"Sure. Why?"

"What did it sound like?"

"Cows go *hou*," said Henry.

"What about sheep?"

"Sheep go *mieh*. But whatever do you want to know for? Are you writing a book for children?"

"Just curious. Goats?"

"Goats go *mieh*, too. And, for your information, cats say *miao*, and ducks *kua-kua*. Furthermore, there's a mosquito about to light on your neck, and *he's* going *hêng-hêng*. Slap him and tell me about this book."

I'm not writing any children's book, and I have no plans to, but it's true I've been reading a good many since I got home. I've also been sending letters to foreign farmers and consulting endless bilingual dictionaries. I am now ready to report my findings. They are going to come as a nasty shock to those raised on the belief that dogs the world over really do go "bow-wow," or mosquitoes "zzz," or that all cows "moo," or even that a stone drops into water with a sound resembling "plop." Such innocents are going to feel as lost and miserable as the Chinese nightingale in a poem Henry quoted to me: "While *ying* is its cry, seeking with its voice its companion."

DOGS are the place to start. There is no consistency at all in what people hear when a dog barks. As far as I can tell, even Henry's bulldog hardly sounds alike to any two people in Singapore. "That damned *gonggong* night and day is driving me crazy," one of Henry's Javanese colleagues told me, and he was not speaking of temple bells. There is a Dutch businessman in Henry's circle, and he confessed that to his Netherlandish ear bulldogs appear to say "*waf-waf*." Before I left, Henry himself got interested in the vocal proficiency of his dog, and he dug up an old Spaniard who informed us that a mind shaped in Barcelona would invariably hear a bulldog bark "*guau!*" Frenchmen you find everywhere, and the one I questioned in Singapore said, with a patronizing smile, that any literate man should know the verb "to bark" is "*faire ouâ-ouâ*."

Very little more pattern emerged when I got home and began to consult the children's books and farmers and dictionaries. It's true that the Polish "*hau-hau!*" does not differ much from the Latvian "*vau! vau!*" And I grant that all dogs in Scandinavia, irrespective of nationality, raise their muzzles on moonlit nights and let out a noise something like "*vov-vov*." On the other hand, you have only to follow the path of Ivar the Boneless from southern Norway over to Ireland to discover that the inhabitants of the former Free State have wolfhounds and terriers and even white bulldogs that bark, in Irish, "*amh-amh*." Swing down to Turkey and, while you may be greeted by the Turkish dogs with a sedate chorus of "*hav-hav*," others apparently come up yelping "*kuçu-kuçu*." Read a dictionary of the sacred Pali language of Ceylon and you find that those old Vedic Aryans called their dogs "*bhu-bhu-kaas*," which translates "*bhu-bhu*-maker." My one real disappointment is the dogs of Japan. A bamboo importer in New York told me

"Oh, Roger, sometimes I wish your class had never voted you most likely to succeed."

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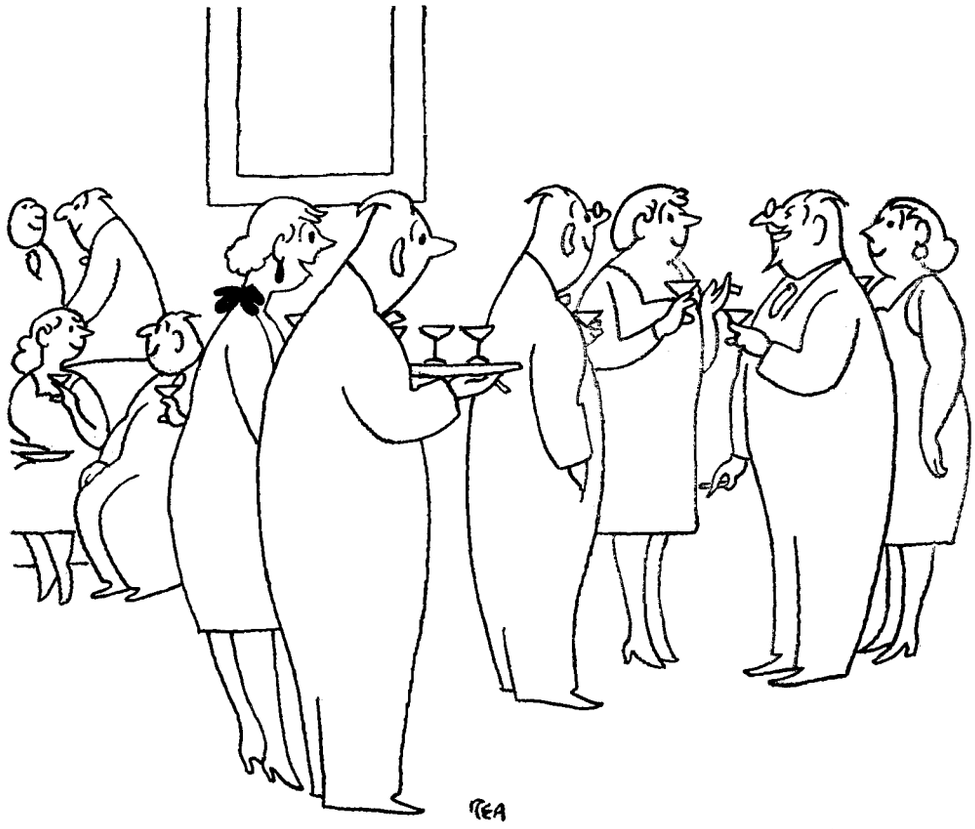
they bark "*ming-ming*." My research shows it's not true. A Japanese dog actually barks "*wan-wan*," which would not surprise even faintly anyone who had been to Singapore. I am only consoled by thinking of the word "*pyee*" in the Shangana-Tsonga language of the Bantu group; it means "the cry a dog makes after being kicked."

Cows show a good deal more stability than dogs. Right there among the Shangana-Tsonga, to whose ears the sound of a gun going off—our own English "bang"—is best represented by the word "*gibü*," even to the Shangana-Tsonga the voice of a cow seems to be saying "*mhoo*." (The reply of her calf is a high-pitched "*dwee*," but that's another matter.) German cows go softly "*muh*." French cows elegantly if nasally bawl "*meu*." Spanish cows make a noise that Spaniards spell "*mu*." Russian cows say simply "*moo*," and in Poland (where the winters are probably worse) it's "*mooo*." Practically the only deviants I know are the versatile Hungarian cows, who call "*mu-bu*," the Norse cows, who say "*bø*," and the fat cows of Ireland, who, in Gaelic mood, are able to produce a sound that their masters put into the Roman alphabet as "*ǵeim*."

Pigs are like dogs, only more so. Pigs vary. A man could travel the world over, nearly, and hear nothing even close to a friendly "oink." Certainly he wouldn't in Portugal. Portuguese swine are much given to lolling in the mud, letting out little cries of "*cué, cué*." In Poland, on the other hand, from identical positions in similar mud, the pigs—the younger ones, at least—call out "*kwick-kwick*." Across the border in Russia, they roll their eyes and go "*khru*." Not one of these words would kindle any recognition in the mind of a Hungarian swineherd, who knows very well that pigs go "*röff-röff*." (Except, of course, in Japan, where they go "*buu-buu;*" in Finland, where the cry is "*snöf-snöf;*" and in Italy, where the sound you hear down by the sty at swill-time is "*fron-fron*.")

As for sheep, the problem is to separate them from the goats. It is not easy. In China, where "*mieh*" is the solitary note uttered by either, people obviously don't even try. Nor do they in Spain, where both sheep and goats cry "*bee!*" And in Onitsha Province of Nigeria, among the speakers of Ibo, it must take a keen ear to tell the "*nmáa*" of a sheep from the "*nmée*" of a goat. Things are clearer in France. There the sheep cry "*bê!*" and the goats "*mê!*" When one turns to Russia and finds that the sheep are calling "*beh*" and the goats "*meh*," one begins to work out a theory of "b"s for sheep and "m"s for goats. One soon abandons it. German goats, bleating "*meck-meck*," fit the theory, but German sheep, whimpering "*mäh-mäh*," do not. Turkish sheep, with their egotistical "*mee-mee*," and Turkish goats, stubbornly crying "*bö-bö*," are even worse. Perhaps one had better say the hell with sheep and goats and go join the Norwegian cavalry, so as to hear the horses calling "*knegg-knegg*" each to each.



"I think he's had enough. He's beginning to drop his own name."

•

I COULD keep on with this roster more or less forever. I want to. I want to tell how even the familiar "cock-a-doodle-doo" of a crowing rooster is not the reliable thing one supposes. (Dutch roosters, for example, stand on their dunghills shouting "*kukeleku*," which Dutch dictionaries explain as their "*victoriegekraai*," while across the border, in Germany, the roosters pronounce it "*kikeriki*.") I would like to report on the music-hall phrase "*coin-coin*," believed by Frenchmen to be the cry uttered by ducks. And the sound one hears from turkey gobblers in Poland, which is "*gool-gool-gool*." It pains me that about mosquitoes I can mention only that from pole to pole, wherever Japanese is spoken, these sober insects advance on picnics humming "*bun-bun*."

But the loud "*bimbam!*" and "*bum-bum!*" of the German bells in the Lutheran church tell me that my time is drawing short, an impression confirmed by the musical "*cing-e-bing*" coming from the little Albanian Orthodox chapel around the corner. I shall hardly have time to imagine a few coins dropping "*žbluňk, žbluňk*" into a Czechoslovakian fountain and to meditate that in Turkey those same coins would strike with a heavy sound of "*cumberlop, cumberlop*." In less time than it would take a Swedish farm cart to rumble "*mullra, bullra*," past my window, I must be off. I'm going to Africa, on sub-safari. I want to visit the Shangana-Tsonga. If "*pyhakavaka*" really and truly represents the noise made in that part of Africa when a naked person falls seated into the mud, I may settle down in that onomatopoetic paradise. If it isn't, I'm coming home by way of Japan. I've always wanted to hear a nightingale that could sing "*hoohoke-kyo*."

—NOEL PERRIN

•

Rosen related that Spinella, after losing an appeal on the deportation matter, was seized by Immigration agents at a Washington hotel, June 11, 1953, whisked to Baltimore, and placed on a train for Italy.
—*Bergen County (N. J.) Record.*

Our agents don't fool around.

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VICISSITUDES OF LOVE

GOLDEN ANCHOR

Gone—and to an undisclosed region,
Free as the wind, if less predictable.
Why should I grieve, who have no claim on her?
My ring circles her finger; from her neck
Dangles my powerful jade. All is not lost
While still she wears those evident tokens,
And no debts lie between us except love.

Or does the golden anchor plague her
As a drag on woman's liberty? Longing
To cut the cable, run grandly adrift,
Is she warned by a voice what wide misfortune
Ripples from ill faith?—therefore temporizes
And fears to use the axe although consorting
With lovelessness and evil?

What should I say or do? It was she chose me,
Not contrariwise. Moreover, if I lavished
Extravagant praise on her, she deserved all.
I have been honest in love, as is my nature;
She secret, as is hers. I cannot grieve
Unless for having vexed her by unmasking
A jewelled virtue she was loath to use.

POSSESSED

To be possessed by her is to possess—
Though rooted in this thought,
Build nothing on it.

Unreasonable faith becomes you,
And mute endurance
Even of betrayal.

Never expect to be brought wholly
Into her confidence.
Being natural woman,

She knows what she must do, not why;
Balks your anticipation
Of pleasures vowed;

Yet, no less vulnerable than you,
Suffers the dire pangs
Of your self-defeat.

UNCALENDARED LOVE

The first name cut on a rock, a King's,
Marked the beginning of time's annals;
And each new year would recapitulate
The unkind sloughings and renewals
Of the death-serpent's checkered skin.

But you with me together, together, together,
Survive ordeals never before endured.
We snatch the quill out of Enoch's hand
To obliterate our names from his black scroll—
Twin absentees of time.

Ours is uncalendared love, whole life,
As long or brief as befalls. Alone, together,
Recalling little, prophesying less,
We watch the serpent, crushed by your bare heel,
Rainbow his scales in a deathward agony.

IN TRANCE AT A DISTANCE

It is easy, often, and natural, even,
To commune with her in trance at a distance;
To attest those deep, confessionary sighs
Otherwise so seldom heard from her;
To be assured by a single shudder
Wracking both hearts, and, underneath the press
Of clothes, by a common nakedness.

Hold fast to the memory, lest a cold fear
Of never again here, of nothing good coming,
Should lure you into self-delusive trade
With demonesses who dare masquerade
As herself in your dreams, and who, after a while,
Skillfully imitate her dancing gait,
Borrow her voice and vocables and smile.

It is no longer—was it ever?—in your power
To catch her close to you at any hour;
She has raised a wall of nothingness in between
(Were it something known and seen, to be torn apart,
You could grind its heartless fragments into the ground);
Yet, taken in trance, would she still deny
That you are hers, she yours, till both shall die?

A RESTLESS GHOST

Alas for obstinate doubt: the dread
Of error in supposing my heart freed,
All care for her stone dead!
Ineffably will shine the hills and radiant coast
Of early morning when she is gone indeed,
Her divine elements disbanded, disembodied,
And through the misty orchards in love spread—
When she is gone indeed—
But still among them moves her restless ghost.

—Robert Graves

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"Congratulations, Shaeffer! You are now the captain."

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LET'S PLAY PORTRAITS

I WALKED from room to room, trailing an unhappy it-has-happened-before feeling that teased my heart, and my mind, into semi-recognition. I could not hope for an answer, because I hadn't even defined the nature of the question. A sudden intuition came; then I lost it, and the sensation was as unpleasant as a futile attempt to recollect a name—that awful moment when the forgotten name, led in silent concentration, rises almost to the surface of memory, only to sink again. After a while I realized that any conscious effort on my part would be useless, so I just walked around and waited.

I was on the third floor of the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the Pollock and Balthus retrospectives. This was about five years ago. And I had already gone through the Pollocks, as I go through a good deal of my life, absent-mindedly and dutifully. This absent-mindedness is irrevocable because, in my case, will power is powerless; few things hold my attention for any length of time, and too many things hold it for a short time, so I constantly stray.

In public places I am approached by women of a certain age, who look distraught and kind, and they tell me, in a voice I believe should be reserved for the very deranged, either that my handbag is open or else not at all where it should be. I have crawled in the dust and the darkness under so many theatre seats that my husband feels obliged to carry what he, being English, calls a torch. And still I cannot learn, nor understand, how most other people manage to mind the inner life, the outer life, as well as the world of the handbag and the other glove.

The sad side of absent-mindedness is a tendency to attract thieves. This is my fate. I am robbed often, unfathomably, and tragically, and I cannot escape, just as certain people cannot escape blind beggars and others the madwoman of the neighborhood, who does not recognize them.

I have strayed, but I wanted to explain my absent-mindedness carefully, and to say that I am, unfortunately, rarely more absent than when I look at Abstract Expressionists.

As I say, I had gone through the Pollocks, and, still absent on my feet, I walked into the rooms of Balthus. The transition was crafty, as it often is between dreams, and I, somnambular but efficient, faced a new world, the world of Balthus.

I stopped in front of a painting called "The Four Thursdays." And I stayed a long time. I saw another, called "The Living Room." I moved on, trapped by some immense nostalgia that had, obviously, little to do with the painter Balthus. I saw "The Golden Days" and "The Dream." All these paintings were identical in subject matter. Balthus paints still-lifes, street scenes, landscapes, and portraits. But mostly he paints girl children close upon adolescence. And with the girls he often paints a recurring cat—devilish, white, satisfied, quasi-human. It laps milk, smiles over the back of an armchair, sits on the floor with its eyes closed, or lies on a chair by a table on which stands a goldfish bowl. In Balthus's very private, poetic, and modestly corrupt world, that cat affably shares the life of his young girls.

I will not attempt to describe the paintings; what writers write about painters, especially contemporary ("As these tenderly colored flat monoliths hover in the expanse of white ground, their shapes seem always to elude us, their searching, painterly edge being constantly rediscovered . . ."), is only equalled by painters trying to explain what they are trying to say.

I feel the same about most passages in novels that touch upon music and dreams. They awaken in me antennae of suspicion that unfortunately never sleep soundly. And these same antennae become frenzied with the casting of movie biographies. Am I really supposed to believe, even for a moment, Greer Garson as Mme. Curie, or Laurence Harvey as Christopher Isherwood? I am forever suspicious; childishly suspicious—because a child needs some elemental truth in the midst of blatant fiction, and is delighted to see a cloth-of-gold suit suspended from a wooden hanger.

So there I stood, held by some private symbolism, which I couldn't make out and therefore didn't like, in front of a painting by Balthus called "The Living Room."

Soon I began to see the two girls in the painting as I would see two delivery boys from the corner delicatessen—picked out but not placed, when found walking, without their aprons, the streets of another neighborhood.

Then all of a sudden and without fanfare, the riddle solved itself; and with the solution came the usual letdown, the inevitable taste of disappointment.

For I had seen us at last—Gabrielle and me—in the fictitious world of "The Living Room." We had been like the barelegged girls Balthus likes to paint, who recline against plush on timeless afternoons between childhood and adolescence.

Memory summons the props: the round mirrors, the upright piano, Gabrielle's cat, a copy of "Cyrano." Then the sofas, the armchairs, the chaise longues, the straight chairs; finally, the floor to sit or lie on. I remember the mood of those afternoons: flat and passive. And the colors. I have been told so many times that memory heightens color, and that Diaghilev always took this into account when he revived a ballet; yet mine are slightly tarnished—dim, calm, and lustreless.

THIS story begins and stops (but does not end) in a closet; in two closets, rather. The first is a clothes closet in Paris, Boulevard Murat, and the second a broom closet on Sutton Place.

To go with the first closet, I wore a long taffeta dress; so the party must have been mine. It was a birthday party. I don't know which birthday. Perhaps I was five. My dress swept the carpet and made a noise that I could hear above the slight wheezing in my chest. That unforgettable dress was pale-blue taffeta, ruched around the neck and the hem; it was tied around the waist with a shrimp-pink velvet ribbon. I wasn't breathing too well that day, and the dress never allowed me to reach a musical chair in time. My pianist mother sat at the piano and played for us with spirit, in a mood of loving condescension.

Suddenly I fell back painfully *between* two chairs, and when

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I looked up, Gabrielle's mother, Elizabeth, smiled. She sat very straight on an unmusical chair, away from us, against a beige papered wall. She was very sunburned and dressed in white. She had marvellous dark eyes—like ripe cherries, my grandmother always said. The skin of her face was unpowdered and her hair slightly hennaed. She must have been one of those women who, upon returning from their first ball, find (instead of the Spectre of the Rose, of Gautier's little poem) their first white hair.

I heard a voice say, "Elizabeth is just back from Africa—didn't you know? Did a brilliant reportage on religions."

And then another voice, a Russian voice, speaking Russian, said, "She's brilliant, simply brilliant."

Both Gabrielle and I must have been stalked throughout early childhood by the awareness that our mothers were talented, worldly, handsome, and seldom there at all. (Our fathers were even more conspicuously absent, both our mothers having divorced.) But later, when we grew older, it was the word "brilliant," as applied to Gabrielle's mother that afternoon, that not only pursued but stung us as well. Somewhere in that biassed document that parents like to write in their heads it must have said that we, too, were "brilliant." At all events, we learned; in the company of adults, we learned very fast. We were bouncy, precocious, witty, and I am sure quite unbearable. But the game, for us, was a painless challenge, and we were never squashed. When the conversation went beyond us, we subsisted on charm. The idea of keeping quietly in our place, or of plodding, had never entered our heads. And in the meantime our mothers went out, it seemed, every night of the week. It might have been our loss then, but today it appears to have been a sensible folly, dutiful in a way, reassuring almost. And I feel no bitterness at all whenever I recall the last serpentine movement of the short train on my mother's black satin dress trembling in the night light as it disappeared in the embrasure of the door, and the heavy Guerlain scent that stayed, so generously arrested over the crib, and did not leave until sleep came.

"How can we be sure that our bang is bigger than their bang?"

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We played musical chairs at my birthday party, and then, inevitably, we played hide-and-seek. And I remember Elizabeth so well—sunburned, and in white—but Gabrielle I cannot see at all. But I do know that we met briefly when we hid in the same camphorous clothes closet.

THIS is not true; we must have met before. In fact, we had been friends for generations. Our grandmothers had known each other in Russia, and our mothers in Paris. My mother, older than Elizabeth, had sat by her at the piano and formally given her lessons. Then, once again, every-

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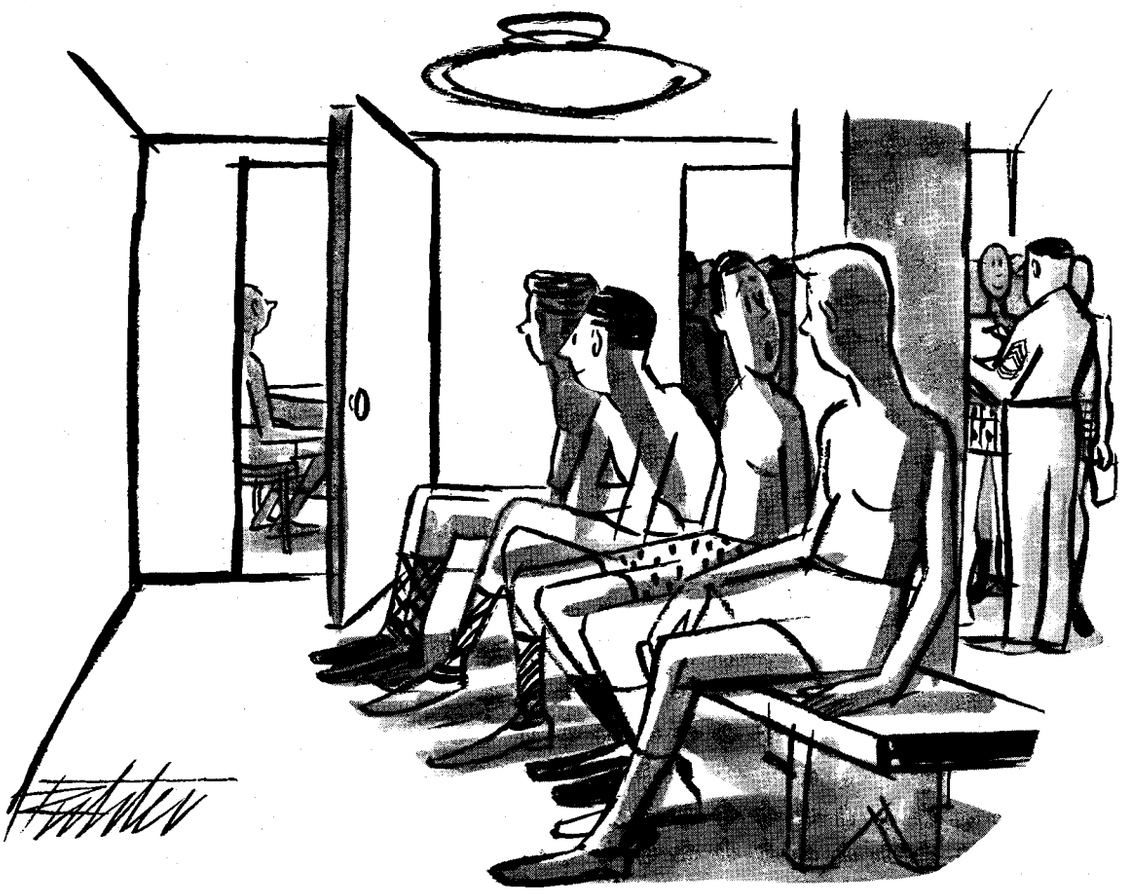

"If you tell him you hate your mother, you know what that means, and if you tell him you love her, it's even worse."

• •

one fled, and settled in New York. I had been here for over a year when, toward the end of 1940, Gabrielle, Elizabeth, and Gabrielle's stepfather, André, fled France and, through Portugal and Ellis Island, made their way to New York.

I was acutely conscious of, and strangely indifferent to, the war. It seemed to be such an abstract and far-away war. War had seemed much closer once, one summer in Hendaye. I remember the dull-yellow days, and the bright black nights. I liked to waken in those nights, cold with horror, and hear the booming of cannons across the Spanish frontier, somewhere beyond San Sebastián. In the afternoons, I walked right up to that frontier. The border itself was a black booth against rain, a black customs barrier, and several militant black guards with tufted black mustaches, who stood around in endless sunshine, holding and slowly moving in their right hands a lot of sharp steel that glittered in the rising dust.

Now I sat in the Radio City Music Hall watching a show with the Rockettes wearing tricolors and three-cornered hats with *cocardes*, and a not so *vivant* tableau showing France under the yoke of the enemy. And someone brought out a French flag, and the cast intoned the "Marseillaise"—at which point I started to sob helplessly, doubled up in my balcony seat with a cosmic combination of childish protest, sadness, homesickness, and sentimentality. I caused grave concern to the worldly English bachelor in his fifties who had, for some odd reason, taken me out and brought me there.

Gabrielle, Elizabeth, and André were living at first with friends in a house not far from the Metropolitan Museum. I was taken there to greet my one and only great friend, Gabrielle, whom I had once seen—or, rather, not seen—in a clothes closet.

Gabrielle stood in the drawing room, with her elbows resting on the back of an armchair. Her feet were crossed, and she looked like a dancer leaning against the practice bar. A yellow balloon marked "Central Park Zoo" floated above her head, a little to the left of her. I followed its string and saw that it was tied to the little finger of her right hand.

Were I playing portraits now, I would say that Gabrielle, at eleven, did not physically resemble the girls of Balthus. The amplitude was not quite there, nor the solidity. But the mood was; a mood of tentative womanhood, a marked sensuality that belied the red Mary Janes, the short white wool socks, the long expanse of bare leg, and the very young child's dress she wore—a black-and-white checked wool dress, short-waisted, and smocked in red. Her head was soft and round, and her nose was soft and round; it was the inquisitive nose of a small burrowing animal. Her face seemed to have little to do with its own features, although they were pleasant enough. Its beauty lay in the adult perception of her eyes, in the soberness of her thin mouth when she listened, in her sweet child's laughter, light as a soap bubble, and in her hair. That hair, a medium brown in color, could only have belonged to a being of extreme sensitivity. It was very fine and vaporous, and could in a few minutes surmount the discipline of combs, ribbons, and hairpins. Its trends were definitely barometric; it lay limp when she was tired, and lost its polish when she had a cold; also, it curled wildly in the rain, but when the atmospheric pressure changed and snow was predicted, it fell. It had to be combed continuously, and Gabrielle, I soon found out, could never find her comb.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve," I said.

"Oh!" said Gabrielle.

Then she said, "This is Guy."

"Where?" I said.

"Here," said Gabrielle, pointing with her balloon finger into the armchair. She moved a little to the side, and I saw something I had not noticed before—cigarette smoke rising from the armchair. Then I saw the top of a man's head. Gabrielle took me around by the hand.

"This," she said again, "is Guy. He lives here, too. He is fourteen."

Guy smiled a crooked smile and said hello in a high-pitched voice—it took me a moment to understand that it had not yet changed—but he did not

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move. One of his front teeth was cleanly broken in two.

"His father is a writer," said Gabrielle, "and his grandfather, too; you can find his grandfather in the Larousse, with illustration." Guy said nothing. He inhaled deeply, and exhaled through his nostrils.

Gabrielle began to speak at such a fast tempo that the balloon above her head, throughout her speech, never ceased to fidget. "This morning the curtains of the drawing room caught on fire; the fire was put out by a maid, who always smokes while she cleans. Then Mme. de S. de D., whom you haven't met and who owns this house, comes home from lunch and makes us appear in front of her, just like that. As if we were in school. Then she accuses us, straight out. We were, of course, terribly shocked and embarrassed, and she wouldn't let us say a word, so we managed to appear perfectly guilty. At this point, Mme. de S. de D. says we look as red as two lobsters in a pot, and what ever possessed us to set fire to her curtains, and next time she'll throw us out into the street. Next time! Guy, what do you think she's going to do *this* time?" Gently, she nudged his knee with the tip of her round shoe. "Well, *he's* talkative today," said Gabrielle. "Come, I'll show you my dresses." She started to untie the balloon from her little finger, and I rushed to help. "Let go, let go!" said Gabrielle, suddenly annoyed. I watched the balloon hesitate; then it rose slowly to the high ceiling. I had wanted to hold on to that balloon for a moment, and to tug at its string (tender strings of childhood, responsive, obedient strings of yo-yos and balloons, elusive strings of diabolo); now it was too late, and I, too, was annoyed.

Gabrielle ran through one room and into another, where she opened a closet. "Mother says a woman's clothes should have unity. She says anyone opening a woman's clothes closet should be able to say, 'Ah, here are So-and-So's dresses!' You see—for the time being, all of mine are smocked. It's like perfume; a woman shouldn't own forty different bottles and smell different every other day of her life. Also, we're against hats. And earrings, unless—well, sometimes, if they're very neat, and the hair cut very short. But hats only for funerals; not even weddings."

She closed the closet door.

"Do you like Guy? You must know, if you haven't guessed, that I'm in love with him. We were all on the boat together—but that wasn't very romantic, because, mostly, we were all being sick together. We were together in Portugal, too. We even went swimming near Lisbon. We were waiting for the boat then, but I didn't have a chance. Do you know that Mother makes me wear red boy's trunks? And nothing else? Of course, a top, under the circumstances, would be in terrible taste. But still. Anyway, I didn't have a chance. What do you think of him? Do you like him?"

Upon meeting Guy I had again lived through one of those extraordinarily lucid moments that stand, still as light, in everyone's childhood. One of those irremediable moments when the child steps out of time and coolly tells himself, "This I shall remember when I'm grown up." The scene itself might be perfectly simple; it might, at first, have been composed with a solitary object—a small pair of shoes on a sunny window sill, a red beach ball rolling the length of a dark apartment corridor. Emotion seeps in later. I see my grandmother shaking a wire salad basket, in a patch of oblique sunlight, by a Vermeer window; the lettuce is tender green and

"I understand that too long a time in the tropics will do that to a man."

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wet, and the waterdrops shoot from the salad basket and fall like stars to the dreary wooden floor of a provincial pension. I see this and, simultaneously, I feel gratitude toward my grandmother, because soon I will be fed. Finally, the shoes, the red ball, the salad basket, and my grandmother, even Guy smoking in an armchair, become secondary to the magic of the moment itself—that calm, disembodied, illuminated moment, ineffaceably stamping itself on memory.

"Yes," I said vaguely, "he's all right." I was afraid to say more, because Gabrielle was my immediate rival for the love of Guy, whom I loved, too. And so I retreated guardedly, unwillingly secretive.

Gabrielle said, "Come, maybe Guy will take us for a walk." She saw me hesitate. She said, "Oh, just a tiny walk. He's an excellent nurse; very responsible. He has already taken me to the Museum."

And so we returned to the drawing room. The armchair was empty, but the balloon was still there, a little flattened against the white ceiling.

GABRIELLE was in bed. We had both decided, very early, and with great sadness, that we must belong to an evolved strain of only children. We were terribly delicate. One bad dream in the night showed on our faces the next morning. The slightest cold grayed our cheeks. An hour of sleep missed two nights running and fearful lavender shadows rimmed our eyes. Having caught whatever hung about waiting to be caught, we were put to bed. We spent an amazing amount of time in bed. And whether I was up or down, my room remained in a perpetual fog, from anti-asthmatic fumigations. The smell was acrid. In fact, it was horrid. Children walked in, turned around, and walked out, looking lost. The smell in my bedroom was impossible to explain and impossible to ignore. It was not a temporary sickroom smell; it was chronic, senseless, and humiliating. Moreover, I now have grave doubts about the efficacy of those fumigations. And the windows—well, someone had said (throughout my childhood, someone was always "saying"), and my mother or my grandmother, or both, had listened, that my windows must remain hermetically sealed against dust and the dampness of the night. After all, doesn't a bird sleep with its head firmly tucked under a wing? Doesn't it require, besides, a cover over its cage at night? By some extraordinary logic, my mother and my grandmother had arrived at the conclusion that an asthmatic must not go against a bird. And my windows remained closed.

"Let's play portraits!" said Gabrielle.

"All right; you go."

"No, you."

"All right. Let me think."

I thought. I thought for a long time—because, I thought, If I think for a long time, Gabrielle will think my portrait tough to guess, tougher than it really is. A little deception might promote the game. . . . I had discovered deception and pepper almost simultaneously, and they had both begun to enhance a good deal of my life.

"All right," I said, as if an idea had just hit me. "Let's go."

Gabrielle lay back, head on pillow, hairbrush in hand. This particular siege was mysterious; Gabrielle looked languorous and green, a little dazed. Her bed was covered with a tartan rug, a heavy one, good for picnics and sleigh rides. Her bed linen was that of a well-cared-for child, very white and very fresh. The nape of her neck rested on a small pillow with a case printed in pale-blue convolvuli; and pale blue, I thought, was the only possibility next to the vaporous brown hair, the brandy-colored eyes, and the bloodless face. Our grandmothers, our mothers, Gabrielle and I—we all had our little pillow. I don't know whether the small pillow was a Russian habit or a family habit. I know that we had never dragged them behind us like those worn pieces of blanket small children will not be parted from—to their parents' embarrassment. They must have been a social habit, passed on from one generation to the next; however, we could not go to sleep

without them. Gabrielle raised herself with a whimper and attempted to brush her hair. "A hundred strokes," she said wearily.

"I brought you your turtle food."

"Ah! Thank you! You'll have to change the water."

"I know. Later."

"Did I tell you who gave them to me?"

"Yes, of course you did. Georges."

"I'm sorry. I feel so tired today."

She turned her head slightly toward me and sighed. I was a little taken aback by all this frailty. It mirrored mine, and I did not want to look at it—the thin hand that held the brush, the veins like mildew on the dough-white wrist.

"I thought that we were playing portraits."

"All right," said Gabrielle. "Dead or alive?"

"Alive."

"Someone we know?"

"Yes."

"Male or female?"

"Male."

Gabrielle let go of her hairbrush, scratched her right temple (I noticed that her fingernails needed cutting), and said, "If it were a building in New York?"

I thought for a moment before I said, "A skyscraper. Not an extravagant one. Very clean lines."

"If it were a poem?"

" 'L'Enfant Grec,' " I said, without too much hesitation.

"That horror? The one: '*Je veux de la poudre et des balles*?' Are you doing Hugo in school? Again?"

Gabrielle felt superior, and rarely allowed me to forget that she did. She went to the Nightingale-Bamford School, whereas I went to the Lycée Français. She wore navy-blue bloomers for gym and walked along Madison Avenue with other girls who carried armloads of books precariously balanced against their chests. (We carried our books, more sensibly, in satchels.) She read "The House at Pooh Corner" and Vachel Lindsay, whereas I spoke bad English and spent my time memorizing these immortal lines of Hugo:

C'est le moment crépusculaire.
J'admire, assis sous un portail . . .

And Gabrielle was no help. "When you're in Rome . . ." she often said, sententiously.

Gabrielle closed her eyes. Her eyelids were veined with fine purple lines. She was pale and calm and had no fever, but her eyelashes fell straight against her cheeks. They looked despondent, like

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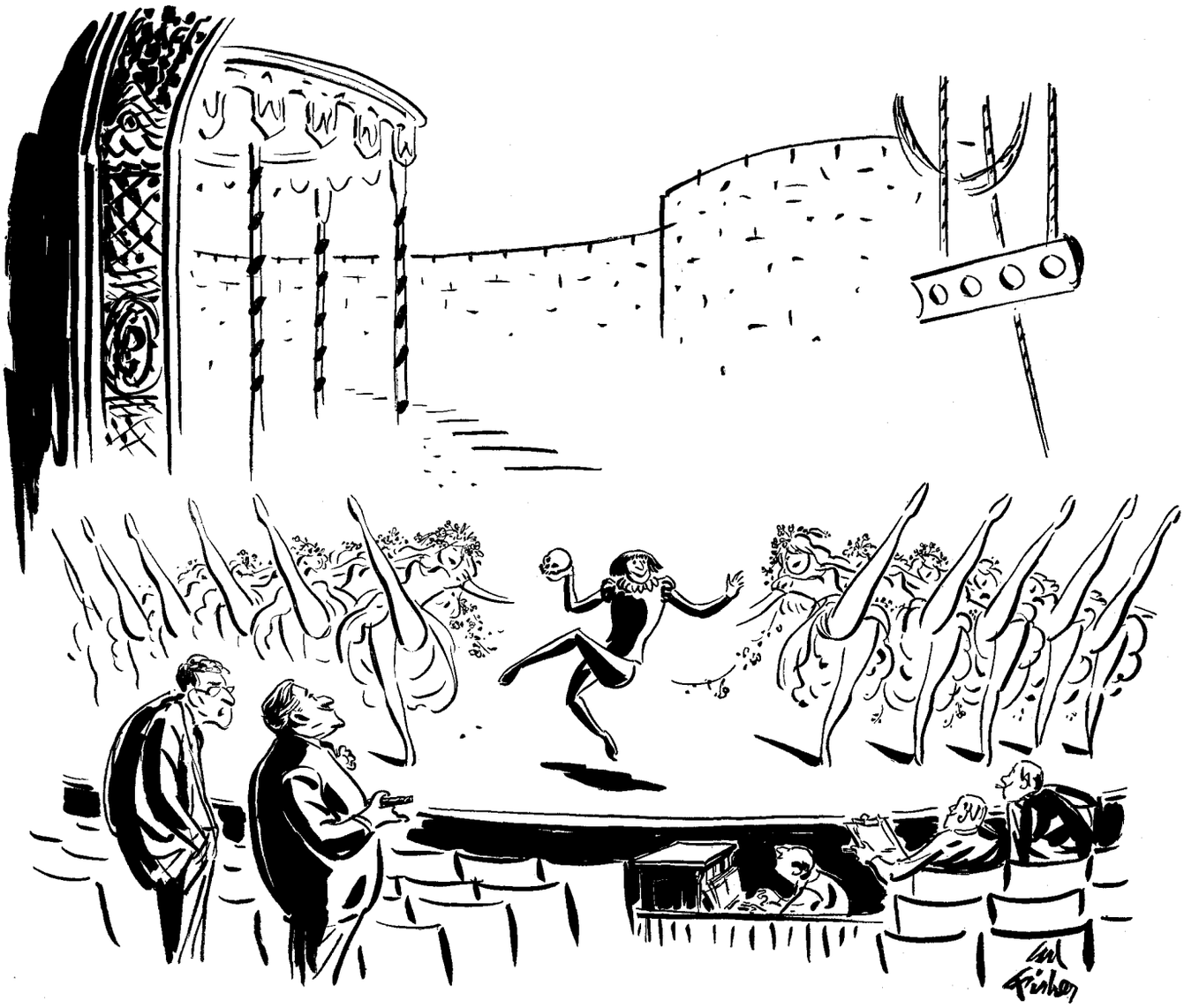

"Howard Taubman isn't going to like it."

• •

the eyelashes of a highly feverish child. She was thinking. She said, "It must be someone rather classical."

"Hmm . . ." said I, hoping to confuse her.

"Does it go to the Lycée?"

"Unfair."

"Why?"

"I don't know, but it's unfair."

"And if it were a tree?"

"A cypress," I said. It was an inadvertent answer, and in a way an incorrect one. Perhaps I should have said "a birch tree"—something young and dappled and tender and touching. A tree that went with the word "glade," a tree that threw a subtle shadow and grew too high and was surprised. A cypress could never look surprised; it was sad and dark and symbolic and tragic. And yet the word "cypress" had come out of me like an unbidden word said in anger, and it had to have some truth in it, some hidden truth. And as I realized this I knew that I had given the game away.

Gabrielle opened her eyes and said, "Guy."

GUY was exceedingly tall for his age. His forehead was high—"lofty," Gabrielle called it. (Her English was too fluent for my taste.) His profile was very simple, the line of his forehead and nose quite pure, a little heavy, rather Greek, early fifth century. His eyes were in no way extraordinary, but they were narrow in cut and deep blue in color—that blue one usually finds only in the eyes of a newborn child, which the literary call "violet" and scientists "the congenital blue eye." His hair was dark-blond and wavy. He kept it in a semblance of order with a great quantity of water. Sometimes he looked as if he had just been in swimming. His ears were large. He moved with a purpose, but day-dreamed in repose. His beauty was undeniable. It had an added element beauty need not necessarily possess—a quality of violence. This violence (he was gentle in manner and melancholy in mood) was the hidden coil spring in his mechanism. His growth had been violent. He would have appeared twenty, but his voice betrayed him. He spoke little.

He turned the corner of Madison Avenue at Ninety-fifth Street with slow deliberation, closing his eyes for a second against the wind, letting it blow his tie over his left shoulder. It was winter, and he wore no overcoat. He did not own one. He wore the same waterproof trench coat winter and summer, in rain or snow, but he did not wear it against the cold. He turned the corner and headed for the Lycée. But he did not study. He sat in class with his hands over his eyes. He was bored. He read thin volumes of poetry; he

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read Radiguet in English class, and while the French-literature teacher spoke of Musset's "Muse" he read Apollinaire. He did this quietly, as if he had no choice, and he was rarely punished. His attitude was not defiant; it was a combination of despair, beauty, lassitude, and violence—elements that would inevitably force his life into magnification. It would have to become larger-than-life and be projected theatrically. One felt in him a loss of the details, the efforts, the continuity, and the modesty of daily life. In fact, one felt a loss of life itself. And then that violence. And the need for that violence to erupt someday and bloom into acts of reckless beauty.

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2

"HEROES," I told Gabrielle a week later, "are made in spite of themselves."

She was sufficiently recovered to sit by the window in a large Victorian armchair upholstered in wilted moss-green velvet. She wore a smocked wool dress—"for morale, my dear, as I can't go out for another three days." Her bare legs were tucked under her bottom, and open on her lap lay a large illustrated book that looked to my myopic eyes like Perrault's "Fairy Tales."

"Is that 'Puss in Boots'?" I asked.

"That," said Gabrielle, turning the book around and handing it to me, "is Cyrano under Roxane's balcony."

She corrected me coldly, as if I had insulted her. We expected a great deal from each other—so much that it left little time for complacency, groping, patience, or stupidity. Even my nearsightedness was inexcusable, since I should have remembered that Perrault's fairy tales were a thing of the past, and that the past, in this case, was too recent to have been revived. We had to be on the beam or we suffered the consequences. Retaliation was immediate—a look of contempt, a stamped foot, derision.

Today Gabrielle looked pink; suspiciously pink. No; she looked well altogether. Eyes clear, hair brushed and scrubbed and still faintly smelling of the lemon juice with which she rinsed it.

"When you speak of heroes you mean Guy." She looked unconcernedly out the window. "Is there anything new?"

"He refuses to study English. In fact"—I spoke very slowly—"he has been brought down two grades, to my class."

"*What?*"

"Two desks away," I said modestly.

Slowly Gabrielle set "Cyrano" on the floor beside her. She stretched out her legs and folded them under her again. She put her hand to her hair. She didn't say anything.

I went on: "His accent is not to be believed. This morning, he got to 'And he stoppeth one of three' and he stopped. I don't think he had even *read* it through once. I tried to prompt him, but he *is* two desks away, so the teacher threw us both out of class. Guy went to the bakery and came back with three cream puffs. He ate them leaning against the wall of the corridor; he didn't give me any. I think he must get an awful lot of pocket money."

"Have you seen Georges?"

"No; he's been absent."

"I know. He has flu."

Gabrielle had managed, as usual, to have the last word; by inquiring after Georges, by telling me the reason why he had been absent, she had minimized my news, almost done me out of my victory. Still, I could console myself with the knowledge that Gabrielle went to a girls' school and that all of the young men we knew went to the Lycée. Not that it did me any good. Love, at twelve, was at best a paralytic state, where hope and despair cancelled each other out. If I met Guy along the corridor, it took me half an hour to recover. He usually stopped and spoke to me kindly—a little conscious of his kindness, perhaps, but I did not blame him for that. It was all my fault. I stood there, so dumbly, with my eyes on the tips of my shoes.

"CRY, Georges, cry," Gabrielle said. And Georges opened his eyes wide. The bright-green irises looked as if they were about to melt. Then the pupils expanded and large, heavy tears overflowed the lower lid and ran down his healthy cheeks.

"Ah . . ." said Gabrielle, with awe. "You crocodile!"

Georges's ingenuity was admirable. He had managed to bring over one of Guy's landscapes by cutting it out of its frame, rolling it up, and placing it in a suitcase, together with a few textbooks and a lot of dirty linen.

One day, Georges came home and found his mother, champagne glass in hand, absently waltzing with the butler. Another day she went apartment-hunting. She liked the looks of the Frank E. Campbell building because it didn't have too many floors, so she went in and asked if there was an apartment for rent. Georges took care of everything. He took care of the family finances. He supervised his sister's schooling. He loved food and wine, and dressed like a man of forty-five, conservatively and very well, allowing himself small moments of folly. (I was particularly fond of a pair of maroon socks he wore.)

Georges gave Gabrielle the turtles and I was jealous, so he gave me some, too, and one day one of my turtles became ill, and soon it died, and I flushed it down the toilet, and Elizabeth saw me do it, and she has never been able to forget it.

Georges was sedate. He and Guy were great friends; Georges the banker, and Guy—well, who knew what would become of Guy?

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Together, the four of us sometimes rode on the Madison Avenue bus, to parties and museums. The two young men dropped the nickels in for us; Georges had a change purse. The conversation was good but usually dumfounded the passengers:

GUY (*melancholy, leaning against the strap*): "They have terrible taste; the house, each other, everything. Father spent a weekend there and says they sleep in black satin sheets."

GEORGES (*indifferent*): "She had so many pass keys and behaved so badly that she was thrown out of Hollywood—actually thrown out."

GABRIELLE (*lyrical*): "Georges, did you see the moon last night? Wasn't it particularly romantic?"

Most of the time, we rode in cabs. Once Elizabeth picked us up from a children's party; it was raining and there were no cabs, so after much deliberation we climbed into a bus. Gabrielle and I ran to the back and sat down. Elizabeth handed the driver a five-dollar bill. How much was the fare? . . . Where could she get change? . . . Oh! Drop the nickel in there? Really? . . . And he would make change? . . . And what about the two girls?

SOON, all by ourselves on winter afternoons, Gabrielle and I began to go down by bus to the Museum of Modern Art. The auditorium was almost empty. Sometimes we were all alone. The piano played and Valentino smiled. In "Monsieur Beaucaire," he wore a rose behind his ear.

In the bleak, gravelled garden of the Museum, we huddled on wrought-iron chairs and played portraits.

"I have one!" said Gabrielle.

"Male or female?"

"Female."

"What if it were a pastry?"

Gabrielle kicked the gravel with her brown school shoe. "I'm going to give it away, I'm afraid. A *baba au rhum*. But a demolished one, if you know what I mean."

"I do. It's Mary."

Mary was too easy to do. She was the maid at Gabrielle's. When Elizabeth was at the office, Mary liked to wear her hats. She liked, in particular, a hat from Reboux. It was made of pale-gray veiling, worn forward and over one eye, and when Mary danced with it on, a puff of loose veiling at the back trailed like smoke from a departing railway engine. Elizabeth wore it to funerals, but Mary wore it every day.

Gabrielle had a talent for leaving incriminating objects around. She once wrote a composition that began, "Mary came to us flying through the window," and Mary found the composition. She read it and became enraged. "What do you mean, through the window!" she cried. "I came to you the regular way, from the street, and you know it—and with good recommendations, too!"

One night André found her asleep on her back, white and openmouthed, on the living-room floor. Her breath suggested a visit to the kitchen, where he found what he had expected, but with an added shock, because he seldom drank at all. The building superintendent put Mary to bed. She murmured "Seven" when she was lifted from the floor. She slept through that evening, that night, and the next day. She woke up at nightfall, screaming. The doctor, who happened to be there to have a look at somebody's throat, gave Mary a sedative. She slept another twelve hours, and then she woke up rested, refreshed, cheerful, and apologetic. "It's Biblical," she said. "It's a cycle. Every seven years. That's when it happens to me—every seven years. Now I'll be dry for seven years. It's Biblical, so you needn't be afraid." From that

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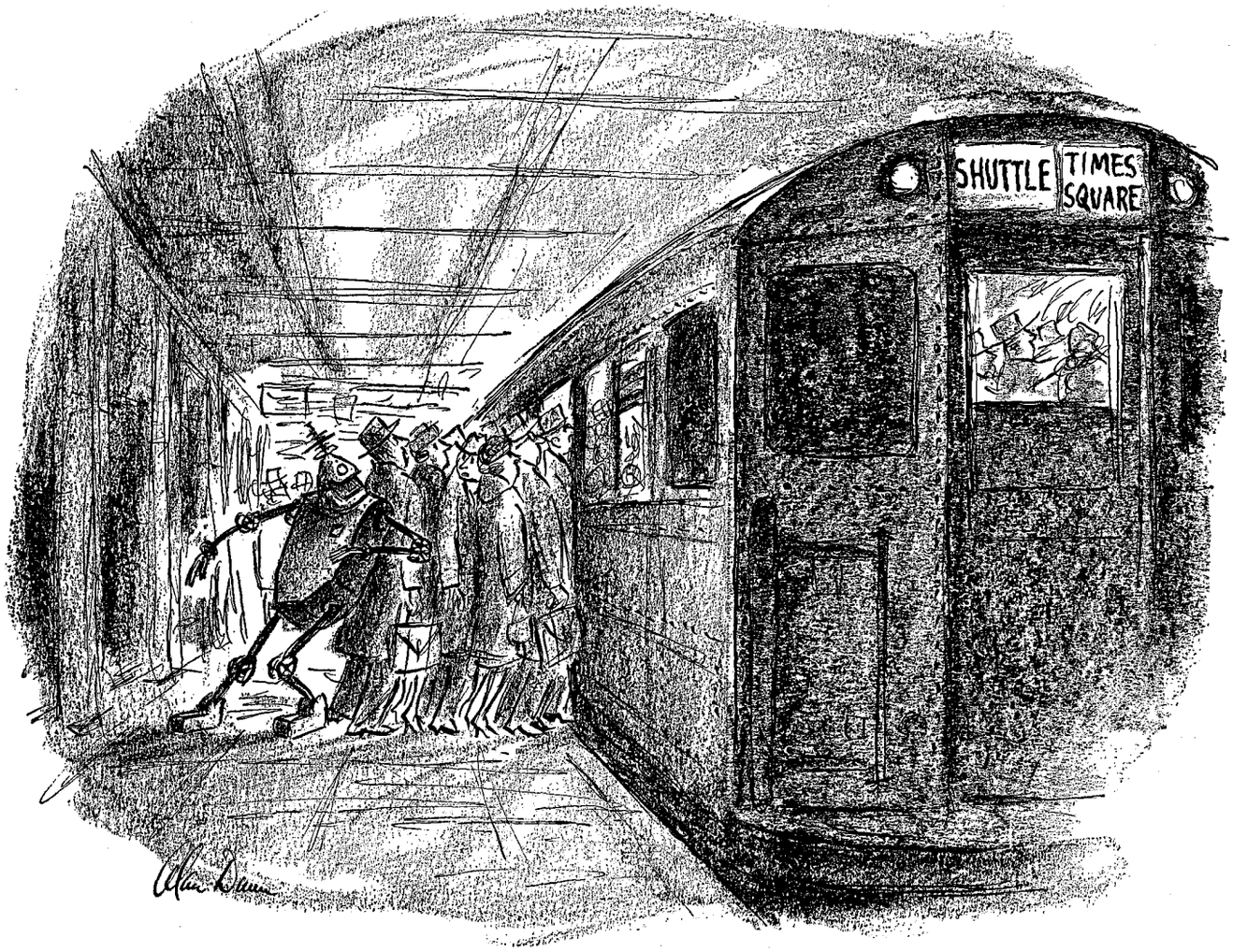

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day on, precipitately, she swirled into decline.

She began to serve us raw tomatoes cut in half for high tea. Gabrielle had to fetch the salt herself. She stood holding a plate with the four tomato halves in one hand and the salt shaker in the other. She took her dancer-in-repose stance, with all the weight on the back leg and the other to the front and turned out. It was a Balthus pose, except for the tomatoes. Gabrielle's lower lip was pouting, a woman's pout, and then suddenly she would smile a child's smile, mischievous, giggly, generous, showing very many small sharp teeth. "Don't you like raw tomatoes at five o'clock? No? Well, I feel sorry for you, because I adore them. So refreshing somehow, after homework."

Late one afternoon, shortly before Mary quit, she refused to get Gabrielle's supper, so we took ourselves to my house, and my grandmother shared the usual: eggplant salad, green-pepper salad, fried calf's brains, Russian meat balls, apple fritters, and good strong tea.

Gabrielle lived on Ninety-sixth Street, and I lived on Ninety-fourth. Nightingale-Bamford was on Ninety-second. The Lycée was on Ninety-fifth. The complete range of our lives was four blocks long and one block wide.

ELIZABETH was resting. She sat up in bed, propped up against two pillows, wearing her mother's seed pearls and a boy's flannel dressing gown. The bed linen was printed and came from Porthault. The bed was covered with an ocelot rug. Charles Trenet sang on the gramophone, and the telephone rang incessantly. On her dressing table, on the glass top, a little powder was always spilled; it was quite dark and heavily perfumed. Her rouge was liquid and came in a little black bottle; Gabrielle and I had tried it on, but we looked like painted dolls. We had definite ideas about what we should look like as grown-up women; we would never wear rouge.

Elizabeth looked tired; she worked very hard, and often rested when she came home from the office. On her night table stood a bottle of bright-red nail polish and a bottle of solvent. Her hands were lovely—small, narrow, intelligent, capable, with convex nails worn rather long and impeccably lacquered.

I came in and kissed her cold-creamed cheek. The telephone rang, and Elizabeth turned away from me to answer it.

"Hello, darling," she said, and then she was silent for a while. Suddenly we heard a purring laugh she had, which meant that she was being flattered and that she liked it. Gabrielle and I sat on the carpet by the bed, talking in half whispers so as not to interfere with the telephone conversation. Gabrielle extended her legs behind her and settled down on her stomach. She, also, wore a boy's flannel dressing gown; hers was a red tartan and her mother's a dark-green one. Gabrielle pointed her bare toes to the ceiling and rested her chin on her hand. She held a pencil, like a dog, straight between her teeth. It was a good Balthus pose, except for the pencil. Gabrielle was reading a heavy manuscript. She had already read several chapters. She read with concentration; her nose moved along the lines.

I rose from the floor and sat on the edge of Elizabeth's bed. I loved that

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bedroom. It was kept quite warm; there was a smell of artifice about it that I particularly liked—a chemical smell of beauty (nail-polish remover and good perfume), and also the smells of wool and taffeta dresses, and silk underwear, brought in from the kitchen still warm from the iron. The atmosphere of femininity was heavy and persuasive.

Elizabeth hung up the receiver, looked at her bedside clock, screamed, rose from her bed, and threw off her dressing gown. It fell to the floor and she left it there. I saw that her gold and diamond ring had fallen with it. I picked it up and put it beside the bottle of nail polish on her night table. Elizabeth did not belong to that race of women who are either neatly tucked in bed or else all put together with hats on their heads. She went through an "Oblomov" stage, spent in dressing gown and bare feet—a period of rest, of a nap, of tea and almond cakes in bed. Then she got up and, in her slip, danced to a song sung by Claude Alphand while brushing her hair.

"Right here," Gabrielle said, "he speaks about his nurse Paula, and it's much too sentimental." She made a notation in the margin in her slow, child's hand.

"It's 'Flight to Arras,' " Elizabeth said, to me. "Have you two done a portrait of Saint-Ex?" (I understood that the manuscript Gabrielle was reading was Saint-Exupéry's new book.)

"Rrrutnda!" said Gabrielle.

"I can't stand it when you speak that way," said Elizabeth, putting her hairbrush down suddenly on her dressing table.

" 'Rrrutnda' means 'smashing,' " said Gabrielle.

"I gathered as much."

Gabrielle read on. Elizabeth stood over her dressing table, painting an orangey mouth, rather more pale than was fashionable. "What was rrrutnda, anyway?" she asked, curious all of a sudden.

"This last paragraph," Gabrielle said.

Elizabeth combed the hair over her forehead. "Let's play portraits!" she said.

"Let's not!" said Gabrielle.

"I asked you if you'd done a portrait of Saint-Ex."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Too easy."

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was known to Elizabeth, to André and Gabrielle, to all his friends (and to

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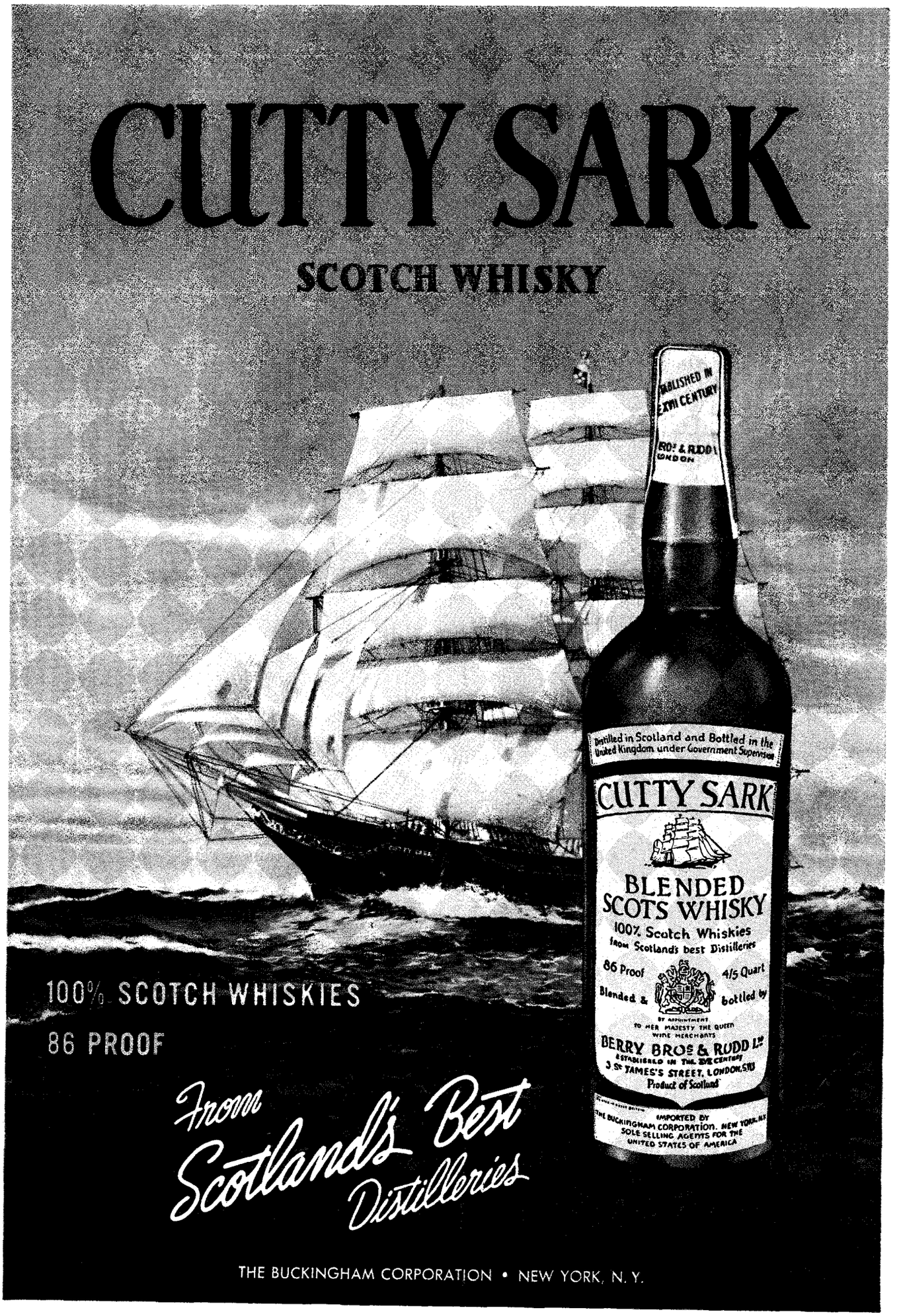

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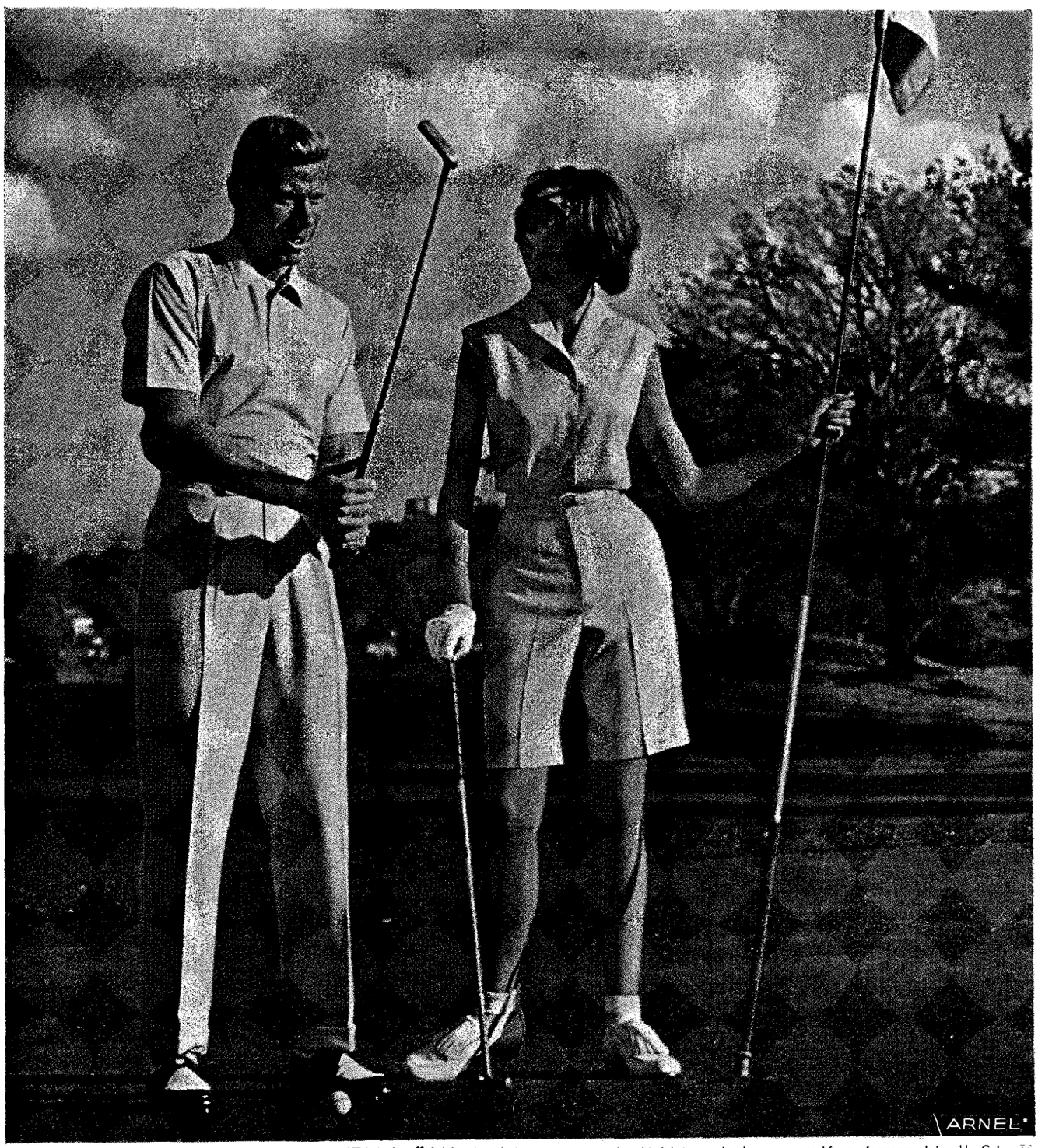

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everyone else, for that matter) as Saint-Ex. He was tall, snub-nosed, and rather absent. His face was scarred, and he was quite bald. He climbed into taxis expertly, with a shrunken movement that would have come into full flower had he been climbing into the cockpit of his plane; as it was, somebody opened the door, everyone got in, Saint-Ex hunched his back, stepped in, settled himself on a folding seat, and waited for someone to give the address. But even though it was only a taxi, the performance was full of promise. It was a little like watching a male ballet dancer with tremendous elevation step off a high curb with a diminutive *grand jeté*.

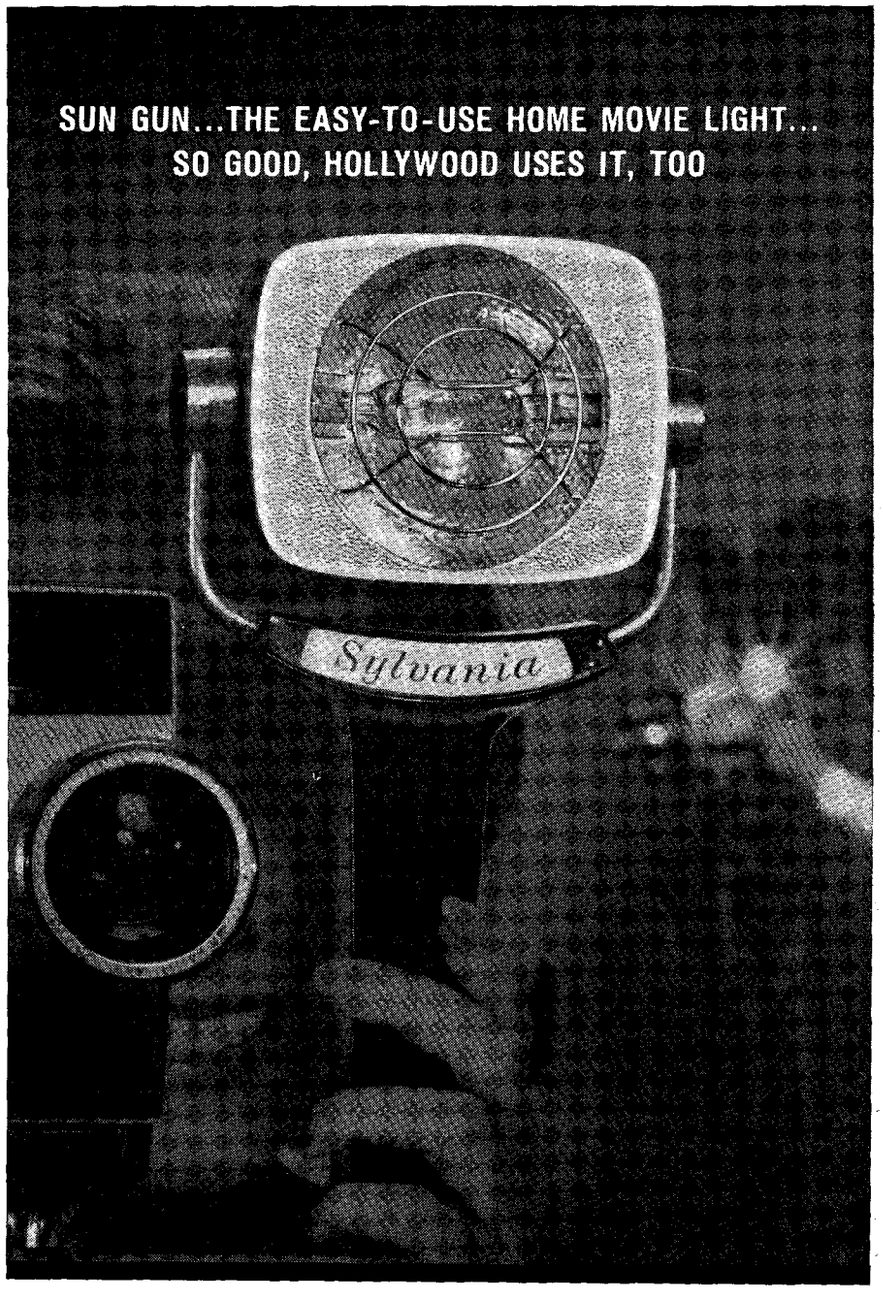
I remember lunch at a restaurant somewhere on Central Park South. The table was round, and Saint-Ex talked. I could not follow him. I watched Gabrielle; at times she looked at me. We ate. The conversation was difficult, and at a certain point we must have given up. Elizabeth and André listened attentively. The people at the next table turned around and listened. An aura hung about Saint-Ex. He was not only admired and respected but very much loved. Not worshipped—that is important. He was not worshipped in any way. He had no entourage. His manner was extremely simple and terribly direct. He was detached. And his halo (for he had a halo) was not that of a saint; it was more like the ring around the moon. He had no power in the worldly sense; his power lay in the quality of his being. It was impossible not to love him. I know that he was animated, that he spoke a lot, that he laughed; and yet I remember him silent, dreamy, aloof, and uncommunicative.

Except when he taught us card tricks, which he made us swear never to reveal, or took it upon himself to give us a lesson in deportment. "Now, girls," he said, "today I will teach you how to sit down on soft armchairs and soft couches and avoid disgrace. All girls your age make the same mistake. Now you." He pointed to Gabrielle. "Let yourself drop very suddenly. Here!" He showed her a couch. Gabrielle collapsed into a depth of velvet, and the cushion let out an alarming sound. She blushed violently.

"Aha!" shouted Saint-Ex exultantly. "There you are. Just as I thought."

Gabrielle got up from the couch hurriedly and stood in front of Saint-Ex.

"Your performance," he told her, "plus your blush, could precipitate your downfall in polite society. To begin with, and in order to console you, I must tell you that there is no danger whatso-



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ever with hard upholstery. Remember that. But with soft couches and armchairs—I repeat the word 'soft'—the risks are great and ever-present. You must sit yourself down very gently, very carefully—thus." He demonstrated. "And if you happen to forget what I have told you, or if you fall backward onto a soft couch by mistake, do not, under any circumstances, *blush*. Now your turn." He pointed to me.

All went well. I had learned my lesson, and I have never forgotten it. To this day, in a strange drawing room (glass in one hand, handbag hung from the other arm), I suspiciously watch the empty space on an apricot satin couch. Is the couch soft? Yes, obviously. But how soft? I approach it carefully. Even more carefully, I sit down. I speak, or I listen, or I drink my soda water, but for a moment I am not there at all. Helplessly and vividly, I remember Saint-Ex.

For my birthday, I had been promised a copy of "Flight to Arras." I don't exactly know who promised it. Instead Saint-Ex sent me a letter. It was a lovely letter, and for many years I kept it, judiciously, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under "Aviation." And when I looked at it not long ago, it was already quite yellowed.

GABRIELLE and I had begun to play portraits over the telephone. We did a portrait of the playwright Henry Bernstein as a sacred elephant, and we did a portrait of Elizabeth's beautiful Greek friend Aissa as a horse on a frieze of the Parthenon. The conversations were, at the beginning, businesslike.

GABRIELLE: "Does your mother have a little woman who restrings pearls, because my mother doesn't, and she thought your mother would."

But soon the tone changed: "What, exactly, is the difference between being 'divinely efficient,' and 'efficiently divine.' Would you say that Guy was divinely efficient, or efficiently divine? Outside of the fact that he's not at all efficient. I'm trying to write a portrait of him. If you know what I mean."

I said I did.

Gabrielle told me that her mother was giving a party on the following day and I did not wait to be invited. I said that I would come.

We hung up an hour and a quarter later, and during that time countless people had tried to reach both her mother and mine, including the editor-in-chief of the fashion magazine where Elizabeth worked. Her message had to be sent by hand, and Gabrielle and I

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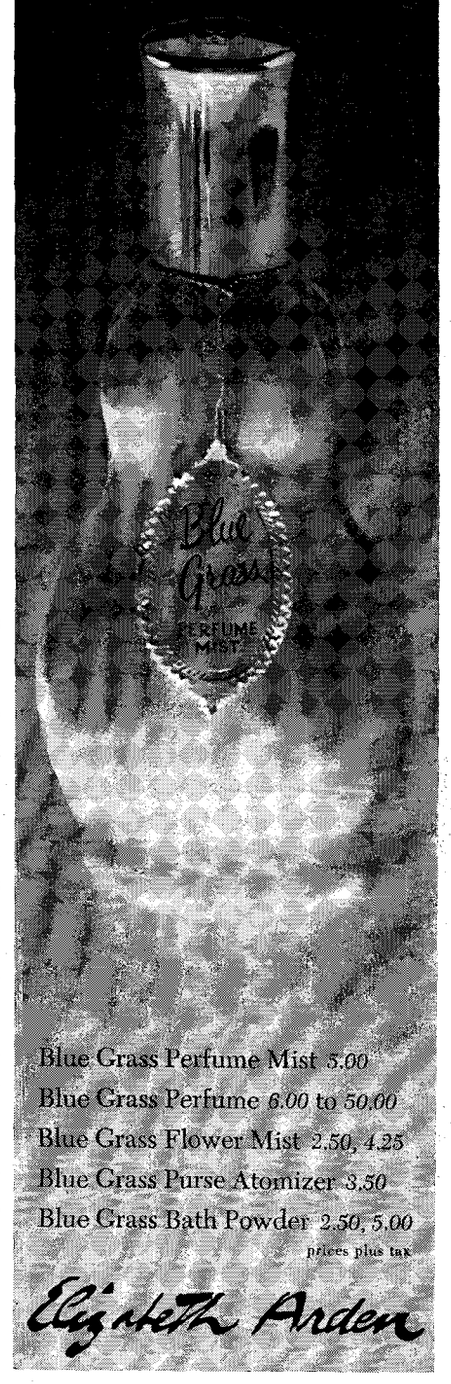

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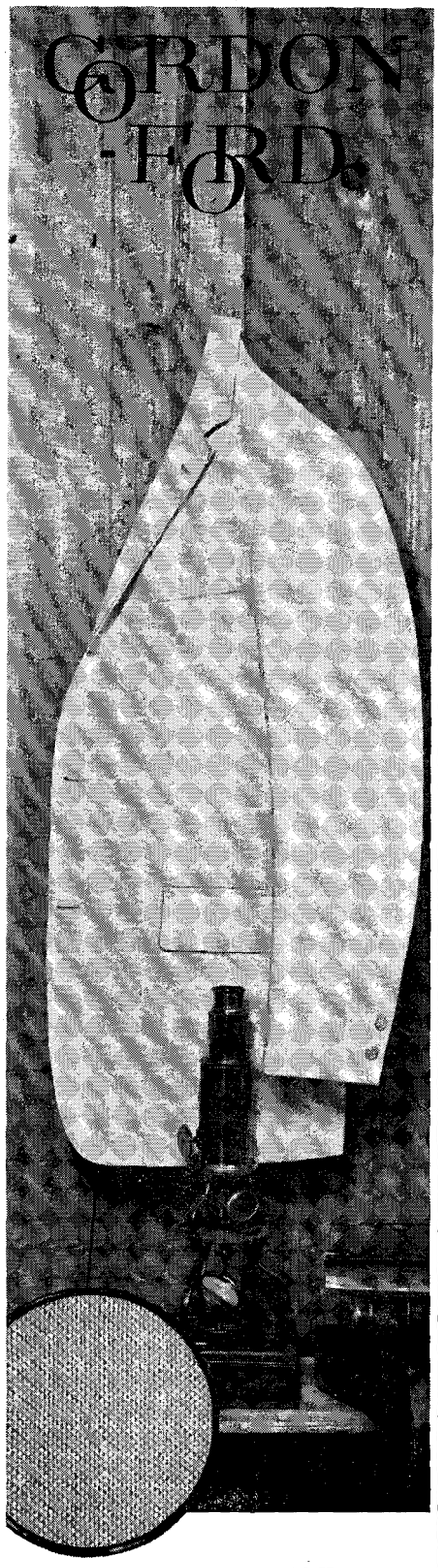

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were punished. From then on we were timed on the telephone. Like soft-boiled eggs: four minutes.

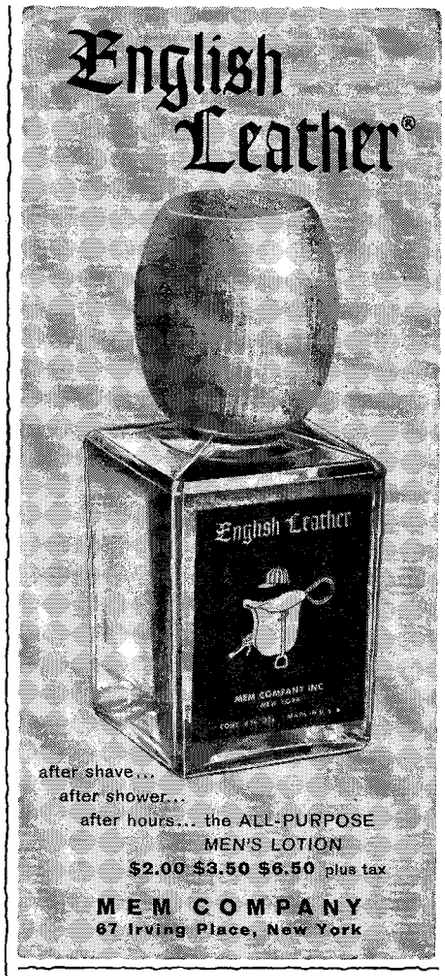
I LOVED André and Elizabeth's parties. They looked improvised, like the apartment. In the dining room, Mexican peasant chairs from the Pan-American Shop supplemented the good French ones, all of the beds in the apartment were low couches, and some of the furniture was on loan. At André and Elizabeth's parties, people came and people went and sometimes somebody came whom nobody knew. Hardly anyone drank much, but everyone was high. Fashion editors came. They got by on two adjectives, "fresh" and "divine." (The word "delicious" came into their vocabulary much later.) Sometimes, but very seldom, they said something was "heavenly"—usually a scarf. Their impeccable nails, hair, stocking seams, hems, and shirt cuffs, and also the fact that their skirts never seemed to want to become divided from their shirts, threw us both into despair.

The gramophone played. Gabrielle and I roamed around and met in corners. We were, apparently, not old enough to take a stand in the center of a room. Nobody talked to us, nobody stopped us; we always found each other in corners, and there, with our glasses of water, we were left in peace.

"Look at C.C.," said Gabrielle. "Not a man in her life, but a hundred strokes morning and night, a pint of milk for lunch and nothing else, and that blond streak—do you know how she does it? Wets it thoroughly every morning all summer long, then pins it up and lets the sun bleach it out." And Gabrielle, after a profound sigh, found—for once—a comb in her pocket, and began to comb out the vaporous hair that fell over her eyes. Then she examined her broken fingernails.

Journalists came from the O.W.I., where André worked—without his speaking, or needing, I suppose, a word of English. André spoke so fast and so haltingly that I often had trouble understanding him. At first, I learned to survive on a few key words, so that I could burst out laughing when I was supposed to. André expected me to. He would have been hurt if I hadn't. He was extremely funny.

André had always been a journalist. The first words he ever uttered had something to do with paper and a printing press. André's work, Elizabeth's work, my mother's work—we had great respect for everybody's work, but



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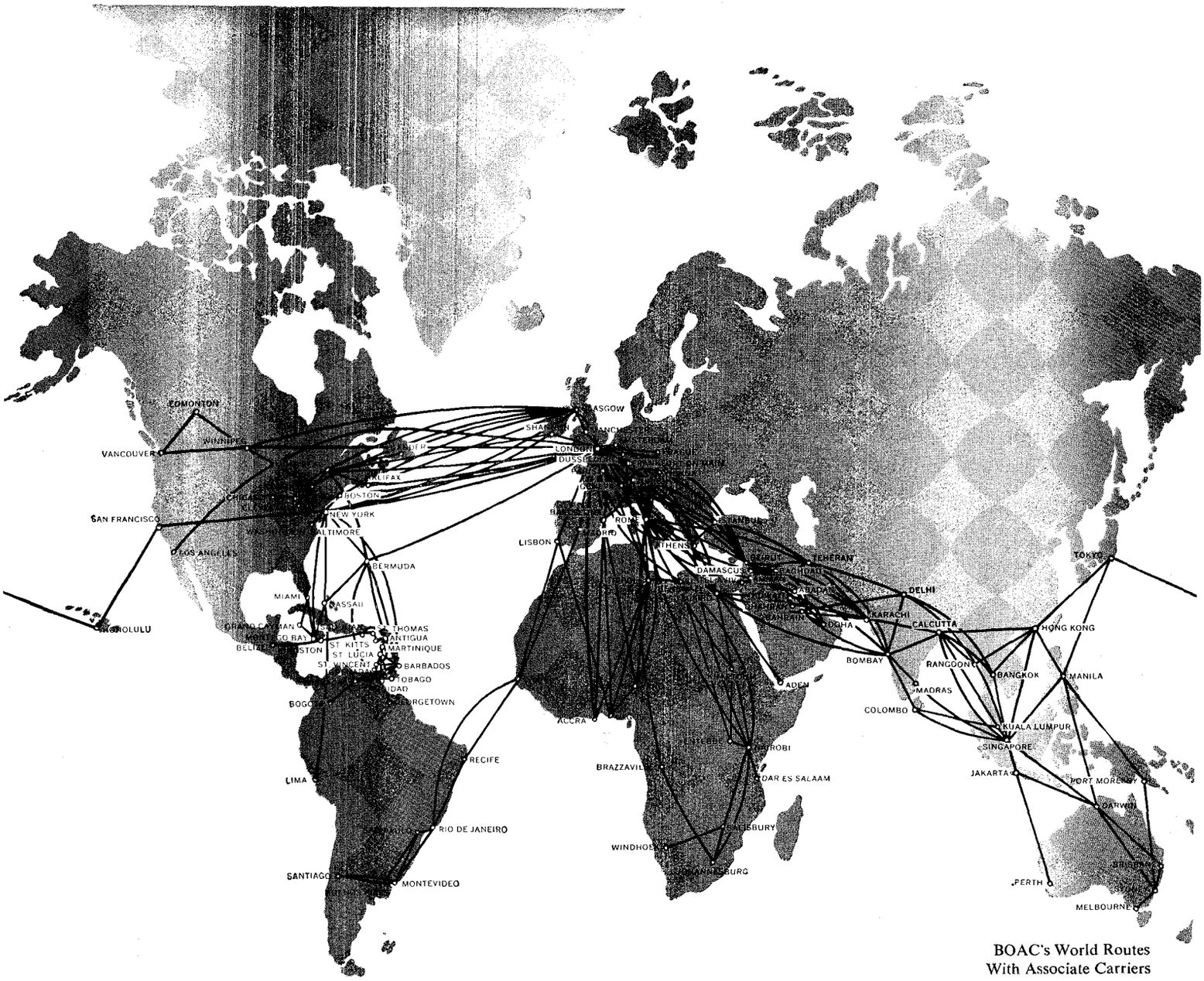

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for ourselves we feared mediocrity, and this fear stopped us, often before we had begun.

André wore large black-rimmed glasses that cradled most of his face and hid nothing. He went to sleep if he had to listen to music. But he loved Modigliani. Modigliani he could understand. I was told that he fainted at the sight of butter and heavy cream. He ate bread that had been buttered, and he ate vichyssoise that had cream in it, and milk was all right altogether, but when faced with a pat of unadulterated butter or a pitcher of cream, he passed out. Also, Elizabeth always wanted him to have a soft-boiled egg for breakfast, and he never did.

André had a way of being kind without knowing that he was. When someone thanked him, he was so surprised that it made him look frightened. Both he and Elizabeth were completely generous—with themselves, with what they had, and with what they might have tomorrow.

Once, after the doctor had visited Gabrielle, André threw himself on his knees by her bedside and began to declaim, in the voice of an Armand Duval, but haltingly, and much too fast, "*I* have just been told, my dear, that your lungs are beautiful, that your chest is as clear as day. And now I must tell *you* that I shall love you till the end of time"—a sentence that made me wild with longing for my own absent father.

The journalists who came to André and Elizabeth's parties always looked uncared for—as if they had no wives—and harassed. "See that man?" asked Gabrielle. She pointed with her chin to a man who stood alone against a bookcase. He had a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. When he reached for an ashtray to put out the cigarette, I noticed that his hand was deeply stained with nicotine. "Dope," said Gabrielle. "But I don't know what. Heroin, cocaine, or opium. It could be anything. I can't tell. I don't know enough about it. Look at his eyes. See the green of the iris? [I thought of Georges.] But that doesn't mean anything. Look at his pupils; see how large and black they are? That's a sure sign. Besides, I can tell by his writing. Some of it is hallucinatory, like Rimbaud's, except that it's prose, and not very good. . . . Have you heard the latest about Henry Bernstein? They say he has dropped his new lady-love. He says American women are frigid. I'll tell you what happened. He was with her in a taxi, and they were crossing the Park; it was rather romantic, and he bent over to kiss her. And

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do you know what she did? She said, 'Just a minute, dear.' And she opened her bag, took out a pack of pocket Kleenex, and started to take her lipstick off very carefully. It took her a long time, and she went through a lot of Kleenex. And when she had finished, he asked the driver to stop the taxi, paid the fare, and left her in the middle of the Park, and that was that."

GUY was seventeen when he went off to the wars. His father obtained for him a special dispensation, and Guy sailed for England to join the Free French. We learned to draw the Cross of Lorraine. We had no news of him. We felt older. I couldn't bear the Lycée. I cried a good deal. After a while, my mother and my grandmother grew tired of my suffering, and one afternoon, as I lay on my bed face down and weeping, my grandmother opened the door of my bedroom and brought my mother in. There they stood, in silence. Just when I thought I had made an impression, my grandmother said, "What are we going to do with this war widow?"

Soon Georges went off, too, but he was older, and his command over the material world and his resourcefulness appeared to us like sensible guarantees of immortality. We prayed for them both, but we worried about Guy.

Elizabeth tried to console us; she bought each of us a pair of yellow string gloves in a riding shop. Gabrielle lost hers the next day, but I kept mine for years and years. Gabrielle always used that lost pair of gloves to demonstrate that she was more absent-minded than I was. Actually, it was the only pair of gloves I have ever managed to keep for more than a week.

We tried to remain faithful to Guy, but we soon developed what my mother called a "crash" on Leonide Massine. He was an older man, and we did not feel particularly guilty. We stood for hours at subway entrances (Massine travelled by subway) and at stage doors. We knew all there was to know about "Capriccio Espagnol," and "Gaîté Parisienne." We even chewed our tickets at his performances. Once, Elizabeth took us to the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening; at the intermission Gabrielle, trying to demonstrate an arm movement, in her agitation emptied half a bottle of ginger ale on her head. We went to ballet classes. I was going to become a professional dancer. Gabrielle—more sober by nature, and infinitely wiser—thought that ballet improved her body. Ballet classes,

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autograph books, a ballet master's stick and commands, worded like knitting instructions: "*Glissade, glissade, pas de chat, pas de chat*, repeat from . . ."

We watched our reflections in the large studio mirror, intent on improvement and, eventually, perfection. The image thrown back at us was, inevitably, our own. Tchaikovsky's music on the thin piano put us into lonely, frantic trances. We danced for the mirror, and communication diminished. Gone were the lazy afternoons, the lamps lit at four o'clock, "Cyrano" lying open on the carpet. We left our houses, walking against the wind, did our *pliés*, jumped for half an hour, went home, mended our tights and our toe shoes, rubbed liniment into our calves, and went to sleep. It was efficient. Our daydreams receded; the bed was for sleeping. Exhausted, we wished for nothing but rest. We danced, inbred and chaste, drilling the body three times a week, paring it down to perfection. And we lost, for a time, the spirit of Balthus. Until someone gave Gabrielle a fierce and large cat.

Now, I am terribly allergic to cats, but I had never become really conscious of the fact, nor had it altered my life in any way, until that cat came to live with Gabrielle. I still went to her house, but I now wore my mother's fur coat and sat on a window sill, with the window open, in all kinds of weather. Gabrielle usually sat on the floor in her mother's old seal.

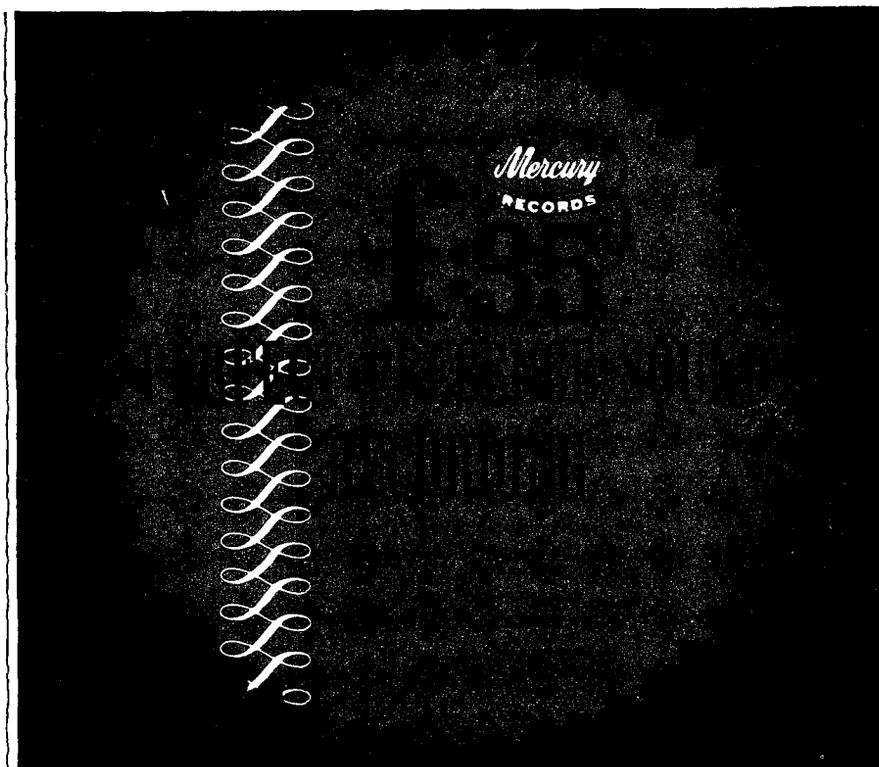
We played portraits.

Elizabeth called me one afternoon. She said, "Don't come over just yet; Gabrielle is asleep; she was up all night being midwife; the cat had seven kittens."

I went over at suppertime. Gabrielle, in her plaid boy's dressing gown, ran back and forth with André's conjunctivitis eye dropper, and the hair over her eyes was blown back, revealing an intelligent forehead she willingly hid at all times. She looked drawn and attentive; one kitten refused to nurse.

The large mother cat lay on her side, on a bed of shredded newspaper in a cardboard box. She blinked slowly as the kittens nursed. They were hardly recognizable as kittens. The mother cat looked unkempt; her fur was matted and wet. There wasn't a nipple in sight; all the kittens but one clung. The mother cat looked imposing. She was in a trance—a trance directed from the womb. I was impressed.

Gabrielle, on her knees, bent over the box. "It was terrible," she said. "It was a nightmare, and it lasted all night; I thought it would never end. And you



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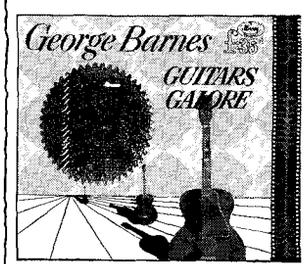

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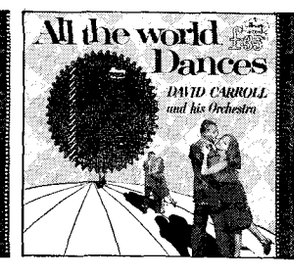

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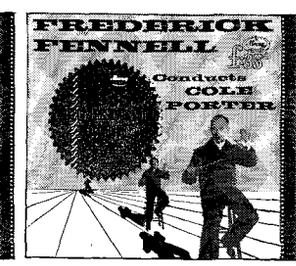

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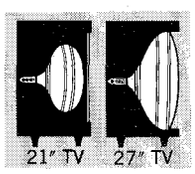

We'd like nothing better than to show you the full size of the biggest, brightest TV picture of them all—Admiral's amazing new Super-Screen 27 Bonded Picture Tube. Only Admiral has it! You have to see it to believe it, it's that big, that bright. Actually 53% bigger than a 21″ TV, with 400 square inches of viewing area. You'll find the picture is so crisp and sharp you can view it in comfort from 2 to 30 feet. Only Admiral can give you a picture like this. Because only Admiral has the amazing new N-77 Electron Gun that insures edge-to-edge pinpoint focus.

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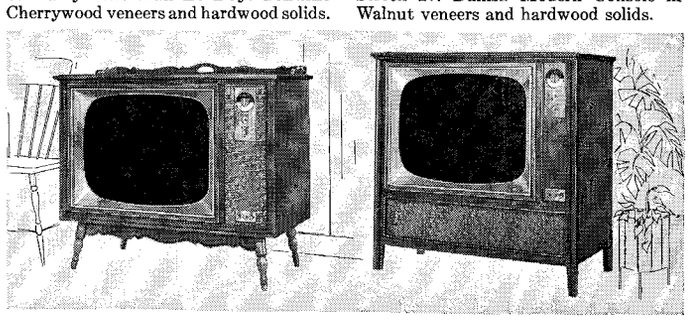

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can forget the expression 'she gave birth like an animal,' because this poor cat suffered more than any woman I've ever heard of. She suffered horribly. I did all I could to help." I couldn't imagine what Gabrielle had done, but I was too embarrassed to ask. "I don't think she could have done it without me. She moaned and licked my hand and whimpered and cried and clung to me all through the night. Maybe she has something wrong with her, but I doubt it." Gabrielle sighed. "I think we're all supposed to have a terrible time of it." She looked up at me with a face I was to recognize many years later in a hospital labor room. The nurse was young and sweet, and yet, as she sat by my bed stringing blue beads on a long needle, she looked both classical and ancient, like one of the Three Fates. And when she had finished stringing all the beads, she got up, her face drawn and attentive, and bent over the bed very close to me. She said, "Come. We're going to the delivery room," and I thought, How nice, and then I thought of Gabrielle's poor cat.

ALL the kittens survived, and all but one were given away. Gabrielle now had two cats, a mother and a daughter, and they did not like each other.

Elizabeth was in bed with a bad cold, but she thought her room should be ventilated, and she felt lonely, so I sat on the window sill in my mother's fur coat and Gabrielle sat on the carpet in her mother's seal. Elizabeth was reading; we were playing portraits.

"I have one," I said.

"It's going to be a rrrutnda one," said Gabrielle, the tone of her voice conveying just the opposite.

"What's going to be rrrutnda?" asked Elizabeth.

"This portrait," said Gabrielle. "No good; a bore. I'm sick of playing portraits."

"Just this one, please," I begged.

"All right," said Gabrielle. "Dead or alive, and I hope it's dead."

"Alive," I said.

"Male or female?"

"Male."

"Someone we know?"

"Yes."

"All right. What if it were a musical instrument?"

I smiled to hide the fact that I was a little annoyed at the amount of mind reading that went on between us. "Oh, I don't know," I said quickly. "Let me think."

I thought. Finally, I said, "A cello,

The Danish word
for love is

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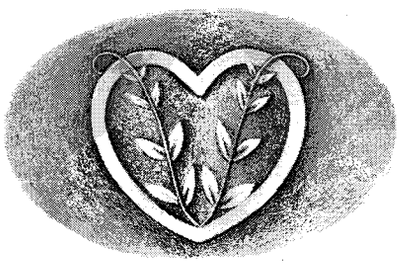

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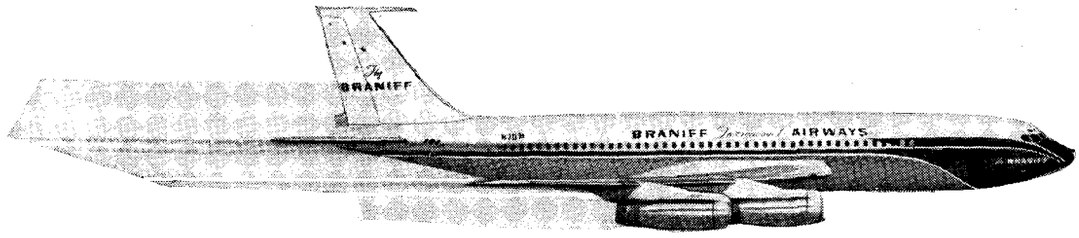
NO. 1 IN A SERIES: THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT AIR TRAVEL IN THE JET AGE



How fast is fast, these days?

On the subject of speed: of planes, of sound, of progress... What's coming in the future—and how fast.

FAST THESE DAYS, for most people, is about 600 mph in a modern jet.

Last year, some 25 million people really went places at that speed. Some 4 million whisked across the Atlantic in 6½ hours. (If you're interested, Columbus did it in 1,734 hours.) Another 4 million flew across the American continent in 6 hours.

On Braniff, we flew our share of these gadabouts over several jet routes: Chicago to Dallas, Minneapolis/St. Paul to Mexico City, and the like. One of them, New York to Buenos Aires, is 5,297 miles—farther than New York to Moscow, but just over 13 hours of flying time.

Man, the slowpoke

The interesting thing about all this is the speed with which it came about. Assuming that *homo sapiens* has been developing for well over 8,000 years (and we like to count on several thousand more for him to keep up the good work), his success with speed has occurred in only 1/100th of the time he's had.

As late as 1880, the cheetah was still speed king among mammals. That noble animal was clocked at 70 mph, recently. We assume he could do the same in 1880, when men were able to sprint at 20, float in a balloon at 25 (if the wind was right) and ride a horse at 40. The railroads were coming up on the outside, however. In 1893, Engine 999 of the New York Central ate up a stretch of track near Batavia, N.Y., at 112.5 mph. Hail to the new king.

Enter 2 brothers, from the wings

Then came Orville and Wilbur Wright in 1903. They weren't really speed demons – at Kitty Hawk, they flew 852 feet at only 9 mph – but they had the *wright* idea.

To us, their plane looks like an orange crate with a room fan in front. But planes got better and faster, quickly. When Braniff opened for business in 1928, five aeronauts (including crew) flew from Tulsa to Oklahoma City at a daring 90 mph. Not up to the railroads, but coming along.

In 1936, the Age of Speed got a boost from the appearance of the classic DC-3. Thousands of people began to get from here to there at 175 mph. Splendid and faster DC-4's, 6's and 7's followed.

Jet out of town

In the 40's, the British developed the prop-jet engine – a combination of the propeller principle and the jet principle. Newer, U.S.-built prop-jets, such as those Braniff flies, cruise at over 400 mph.

Remember: a plane with a cruising speed of 400 mph is scheduled at much less – so it will have reserve power to overcome headwinds and still arrive on time.

Then, in the 50's, came the pure jet, based on the startlingly simple notion that a stream of compressed air and gas, expanding, would give enough forward thrust to fly at great speeds. Interestingly, the faster a jet goes, the easier it is to produce more thrust. And the higher it goes, the less thrust it needs. Potential jet speeds are nearly unlimited. (One of our Braniff jets just happens to hold a speed record for commercial airliners—805 mph.)

The sound of music—how fast?

When airlines say they fly at "about" or "near" the speed of sound, they aren't trying to be vague. The problem is that sound goes at different speeds at different altitudes. 760 mph at sea level; 663 mph at 40,000 feet. (Much like a horse on different footings.) One would expect sound to travel faster, higher, where there is less resistance. Not at all. Sound needs something to go through. In air, the more the better.

Here comes the future

These days, Air Force jets breeze along at 1,500 mph with the greatest of ease. (At last look, the experimental X-15 was doing 4,093—fast enough to cross the continent in 36 minutes.) There's a sign-post for the future. In 20 years, we suspect it will be a commonplace to "beat the time zones"– leave, say, New York on a Braniff jet and arrive in Dallas before you took off, by the clock. (English grammar isn't ready for it, but we are.)

If 1,500 mph seems extreme, remember that we are already going 66,600 miles an hour – the earth's speed in orbit. Venus steps along at 78,400 miles an hour. Light at 186,000 miles *per second*. We have a long way to go!

Recently, we heard of a woman who phoned 1,000 miles on a Friday to suggest that her grandchildren fly out for the weekend. They did – and we think there will be more of that. What's more, we think more people all over the world should get around to see each other faster, more often. If they get around more often, they'll get along better.

We therefore salute our grandchildren, who will fly faster.

Reprints available. If you would like to see other messages, similar to this, please write us.

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THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*

I suppose"—which was true in one way, and all wrong in another.

"A cello?" said Gabrielle, surprised, and then I knew that she was about to go off on the wrong track. "What if it were a poem?"

"It would be a poem by D'Annunzio, about Garibaldi, written for Duse."

"Aha!" said Gabrielle.

My last answer had been a dead giveaway, and I could not understand why Gabrielle had not already guessed my portrait. She must have been acting dense because she was bored with the game. This was my moment. I would play my portrait evasively, and score a point.

She thought for a while. Then she asked, "What if it were something to drink?"

"Champagne," I said, "preceded by thick soup."

That seemed to confuse her more.

"What if it were a flower?"

"A tulip; a lovely red tulip."

That told her nothing.

"A mode of transportation?"

That question stumped me for a moment. "Something black, shiny, and comfortable, that goes very fast. You know how stupid I am about cars." Here I had fallen into the trap of reality, as against more correct symbolism.

"What if it were a painting?" Gabrielle asked, rather wearily.

At that moment the doorbell rang. "The door," said Elizabeth.

We both ran to open it, in our fur coats. A delivery boy handed us an enormous black hatbox, about five times as large as a regular hatbox and so light we knew it must be a joke of some kind. We brought it to Elizabeth, turning it sidewise to get it through the doors.

Elizabeth propped herself up on her pillows. She looked a little frightened. "Open it," she said.

Expecting an explosion, Gabrielle shooed away her cats. We took the ribbon and then the cover off carefully, and stepped aside. A large red balloon on a long string rose to the ceiling. We jumped with joy.

Elizabeth smiled. "Was there a card?" she asked.

We looked in the hatbox, we looked inside the cover. There was no card. Gabrielle said, "The delivery boy never opened his mouth."

"All right," said Elizabeth. "You may have it."

We danced out of Elizabeth's bedroom with the red balloon on its string. The cats followed. Then we let go of the string and the balloon rose, a little sidewise, and, like a cheek about to be

Norman Hilton

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Norman Hilton

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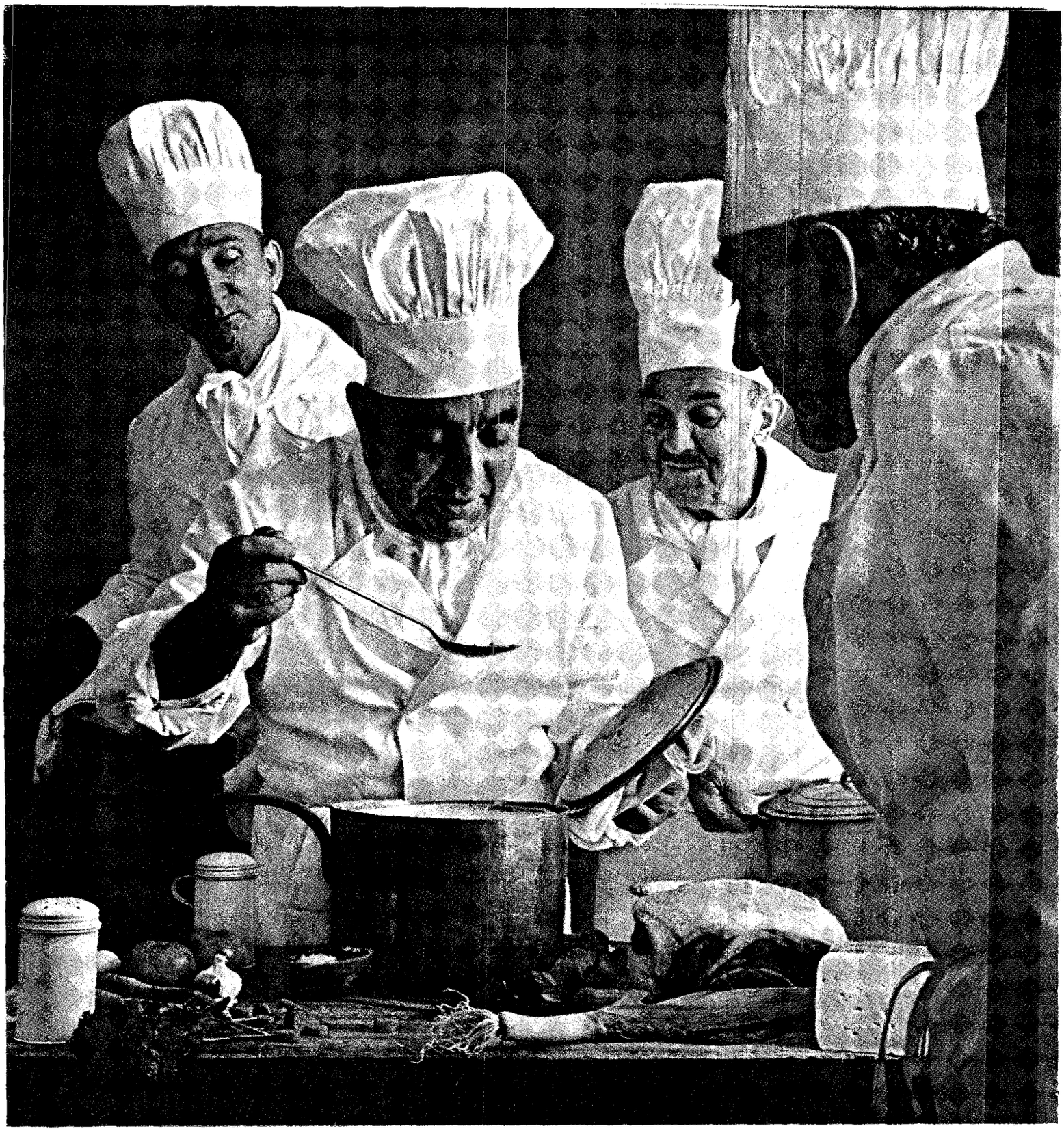

TWA—where great food is a matter of foreign exchange

Our chef in Rome knows a special trick with dressing. Makes salads savory, satisfying, hearty. We got him to pass the recipe on to Kansas City. Then a pastry idea went back to Rome. Paris swapped a *canard à l'orange* for a shrimp curry *à l'indienne* from Bombay. This foreign exchange happens all the time. Only TWA flies throughout the U. S. *and* in Europe, Africa and Asia. That's why our menus feature intercontinental variety. You'll find flying TWA to be a rich experience, in more ways than one.

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TWA

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kissed, settled against the ceiling of Gabrielle's bedroom. I opened the window and sat down on the window sill.

"What was your portrait?" asked Gabrielle.

"Toscanini."

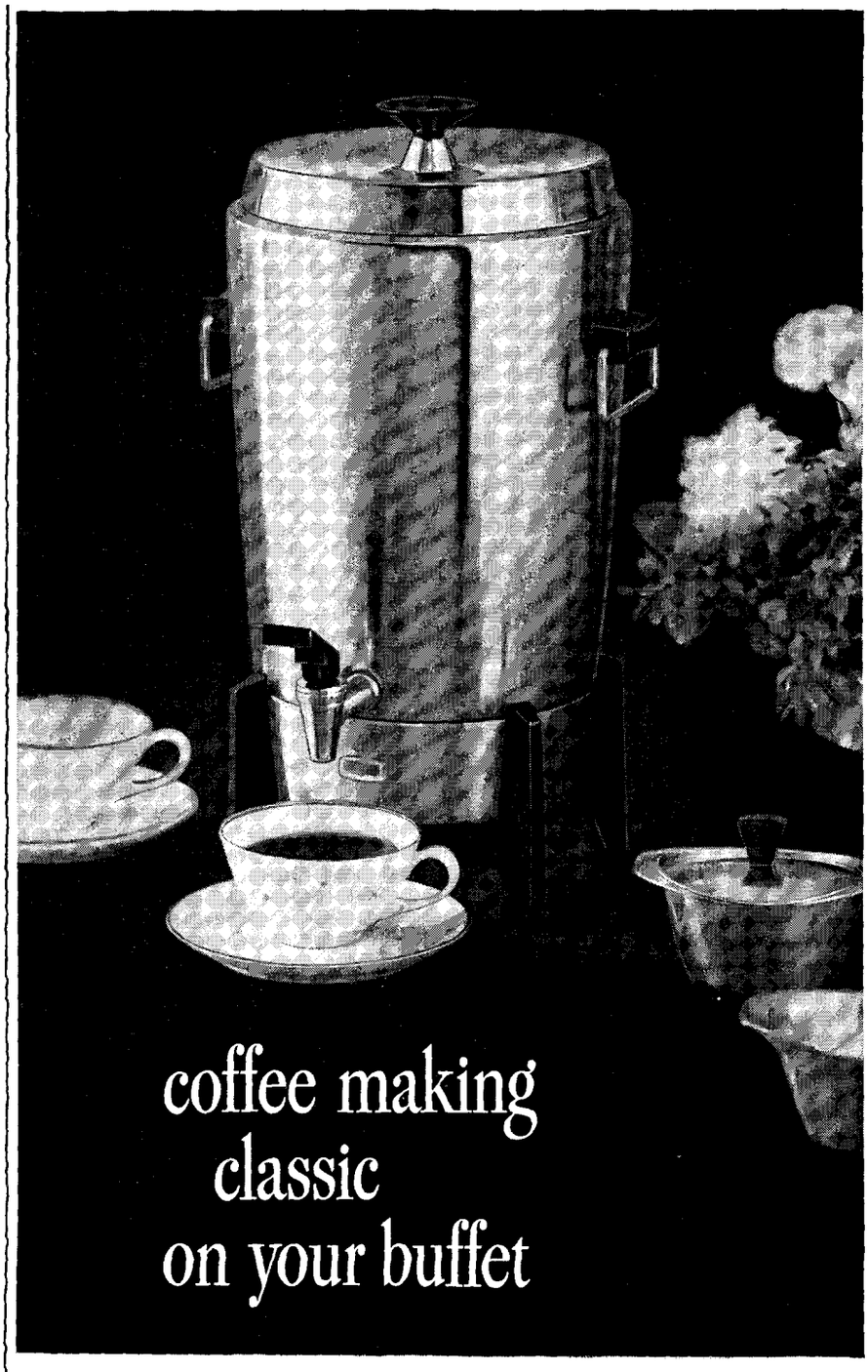
"Oh," said Gabrielle. "Do you know anything about Sunday?"

"No; not yet."

"Oh, God," said Gabrielle.

OFTEN, on Sunday afternoons, my mother took us to Riverdale to visit Toscanini. Sometimes the car picked us up (something black, shiny, and comfortable); at other times we took the train and were fetched at the station. Gabrielle was terrified of these visits. She had always been terrified. The first time my mother took her with us to Riverdale was for a New Year's party. We were all dressed up, which we hated, and the atmosphere was reverent. Toscanini stood at the other end of the room as we entered it, and when the moment came for Gabrielle to be presented she started walking toward him, thought she was taking too long, and broke into a run. The floor was highly waxed, and Gabrielle landed in a majestic pratfall at Toscanini's feet. He was very sweet to her; he picked her up and patted her kindly on the head; he said, "*Poverina!*" I felt she had approached him in a totally logical way. Toscanini—or, rather, his image (so brilliantly reflected in the eyes of the people who stood about)—threw us both into a state of such hopeless confusion that we felt, at times, like doing cartwheels, or walking on our hands. But I, at least, had been brought to the Sunday afternoons more slowly. I had been taken to rehearsals and concerts. I had been initiated into the mysteries of the greenroom (and mysteries they remained). Once I sat near the drums at a rehearsal of Shostakovich's Seventh, and I felt that if I lived through it I could live through anything. Those drums. It was a shattering experience.

The Sunday afternoons were shattering, too. From the basement of that house in Riverdale, where Toscanini's son played back records he had made of his father's concerts, music rose like steam from a ship's bowels. In fact, the house rode on music. Toscanini was worshipped by everyone. Gabrielle and I were not unmusical, but music didn't mean to us what it was supposed to mean in that house. Heretics, we wandered around the enormous brown and dark rooms, and everyone was kind to us, and nobody knew who we were, and we didn't know, our-



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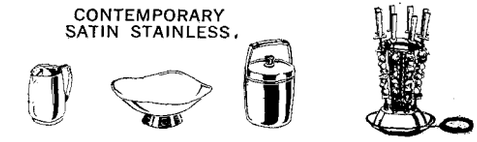

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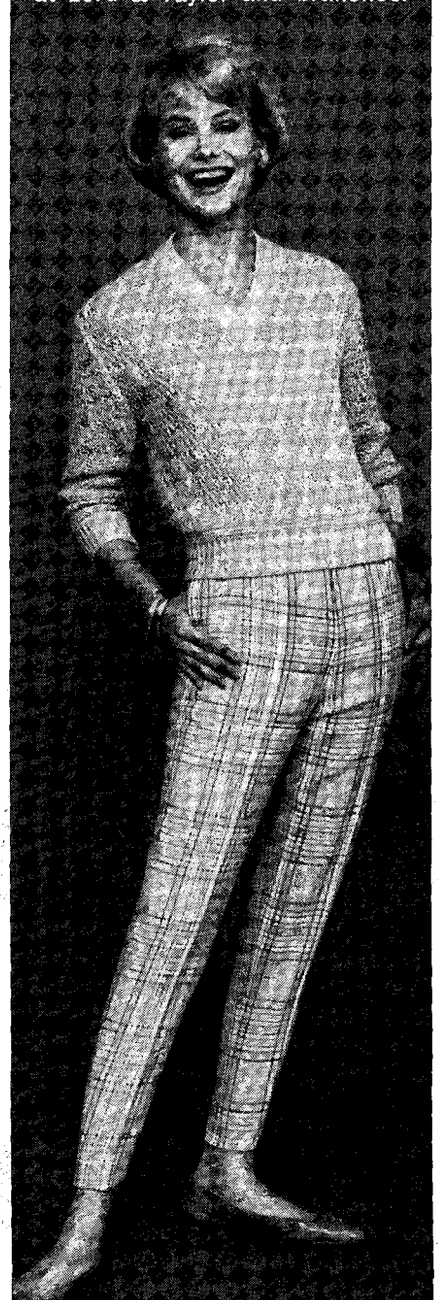

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY DOW

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selves. We suffered from a total lack of identity.

Maestro, his hand on the banister, ran down from the second-floor landing. Voices fell; everyone looked up. His step was that of a man in his thirties; everyone marvelled.

He was a ravishing old man, except that he wasn't old. (The nimble step, the little jump to and from the podium, the red-brown eyes, fierce and soft from an excess of myopia.) His skin was taut, glowing, and with a strong pink cast. His nose did not grow aquiline with age. The immaculate handkerchief with which he wiped his pince-nez always looked like a substitution for the one he had taken out of his breast pocket two minutes before. His eyesight was such that one had to stand quite close to him to enter his field of vision. As he walked by Gabrielle or me, he would suddenly recognize us. "*Cara, carina,*" he would say, and pat our cheeks, and we smiled back stupidly.

He was extremely hospitable. At times he walked among his guests, head bent, hands on the lapels of his suit, muttering inaudible complaints that were immediately understood by everyone. When angry, he twirled his mustache, and conversation ceased. When he felt sorry for himself, when he felt that he and his music were misunderstood, he twirled his mustache also.

He conversed in monologues, forever overheard.

At the dinner table we never said anything. The meal began with soup. We drank champagne with the grown-ups. Sometimes Maestro bent a little toward the woman who was seated next to him and, if he liked her, cupped her chin in the palm of his hand. His talk took the form of musical reminiscence, sometimes in French, and his "I" always stood one step above his story, as if he were conducting the plot from a podium. We did not understand Italian. Around the long table sat tenors; bassos; sopranos who did not diet. Everyone spoke softly, and bent forward gently over their plates when they laughed.

After dinner there was music. Gabrielle and I sat cross-legged in a corner of the huge hall. We listened.

Maestro sat toward the center of the room, in a high-backed armchair. His left hand rested on the arm of the chair and held his pince-nez. His head was inclined, his eyes closed, his right thumb and forefinger held the bridge of his nose.

He listened.

Sometimes recordings taken at re-

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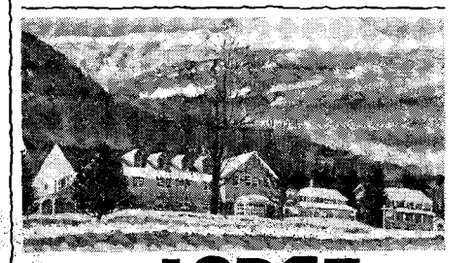

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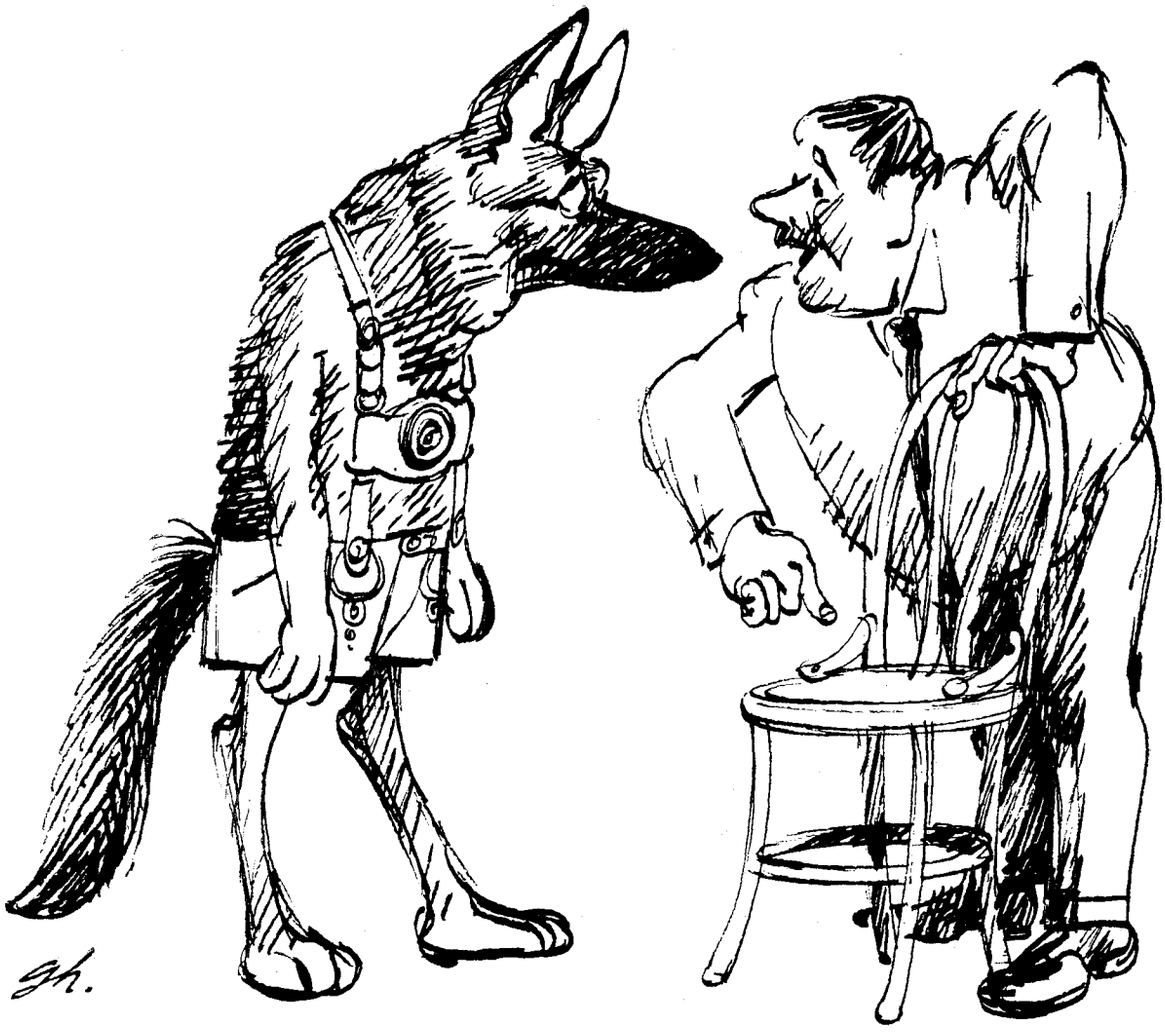

A MAN'S BEST FREUND IS HIS DEUTSCH

The man sat across the desk from us looking tired and embarrassed. We asked him what Berlitz could do for him, and he answered in a hoarse voice.

"Well, I don't know quite how to say it. I mean, I have a sort of special problem and I need a special teacher."

We assured him that at Berlitz, instructors were special.

"Well, what I need to learn is German. But I've got to have an instructor who loves dogs. Otherwise, he won't understand. I mean, I'd feel silly." We explained that, by nature, all Berlitz instructors were kindly, understanding people and that we were sure that by going through our personnel files we could find a German instructor who was more than fond of dogs. He then explained his reasons.

He had a son in the army who was stationed in Germany. While there, the boy found a beautiful German Shepherd for sale. It was a big, lovable, friendly dog, and laid claim to being a genius of the canine world. As the boy wrote his father, "Fritz understands over 250 commands. And since I know how much you love dogs I am having him shipped to you."

So it was that Fritz arrived in his crate one peaceful noontide in Baltimore. But alas, all was not peaceful for long. Soon shouts of, "sit, lie down, get up, go out, fetch, come here" could be heard booming from the house. Fritz sat and watched, and wagged his tail. Obviously his son had been taken and Fritz was one very dumb dog.

Suddenly it came to him. Perhaps Fritz only understood German. He decided to try his limited German vocabulary on Fritz. "*Ja, nein, Ich liebe Dich,*" he said. Fritz, hearing the sounds of the fatherland, came over to his new master and licked his face and hands. "*Ich liebe Dich, Ich liebe Dich.*" It was soon obvious that the vocabulary would have to increase.

And so he came to Berlitz. We assured him that we could help, and after going through our files, we found a young instructor who not only was an excellent German instructor but who raised German Shepherds as an avocation. Now Fritz understands every word his master says. And, in canine appreciation, is even picking up a little English. He will probably be the only bi-lingual German Shepherd in Baltimore.

The above story is true. It illustrates how speaking the other fellow's language can really pay off. This is true whether you're a businessman, a dog owner, or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz private instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages, and across the country or around the globe your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

There are 240 Berlitz schools in leading cities throughout the world. They're easy to find. Simply consult your local telephone directory or any handy German Shepherd.

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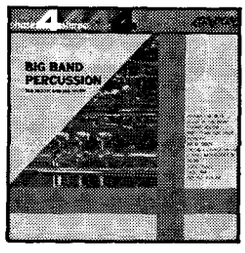
"May make all other stereo obsolete" **New York Mirror**



BIG BAND PERCUSSION
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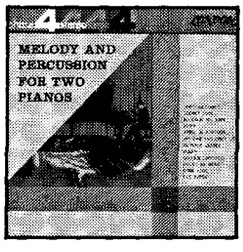

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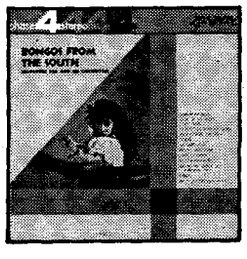

BONGOS from the SOUTH
Edmundo Ros and Orch.

Lisbon Antigua; Deep in the Heart of Texas; In a Little Spanish Town; Roses From the South; Taboo; La Comparsa; Moon Over Miami; Lady of Spain; El Cumbanchero; When the Saints Go Marching In; Brazil; My Old Kentucky Home.

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hearsals were played, and then Toscanini's voice, raspy, often broken in the upper register, emotive, sensuous and grave, came over the gramophone louder and clearer than it ever did in real life.

He sang. In an impossible voice he sang with the orchestra; he sang with the singers; and he sang instead of the singers in order to rest them and rehearse the orchestra. He sang with all he possessed, which the singers did not possess—his knowledge of the total extent of human emotions—and in the end he left them with little more than their voices.

OTHER Sundays, my grandmother took us to one of the four movie houses on East Eighty-sixth Street. My grandmother loved movies. She once saw the Pagnol trilogy in one afternoon. We always had to sit through a double feature, although I had a headache through the second film and had to swallow aspirin and lie in a darkened room when I came home. My grandmother's choice of films was arbitrary and dictatorial. I remember one called "The Mummy's Hand." When the mummy rose from its sarcophagus and began to unwind itself like a top, Gabrielle and I ran screaming to the ladies' room, where we waited while my grandmother, calmly chewing gum, saw the movie to its improbable end.

ELIZABETH received, from England, a photograph of Guy. He was wearing a parachutist's uniform. The beret was slanted at a fast angle, and he smiled his crooked smile and showed his broken tooth. He looked thin, and we were touched. We shared the photograph. One of us always carried it in a pocket. It was bent and one corner torn off. As far as we knew, Guy was still training in England and would, eventually, be parachuted into France. We had no news. He never wrote to us. We didn't mind; we knew what we could expect from life and what we were too young to deserve. We thought of Guy constantly. We had no control over our destinies; we went where we were told, and people came and went, in and out of focus. We were never surprised; imagine a child saying "Fancy meeting you here!" We knew that Guy's assignment would be dangerous. We knew that if we ever saw him again we would be different—old, perhaps, and then the past would be the only present. It did not matter. We prayed—it was a good age for prayer—

more fun at
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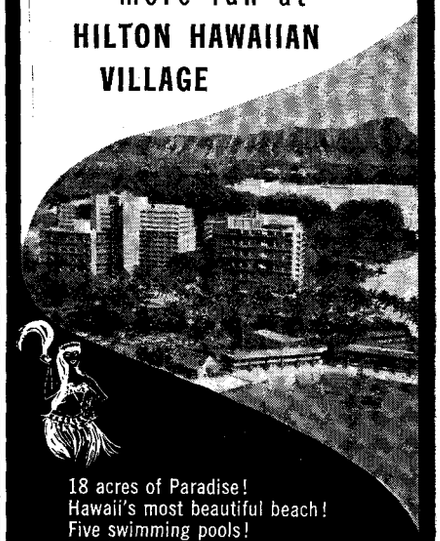

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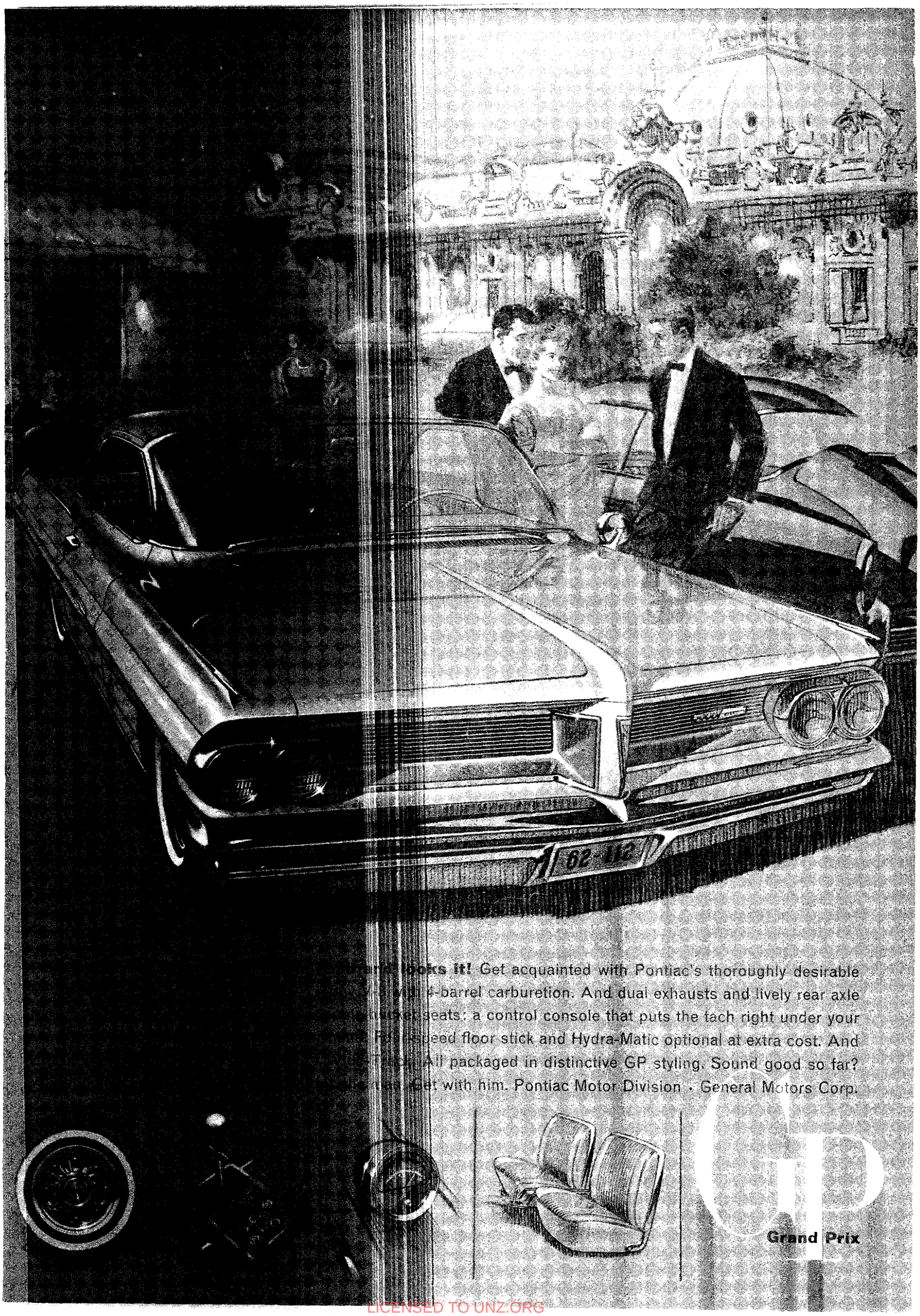

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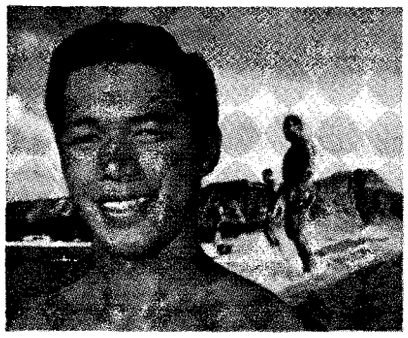
Dancing is really part of Hawaii . . . like laughter. We dance to Hawaiian music, the latest hit tunes, Dixieland . . . you name it, we have it. No finer dance orchestras.

Vacation on Kauai, the Garden Island. If you like tropical flowers and spectacular scenery, make Kauai your first Island side trip. This is the island other islanders visit for beauty.



You'll love Waikiki Beach. Everyone does. Palm trees along the shore . . . old Diamond Head . . . the surf. Nothing like it. And wait 'til I take you on an outrigger canoe ride!

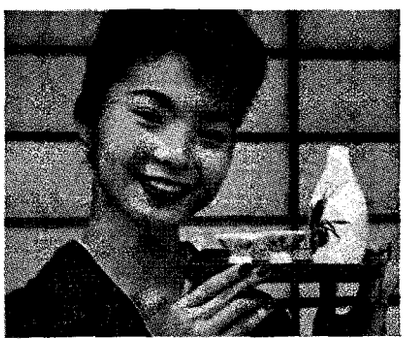
Ever see a "tame" volcano? This is snow-capped Mauna Kea on Hawaii, the "Big Island." And when you're here, I'll show you tree fern forests, orchid and coffee farms.

"We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of Hawaii"

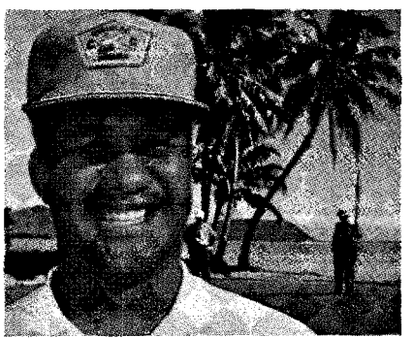
Has Statehood Changed Hawaii? Not for the visitor. It's still just 4½ smooth hours by jet from the Pacific Coast ($266 round trip) or a 4½ day vacation cruise by luxury liner ($380 round trip). Currency and language? Pure U.S.A. . . . Drinking water? Likewise. Passports, visas and shots? None. Costs? Hotel rooms from $5 to $30 per day. Stay long enough to see all the islands.

The weather is fine any month of the year—about 74° average. Travel light—buy reasonable "island things" when you arrive. Many fine new hotels and hotel additions give you a wide choice of accommodations and assurance of no waiting for rooms. . . . All things considered . . .

Isn't this your year to visit Hawaii?



Do you enjoy exotic eating places? Hawaii has many. Some Oriental, like this tea house. Some in tropical gardens. Some by the seashore. Fine steak houses and hotel dining too!



Did you ever hit a tee shot through a rainbow? I have, right on this seaside course. But *you'll* want to play *all* the Island courses. Good golf with lots of variety.

Romantic and colorful Old Hawaii is never far from your modern hotel here on Maui. You'll want to see Haleakala Crater, lovely Hana, historic Lahaina. Maui welcomes you.

In Honolulu's Bishop Museum you can trace Hawaiian history from stone age to statehood. Then see where Hawaiian history was made, and enjoy gay Polynesian pageantry.

Here's a bit of modern Hawaii. This is part of the business side of the 50th state, where construction topped $275 million in 1960. Investment opportunities? I found many.

The first thing most visitors do is get out of tight fitting mainland clothes into comfortable things like these. As colorful as the Islands themselves, where they're made.

See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or Write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. A, Honolulu, Hawaii · Offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

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learned our lessons as best we could, and fed the cats.

GABRIELLE, Elizabeth, and André went back to France before anyone else went back, before the war was quite over. Elizabeth's friend Aissa gave a farewell party. We rang her doorbell—Gabrielle, her mother, my mother, and I. André was still at his office, but would come later. Aissa opened the door herself, a sheaf of flowers in her arms. "Good God!" she said. Her feet were bare, her long hair was loose, and her flowers, obviously, were not arranged. We were her first guests. "I'm sorry," she said, and ran on. She was wearing a long sleeveless black velvet dress.

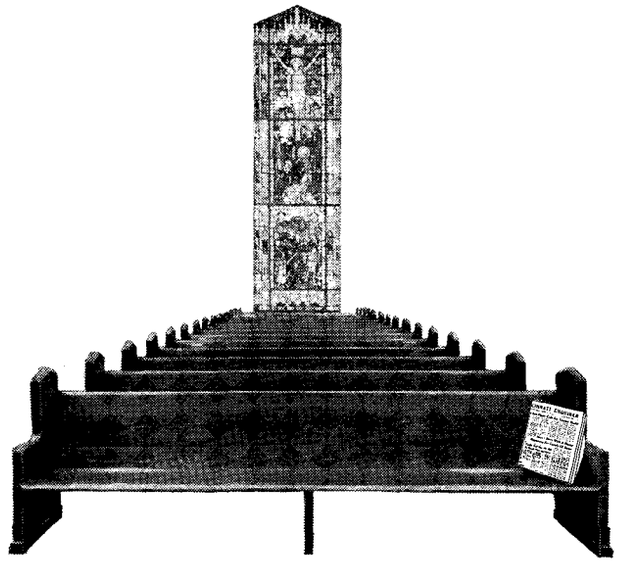
She had once told us that she never wore anything under an evening dress—"otherwise it does not fall properly." On her, an evening dress always fell properly. Moreover, the dress never had a life of its own; without her, it wouldn't have existed. Drapery, on her, looked Classical, not Hellenistic. And in the most clinging jersey she looked thoroughbred and chaste; passionate, but chaste. As a young girl in Athens, she had been chosen to lead the procession up to the Acropolis in the Olympic Games. Gabrielle and I never tired of observing her. Physical beauty drew and disarmed us. We took notes for an inscrutable future.

As Gabrielle walked over to a table to get herself a glass of soda water, I saw that she had changed. Unlike a child, she now moved consciously and well. Her own dresses had been packed, so she wore one of her mother's black skirts. She had outgrown Balthus. Suddenly she was as tall as Elizabeth. She wore stockings, and her legs looked long.

We no longer played portraits.

The big drawing room filled slowly. Aissa came back, her feet in sandals and her hair in a bun. A maid had arranged her flowers. Gabrielle and I began to move, and perhaps because Gabrielle was going away and grownups say goodbye even to children, people spoke to us. Or perhaps it was because we had reached the age when grownups had at last decided to include us in their conversations. Old ladies in brown spoke to us, then went and told our mothers that we were unusual.

My mother was to play Chopin later on in the evening. She did not like to play in drawing rooms, but she had agreed to out of friendship for Elizabeth. I could see that her mind was not on the party. She frowned, she smoked



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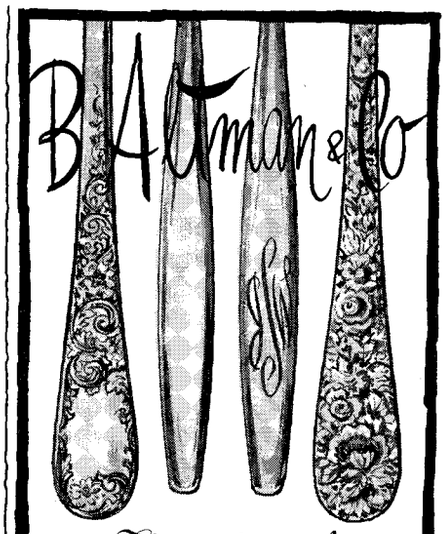
too many cigarettes, and every once in a while she stuck her hands into a disreputable-looking ponyskin muff she had carried with her to concerts ever since I could remember; in fact, that muff was a good deal older than I was.

Gabrielle and I tried to look pleasant. The year before, we would have struck a melancholy pose; we would have carried our sorrow about like a poster. But we had learned to dissimulate, or try to. The knowledge that we had to part we did not want to share with anyone, not even with each other. We kept telling ourselves that France had been liberated; that Gabrielle's departure would, once she reached Paris, become a return; and that Guy was a hero. He was alive, all in one piece, and covered with medals. Gabrielle would see him soon. Georges was seated in Germany, behind an enormous desk, and interrogated Nazis. We supposed that he was very good at that, and Gabrielle no doubt would soon see him, too. The news was triumphant, but we had to part.

Gabrielle took my hand; we decided to escape from the crowded living room. In the doorway Chagall stopped us. His hair looked happy and his nose very sad. "Chagall," said Henry Bernstein, "and Sarah Bernhardt—they belong to the same epoch." Chagall wore, that evening, a dark plaid shirt and a wine-red tie. He found a paper napkin and drew us a goat. It was a nice goat and he drew us another. After the goats, we made our way out of the living room and along the corridor to our destination—Aissa's small salon. We stopped behind the door; slowly, we opened it. The room was empty—blissfully empty. Silently, carefully, we lowered ourselves onto the almond-green couch. We didn't speak. After a while I got up to look at Aissa's Persian miniatures. In a corner of the room stood a head of her by Despiau. From Despiau I went back to the miniatures. Then I turned around. Gabrielle still sat on the couch, with her head in her hands. We had not said a word. Then the door opened and my mother came in.

"Ah! There you are, you two," she said. "We were all looking for you. You'll have to come out, as I'm about to play. You'll never guess what happened to me. I had come into this room a little while ago to try and find a little peace before I was supposed to play, and Henry Bernstein came in. He began to speak, and he spoke very well, and then he said, 'This is so nice, and you're so nice, and a stupid woman pianist is about to play Chopin in there, so why



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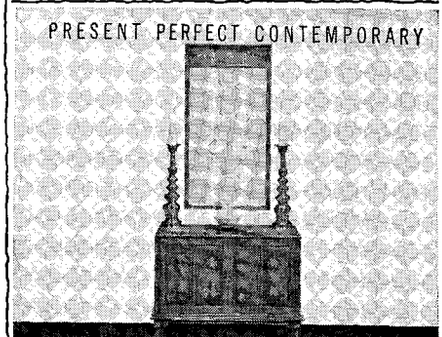

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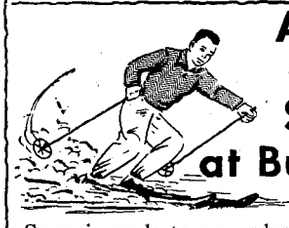

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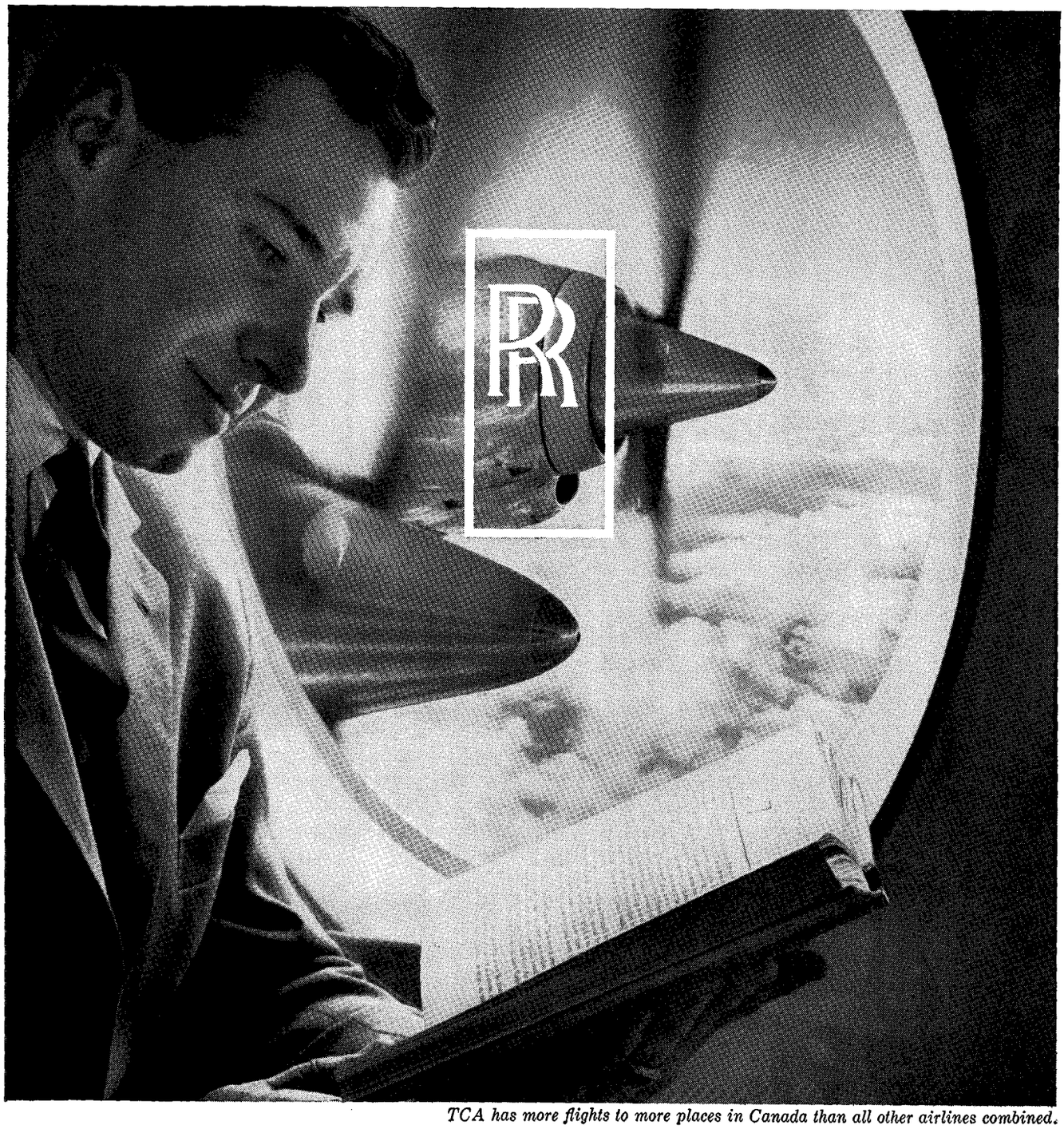

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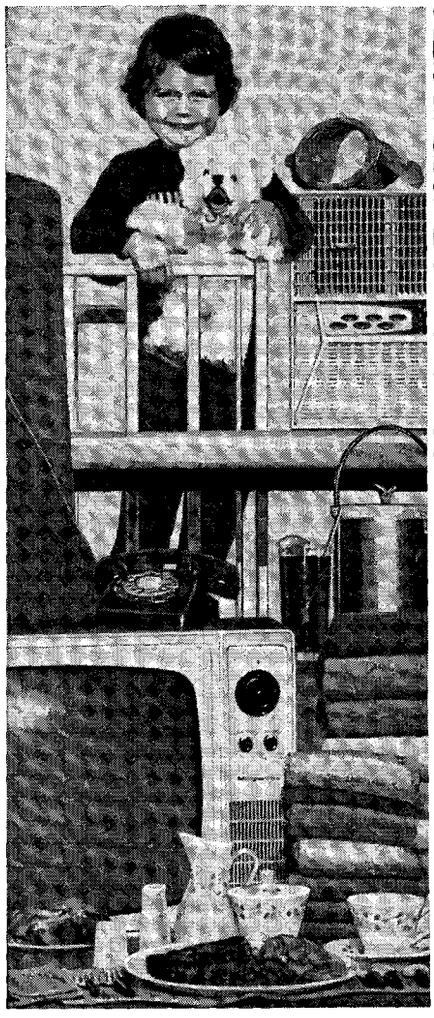

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don't you stay in here with me?' And I said, 'I'm very sorry, I'd like to very much, but I think it's time for me to play.' "

In the drawing room everyone settled down, in a roundabout way, as people do in drawing rooms. Voices were lowered to a stage whisper. Two men in front of us exchanged seats, and Gabrielle reprimanded them, rather more severely than I would have done, because it was my mother who was about to play.

My mother played. She played particularly well that evening, and very movingly, I thought. But the image of Elizabeth and André receding toward the horizon on their little freighter, in mortal danger of torpedoes—a heart-breaking image—that pursued me while she played I am sure never once entered her head. She played simply to the best of her ability, as an artist should.

Gabrielle's eyes were filled with tears. I couldn't cry, but I was choking. I took her hand, and on tiptoe we fled the drawing room and ran toward the little salon. As I opened the door I heard a man's voice. On the almond-green couch sat Henry Bernstein, with his arm around the bare shoulders of a débutante. She sat stiffly in mounds of tulle. Around her neck hung that inevitable and miserable string of pearls. Bernstein was talking, waving his free hand. The girl looked about eighteen, and way out of her depth. I signalled Gabrielle to keep quiet, and carefully closed the door.

Why the sight of Bernstein on that green couch should have made me weep uncontrollably I can't explain. Now we had nowhere to go. Gabrielle opened the next door we found along the corridor and pushed me in. Silence greeted us. Gabrielle put on the light. We were in a walk-in broom closet. We turned out the light and settled there, in the dark. I sat against a wall, between a floor polisher and a well-kept mop. And I cried. And Gabrielle cried. We cried bitterly. Two mazurkas reached us faintly; and Chopin overheard, I decided, was more moving than all-out Chopin. I counted the smells: disinfectant, Antiqwax, freshly washed dustcloths, floor wax, and the suède of polishing cloths. A nocturne went by and disappeared in the dark. Still we cried. But after the applause for the nocturne died down, Chopin was not resumed. Instead, I heard a scraping of chairs, a sound of voices—a little hushed at first, then growing bolder—and, finally, footsteps.

Aissa opened the door of the broom

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closet. Gabrielle hid her face from the light.

"What's the matter with you two?" she said. "Come and say good night to the guests. Why are you crying so hard, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Gabrielle. "It's metaphysical. I don't know why I'm crying, but I can't stop."

Now my mother came, and Gabrielle's mother, and stood behind Aissa. The three of them looked formidably annoyed.

But I didn't care. Because when Aissa opened the door of the broom closet and the light from the corridor fell on Gabrielle's closed face, at that moment I had stepped aside, out of time, and looked at us. And I knew that we cried not because we had to part, and so give up the years we had together, but because this moment marked the break between our being children and very lonely young girls. Our former life we knew and loved. Adolescence would formulate a new set of questions we knew nothing about. The broom closet was the last shared shelter; the world outside was a solitary one, and when we walked out of the closet, hand in hand, suddenly we were alone. Of course we cried. We cried for Guy, who would die young. And for other men. We cried for marriages and love. For the children we would have, and for those we would lose, so bitterly. We cried for the future.

"Come," said Aissa, and she turned to our mothers. "You two had better take those two straight home."

—NATACHA STEWART

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION
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[*From the Columbus Dispatch*]

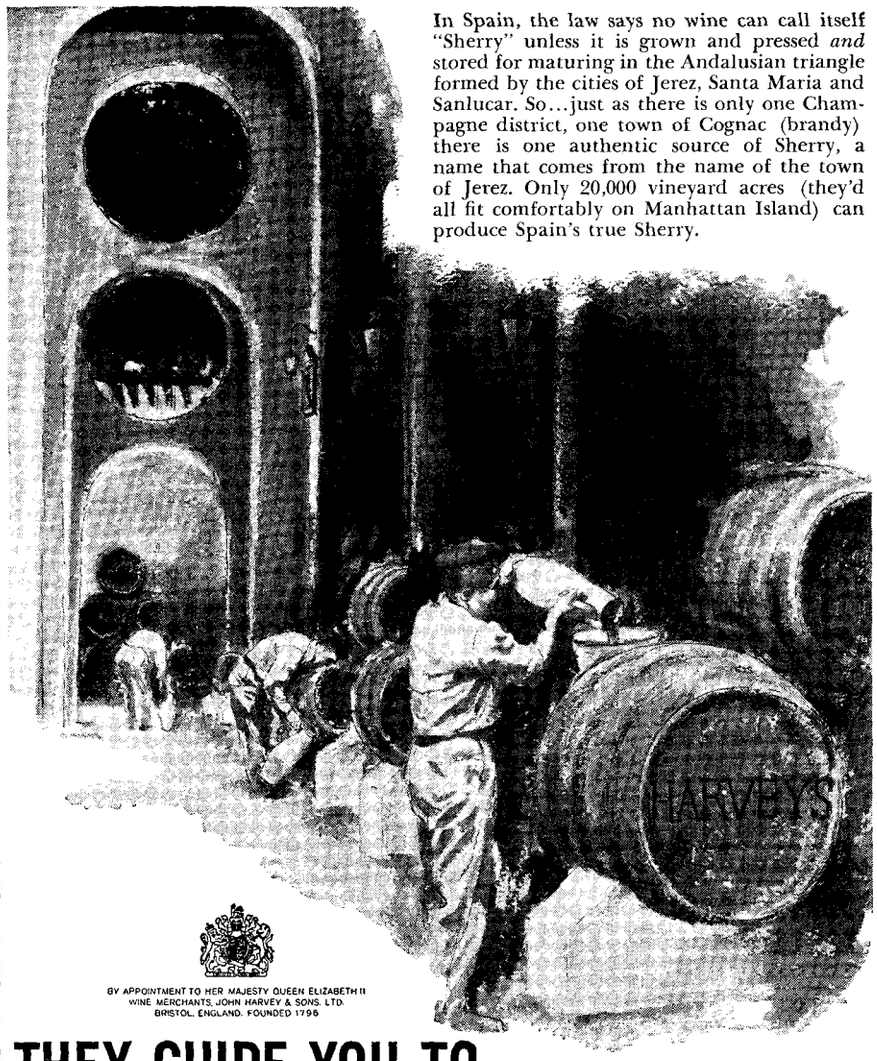
Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, Friday took a couple of verbal swings at Jack Fullen, the university alumni association secretary who condemned the Buckeye football scholarship policy in a recent editorial.

Hayes, in a speech at the Buckeye Boosters luncheon, wasted no time wading into Fullen.

"I see where our alumni secretary is going to Africa," he said. "Well, they think they've had trouble before, wait'll he gets there....

"He is going there to tell their university people how to build a strong alumni association. And if he doesn't tell them they must have a good football team to achieve this he's not telling the truth....

"I feel there is no greater educational function of a university—I don't like the term public relations—than a sound football program. The alumni must have something to rally around... and don't think those development funds aren't aided by those 50-yard line tickets," the outspoken Buckeye coach declared.



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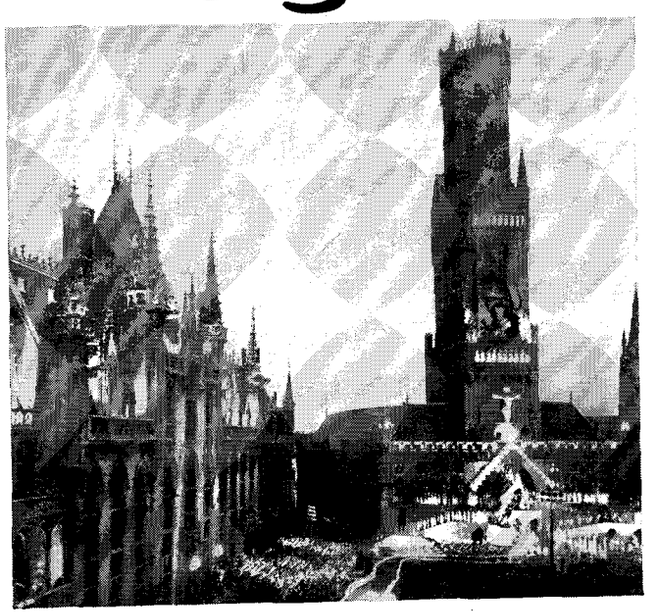

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OFF BROADWAY

IN "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl," at the East Eleventh Street Theatre, a West Indian playwright named Errol John has attempted to reconstruct a segment of life among some poor, spunky Trinidadians who inhabit a group of shacks around a scratchy back yard in Port of Spain. The best that can be said for the play (which is quite a lot) is that it provides the actors with any number of opportunities to show what they can do (which is plenty). All but two of them, who have bit parts, are Negroes, and they perform with such subtlety and vigor and skill that they almost—though not quite—conceal the weakness of a great deal of the material they have to work with. Mr. John doesn't show much in the way of invention—his principal characters and situations seem synthetic, and some of their speeches are downright mawkish—but his eyes and ears are sharp. What goes on around the edges and in the interstices of his plot—the small details of action, conversation, and character—is often lively and humorous or suddenly moving.

The story deals with the determination of a young bus driver to leave the island for Liverpool, even though in doing so he must inflict considerable pain on others, among them his pregnant girl, and with the fortunes and misfortunes of a family that lives across the way from him—a middle-aged husband and wife and their daughter, who appears to be about twelve or thirteen. Vinnette Carroll, as the wife—that all-wise, brave, hard-working matron who has become so familiar by now—plays with complete directness, shrewdly cutting through the sentimentality of the part and never letting a chance for comedy or a quick shift in mood get by her. Her bickering feud with a cheeky trollop who also lives on the yard is very funny, and the glee on her face when the trollop's boy friend catches her with a G.I. and raises hell is something to behold. As the gentle husband, a former cricket star, Robert Earl Jones is good, too, particularly when he reminisces with a kind of wry detachment about his days of glory and their sudden end. As their mercurial teen-ager, who falls into brief, thunderous rages when things go wrong, and then bounces back, Kelly Marie Berry is a complete delight. Ellen Holly is graceful and touching as the pregnant girl, and Cicely Tyson and Bill Gunn are very amusing indeed as the trollop and her jaunty boy friend. The magnetic James Earl Jones (son of Robert Earl), who plays the bus driver, is, as he has been before, a puzzle to me. He is obviously a young man of talent, sensitivity, and intelligence, yet he never seems entirely at ease on the stage or entirely in the play, possibly because he has not yet learned to handle his own dramatic power, or possibly because so far no director has shown him how to handle it. I think he is a potential star but not yet quite an actor. Lloyd Burlingame's setting of that awful back yard, with the interior of the bus driver's room visible, is fine.

TWO plays within seven days about the antagonism between parents and their young! Last week it was Thornton Wilder's "Infancy," and this week it is William Archibald's "The Cantilevered Terrace," at the Forty-first Street Theatre. Mr. Archibald touches on a number of other intra-family troubles along the way, but it is the two generations in savage opposition

"Well! Since when did we go back to the figure?"

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that appears to be the principal theme of his fancy and involuted work. The curtain of "The Cantilevered Terrace"—the title defines the setting—rises on two men in urgent conversation. The first of them, we soon find out, wants his mother and father murdered, and offers a quarter of his considerable inheritance to the other to push them into the sea. ("You wish me to kill your parents?" "Yes." "But we're such good friends.") There are six characters in the play—an elderly couple of incredible refinement named Perpetua (Mildred Dunnock and Don McHenry), their grown son and daughter (Colgate Salsbury and Marcie Hubert), the daughter's fiancé (John Harkins), whom the son is in love with, and a West Indian maid (Fran Bennett). Once the action has started, all of them except Miss Bennett are onstage all the time—the old people at one end of the terrace, the young ones at the other. The actors who are out of a particular scene either respond to it in silence, if they are meant to overhear it, or ignore it, if they are not.

The time is the cocktail hour on the father's seventieth birthday. In the course of the play, each of the characters indulges in a sizable swatch of verbal self-exposure. The mother turns out to be cruel, possessive, frigid, and terrified of death; the father loves his son but doesn't care much for his daughter, and has more or less drifted away from the family (who can blame him?) into religion; the daughter loves everyone (except Mother, of course) but feels rebuffed; the son is weak and surly; the fiancé loves the daughter but only pretends affection for the others because they are rich; the maid (who manages to keep her footing in a tangle of accusations, confessions, and symbols) turns out to have finished off *her* parents when she decided to go to work instead of to college. The acting is deliberately mannered (the author did his own directing), and the language, studded with carefully engraved not-quite epigrams, is mannered, too, and often so high-toned that it falls outside the range of the normal human ear. Not always, though; at one point Miss Dunnock stops chanting her lines and amusingly breaks into natural speech. Many of the maid's lines are good and sensible, and so are a number that are dealt out to the other characters. There are a few hoity-toity jokes, and at least one strained giggle about the Sitwells next door, who are potato farmers.

To dismiss "The Cantilevered Terrace" as just pretentious would be too easy. If I have given you the impression

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Tale of the Capricious Clock

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Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night.

" 'I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it,' the neighbor explained. 'When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!' "

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that it is a fake, then I have been unfair to Mr. Archibald. The theme he explores is worth exploring, and his ideas seem valid and occasionally penetrating, but he presents them with an air of revelation (which makes it especially tough luck that Mr. Wilder jumped the gun) and with an insistence that they are important and universal (which surely is up to us to decide). The play may not be a fake, but it certainly is irritating. Among the actors, Miss Hubert, Miss Bennett, and Mr. Harkins give performances that are way beyond promising in assignments that can't have been easy. Paul Morrison's set is very handsome.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

NO DREAM: Surrealist Salvador Dali is realistically "mad, but mad," about black ants it seems.

Bernice Foley returned from a New York jaunt—with stopover in Wilmington, Del., to visit her son, Williams M. Foley, and family (four grandchildren)—with this story.

Her friend Mrs. Anna Orcutt Hoyt, Carter pill heiress, and husband Harry (H. H.), were dining with Dali in The Forum in Manhattan . . . It was a semi-business date as the painter had done several canvases on commission from the Hoyts in connection with Carter products, primarily Miltown. At the moment they hang in the Hoyt town house atop The Dorset, including one with a transfiguration motive—an old woman enters a chrysalis (Miltown) and comes out lovely and young—all done with butterfly accents.

During luncheon the Hoyts observed Dali's eyes seemed to jump around, somewhat disconcerting to the pair who sat opposite to him.

Toward the end of the meal Dali dipped a halved cube sugar into his water glass, placed it on a spoon and with sensitive fingertips made certain the sugar had dissolved. After removing and separating his double lens glasses he peered into them, seemed satisfied with what he saw, whipped from his coat pocket a minute-size eyedropper and proceeded to put sugar-water between his glass lenses. Wiping, deftly, the outside of the glasses, he put them on. His eyes danced merrily—a little subdued for a few minutes while the black ants inside the lenses ate.

•

In his lecture, Baker discussed the development of the symbolic method in Hemingway literature. As a young author, Hemingway adopted a reportorial narrative, a result of his fascination with the brevity of international news reports. Later, he emulated the style of Sherwood Anderson and was influenced by Gertrude Berg.—*Allentown (Pa.) Morning Call.*

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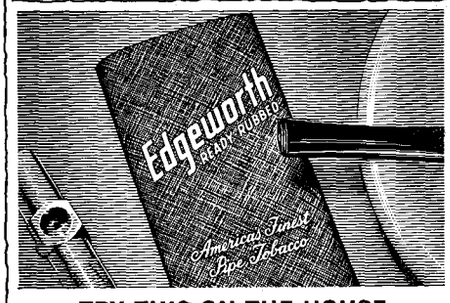

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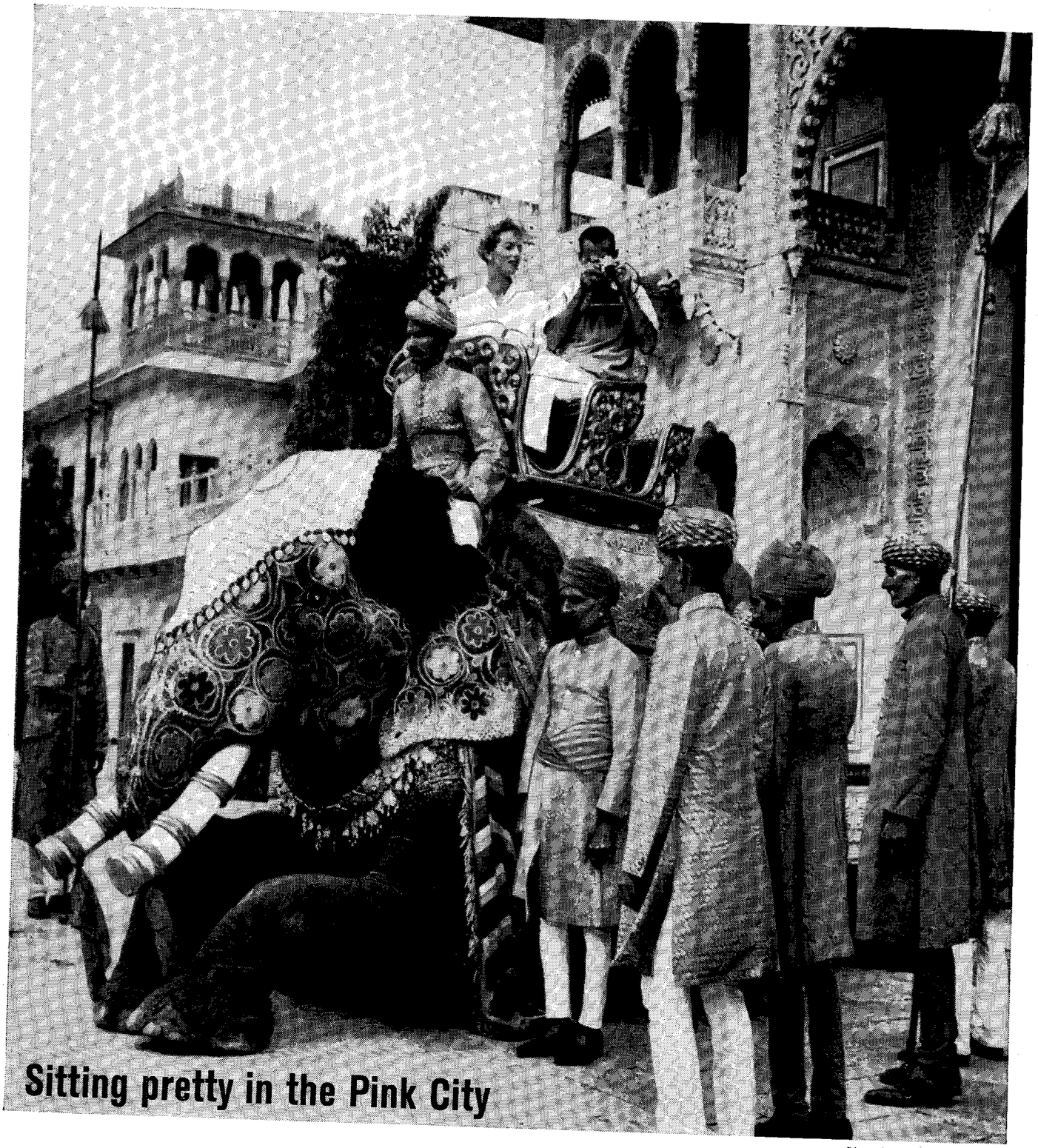

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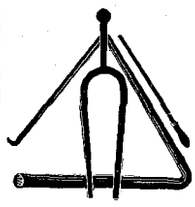

MY colleague Mr. Douglas Watt, of the *News*, recently remarked in a review of a ballet with a score by Aleksandr Glazunov that one of the tangential reasons people like to go to the ballet is that it often offers them a chance to listen to pleasant music without feeling guilty about it. And it is true that choreographers make use, continually, of light and agreeable scores that are no longer played on symphonic programs, being replaced, as often as not, by the grinding, cacophonous work of some atonalist who is relentlessly bent on what he—and sometimes even his audience—conceives to be a grim duty; that is, resorting to musical expression to reflect the tensions and horrors of the modern world, as if these tensions and horrors were not appalling enough without a composer's emphasizing them. This may seem a rather indirect approach to George Balanchine's utterly stunning new evening-length ballet, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which had its première at the City Center on Wednesday night of last week, but the idea is relevant, since the dear old music written by Mendelssohn for Shakespeare's play is seldom heard any more at symphony concerts, and therefore, as it is now used, with some additions, by Mr. Balanchine, it contributes a real air of magic to what takes place on the stage in this lovely creation. But music alone hardly makes or breaks a ballet (though it can add no end to its charm), and it is what Mr. Balanchine has done with a huge cast of dancers that should mainly occupy attention. Except for a deleted first scene and the omission of the Pyramus and Thisbe play-within-a-play, he has stuck to Shakespeare's original scenario almost line by line, something that bespeaks a great reverence for the values of the drama, and the marvel is that despite this almost literal translation into choreographic terms, the play seems perfectly at home in its new idiom—almost as though Shakespeare himself had conceived it as a ballet.

There are many touches of genius in what Mr. Balanchine has done, among them the almost fluid smoothness with which each episode succeeds the previous one, and the inspired notion of setting

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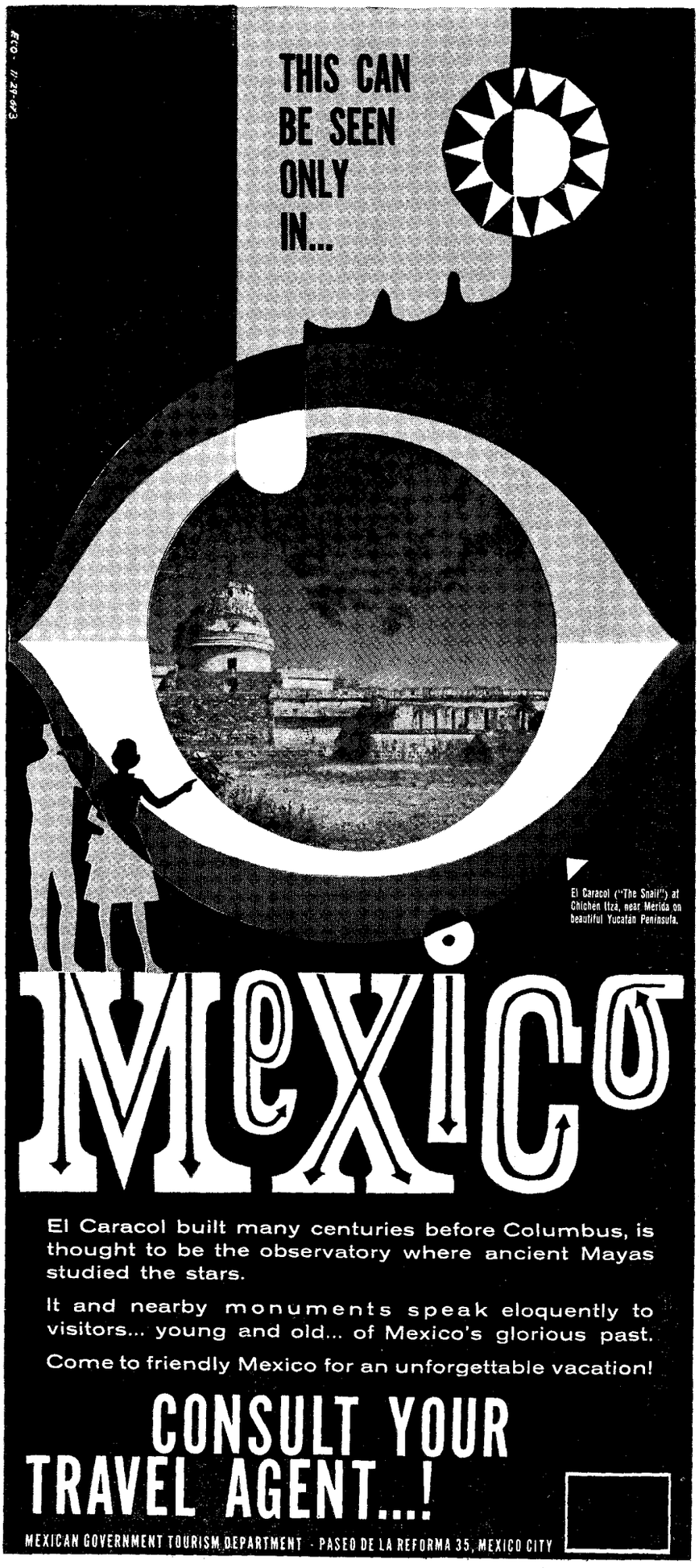
the love affair between Titania and Bottom to Mendelssohn's tenderest measures—those of the Nocturne—so that one sees the action through the bewitched eyes of the Fairy Queen herself, instead of viewing it objectively as a bit of mere horseplay. Thereby the scene becomes not less comic but touching and comic at the same time, evoking a subtle counterpoint of emotions that is generated only in comedy of the highest order.

The production is said to be the most ambitious one ever undertaken by the New York City Ballet, and it is certainly a lavish one. David Hays' scenery changes miraculously before the eyes from leafy woodlands, in which the scrambled pairs of lovers find and lose each other, to realms full of gleaming icicles and morning mist. Karinska's costumes are something special, being not only fantastic and beautiful but designed expressly for each individual dancer, no matter how small his part, and thus giving the spectacle endless variety. Titania holds court reclining in a gigantic pink sea shell; Oberon, in his initial scene, is surrounded by darting hordes of fairies and butterflies, including twenty-five infant members of the company's ballet school, and while I am not ordinarily easily bedazzled by the patter of little feet on the ballet stage, I found this youthful aggregation charming. Although the choreography has an unusual amount of pantomime and storytelling to do, as such things go in Balanchine ballets, the narrative never interferes with the purely abstract and athletic features of the dance. The other evening, that magnificent leaper Edward Villella was a superb mixture of sportive movement and regal dignity as Oberon, and Melissa Hayden, Patricia McBride, and Gloria Govrin provided many memorable moments as Titania, Hermia, and Hippolyta, respectively. Arthur Mitchell danced the role of Puck with the restlessness of a small tornado, and other familiar figures too numerous to mention added beautifully to the evening's enjoyment. Violette Verdy performed as spiritedly as ever in a formal divertissement, though the absence of her scheduled partner, Jacques d'Amboise, who had strained his leg, forced a last-minute substitution, and Conrad Ludlow, who undertook the assignment, was unable to do much more than outline the part.

For all the pleasant things I have been able to say about it, the ballet has, I think, one disturbing flaw. This occurs during the appearance of the ensemble of male dancers in the middle



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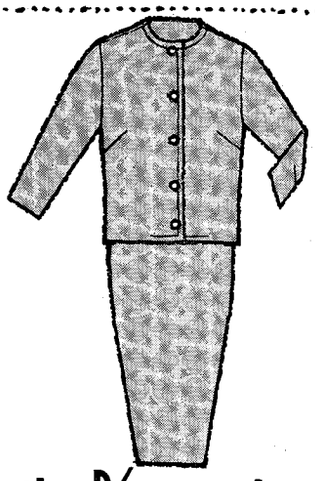

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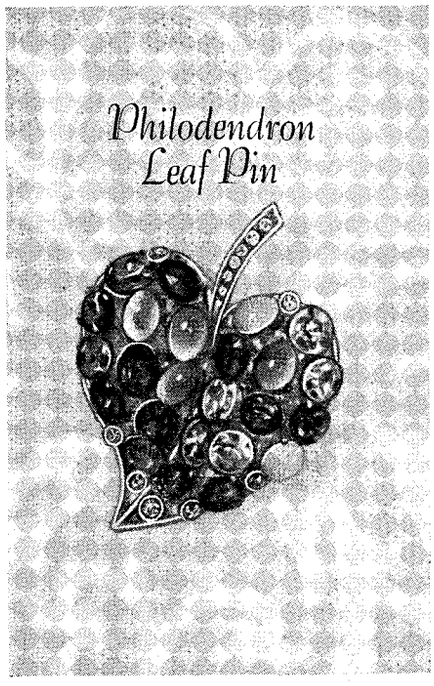

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of the last act, and it arises not from any weakness in Mr. Balanchine's choreography but from the uninspired quality of the accompanying item of Mendelssohn's music, which is fugal in character and sounds like second-rate Handel. I don't know where Robert Irving, the production's excellent conductor and, I assume, its musical editor as well, dug up this sequence, but it is very depressing and most unsuited to what should be a climactic moment. Surely there is, somewhere in Mendelssohn's output, a livelier and more fitting bit of music that might be put in its place.

ON the preceding Monday night, Alfred Wallenstein and the Symphony of the Air continued their current season of all-Beethoven programs in Carnegie Hall, presenting the "Egmont" Overture and the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. Programs of this sort are nowadays in the nature of supreme tests for conductors, since they consist of works that have been done frequently by the greatest maestros within memory, and it is a tribute to Mr. Wallenstein to say that his readings were both solidly grounded in the best tradition and entirely presentable. There were places where his interpretations seemed slightly rigid, and the level of volume that he maintained tended to be on the powerful side, a circumstance that detracted from the delicacy of some of Beethoven's softer moments. But I have rarely heard the Symphony of the Air stirred into such a state of vigor and enthusiasm in recent years. Perhaps some of the enthusiasm was due to the fact that this excellent, though now slightly unevenly staffed, ensemble is fighting a very earnest battle for survival in Carnegie Hall as a rival to the Philharmonic after the latter moves on to Lincoln Center next September. New York can afford two great orchestras, and I sincerely hope the Symphony of the Air succeeds.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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[*From the Hamilton (Bermuda) Royal Gazette*]

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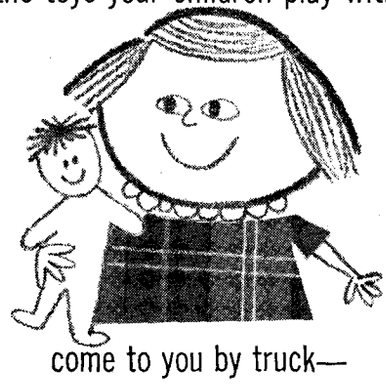

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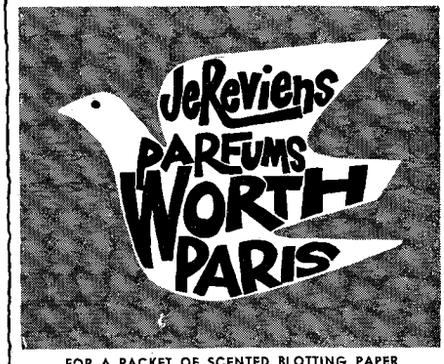

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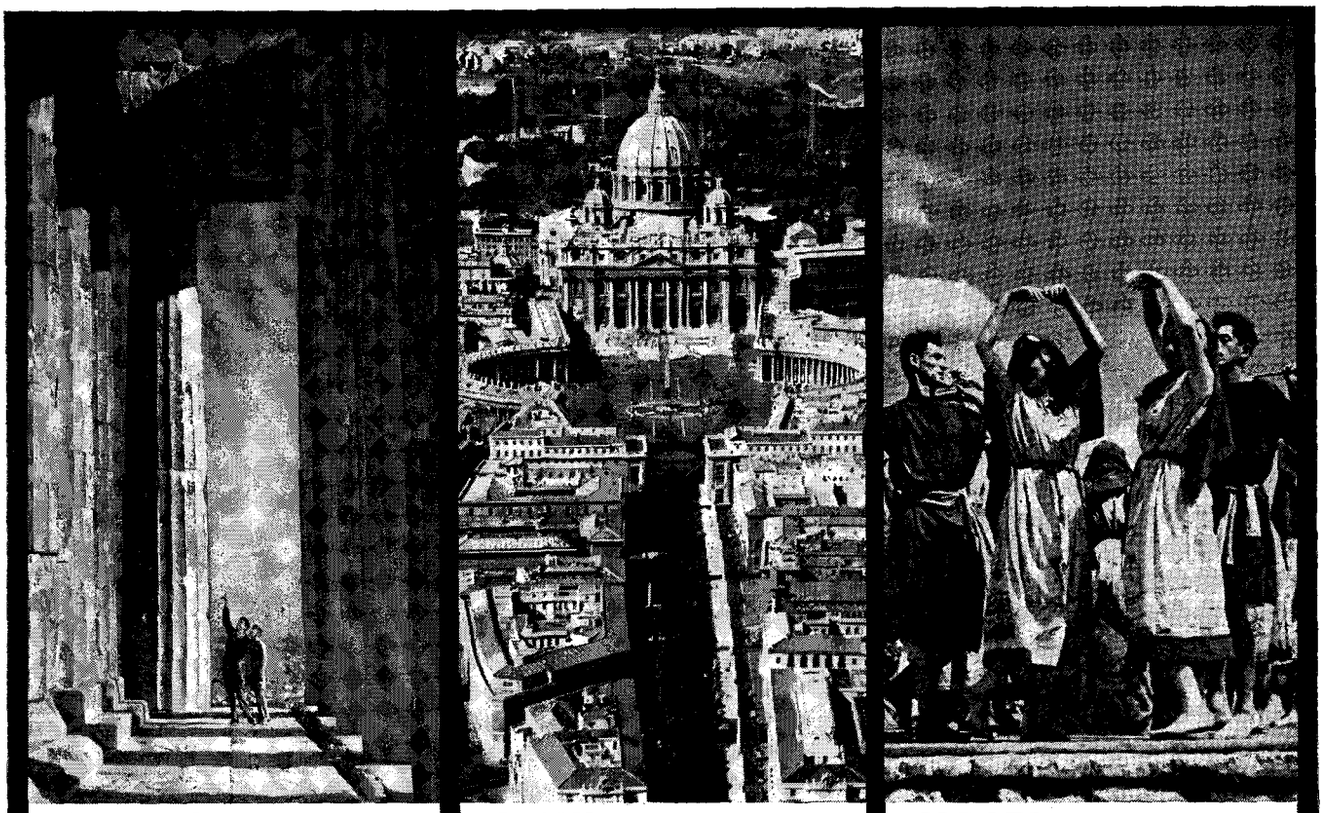

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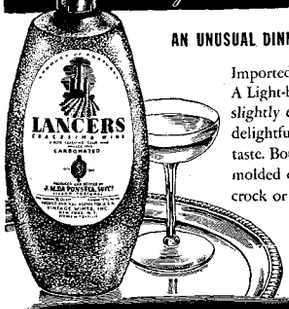

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ARTHUR MILLER's play "A View from the Bridge," considerably revised and expanded by the author since its appearance on Broadway some seasons ago (as one can determine from a recently published paperback edition), has been made into a highly effective movie. Norman Rosten, who prepared the screenplay from the new version, has left nearly every word of Mr. Miller's dialogue intact; indeed, his respect for the play has been so great that only a new opening scene on the Brooklyn docks and a slightly altered ending betray his hand, and I'm sorry to have to say of the former that it strikes the one false note in the picture, leading us to suppose that we are in for another "On the Waterfront," when we are in for nothing of the sort. Mr. Miller's play happens to be about a dockworker, but it concerns his emotional life, not his livelihood, and the hero could just as well be a pea packer in Pendleton. Possibly Mr. Rosten and the director, Sidney Lumet, aware that most of the action of the picture would be taking place inside a claustrophobically small apartment in Red Hook, thought it wise to get things started in the open air—an unnecessary complication, and one not at all characteristic of Mr. Miller, who succeeds by taking a consciously simple-minded view of his craft. He builds plays of good, sound ibsenwood, and is so careful in his carpentry that they can stand a lot of unlucky knocking about before coming apart and, when they are dealt with kindly, give an impression of moral grandeur much greater than they actually possess. This impression is bound to be diminished by glimpses of the outside "real" world, against which we are then tempted to measure the nature of the heroes' problems. It is almost fatal to the pretensions of "Death of a Salesman" to recall what a real salesman is supposed to have said of it ("That New England territory never *was* any good anyway"), and in "A View from the Bridge" it would be disastrous for us to stray very far from the tenement in Red Hook. The cramped quarters, the cheap overstuffed furniture, and the spaghetti cooking on the stove are part of the machinery of the hero's doom, and perhaps the greater part. Without them, his

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problem—he is passionately but unwittingly in love with the daughter of his wife's dead sister—would not appear all that difficult to face and resolve. In their accusing presence, he can only be true to them and untrue to himself, flail about helplessly, and die.

Much of the credit for the picture's effectiveness goes to an extraordinary company of actors, whom the producer, Paul Graetz, has gathered from several countries. Raf Vallone plays the role of the good-hearted, inarticulate hero; Maureen Stapleton plays his wife; Morris Carnovsky plays a sympathetic lawyer; Carol Lawrence is the niece who is the occasion of everybody's troubles; Jean Sorel is the young immigrant with whom she falls in love; and Raymond Pellegrin is the immigrant's older brother and defender, who brings the picture to a climax by challenging the tormented hero to a duel in the streets of Brooklyn. Each of the combatants is armed with a dockworker's hook, and each is determined to fight to the death. This duel is almost unbearably exciting and horrifying, which is to say that Mr. Lumet has staged it, like the rest of the picture, brilliantly.

IT is only fair to mention that "Tender Is the Night" is one of my favorite novels and that my heart sank when I heard it was going to be screened. It is also only fair to mention that the picture is described as "based" on the novel, and "based" is a word that can be very loosely construed. Now I find my worst fears confirmed, and the reason, oddly, isn't that Twentieth Century-Fox took too many liberties with the text but that it took too few. The picture is flagrantly unlike the book but at nearly every moment conscientiously seeks to be accepted as its twin. Again and again, with honorable intentions, and therefore rather touchingly, it attempts a likeness and achieves parody; one hears phrases, and even whole sentences, of dialogue that one has cherished for upward of thirty years, and for the first time they ring false, they have gone stone dead. Still, how could anyone have hoped to turn the delicacy and anguish of Fitzgerald's mind into so many CinemaScope images? Far better to have salvaged only his title and to have made a picture such as the present one often threatens to become—a boffo about a drunken songwriter named Abe North who can't quite finish a certain item of popular music on which he has long been working and is killed in a brawl with a young Negro whose fault has been to sit down at a piano in a Paris

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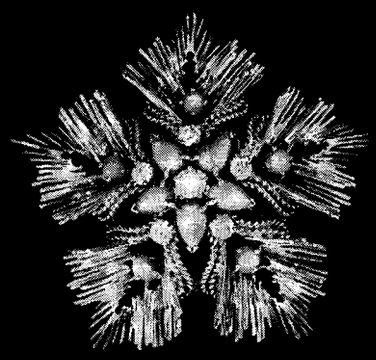

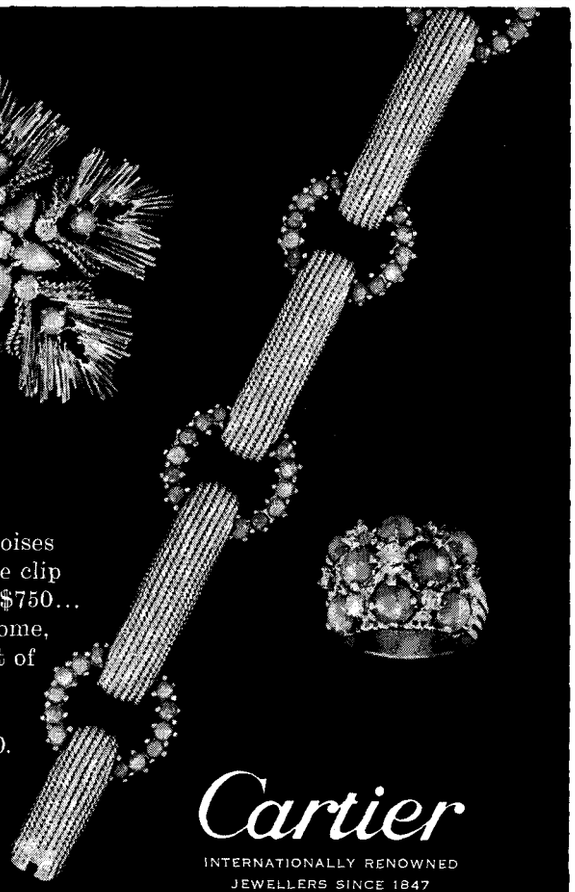

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night club and courteously show North how to melt his grand block. Deplorable as such a picture would have been, it would have justified the tiresomely reiterated theme song and would have left comparatively unblemished our memories of the Divers, Rosemary, Baby Warren, and the rest.

As if to make a hard task doubly sure of failure, the producer has chosen a cast that is in nearly every case ideally unsuitable. The chief objection to be made to them is that they're all too old—in the novel, Nicole is twenty-four, Dick is just past thirty, and Rosemary isn't quite eighteen, and much of the pathos of the story lies in their extreme youth. Jennifer Jones works hard at being Nicole but cannot embody her, and Jason Robards, Jr., is Dick Diver in neither age nor temperament nor appearance. As for Rosemary, whom Fitzgerald presents as so warm and full of promise, she is played by Miss Jill St. John, who looks like every Miss Rheingold that ever was and acts accordingly. Equally miscast are Tom Ewell as Abe North and Joan Fontaine as Baby Warren. Only Paul Lukas, as Dr. Dohmler, and Carole Mathews, as Rosemary's mother, seem to fit comfortably inside their roles. To conclude this extended lament, let me utter a protest against one of the settings. In the novel, Fitzgerald describes the Divers' villa in the ancient hill village of Tarmes as "made out of a row of peasant dwellings that abutted on the cliff," and continues, "The exterior walls were untouched so that from the road far below it was indistinguishable from the violet gray mass of the town." In the movie, the villa becomes an enormous yellow *palazzo*, leaping up against the sky in the worst possible taste. Why? If one knew the answer to that, one would know a lot about why Hollywood bungles even the things that it ought to do best. —BRENDAN GILL

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Antonio Light*]

An old fashioned bandstand was the highlight of the German beer garden setting for the German Club's New Year's Eve costume party at the Gunter Hotel Ballroom. At dance intermissions, a German band played German folk songs. A realistic note was an East Berlin wall topped with barbed wire, through which guests entered the ballroom.

•

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Smart, sleek, and effete.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 19

THE administration, as the Secretary of State told the House Foreign Affairs Committee two days ago, finds itself in a period in which most of its diplomatic enterprises are faring rather well. Several months of negotiation have led to what is almost universally regarded as a highly satisfactory series of agreements with the European Common Market. In Latin America, the Alliance for Progress has caught on more rapidly than many of its early advocates had supposed it would; it has major projects under way in half a dozen countries, and it may very well make further headway at next week's rally of the hemisphere's Foreign Ministers in Punta del Este. In Moscow, Ambassador Thompson's "exploratory talks" (a euphemism for negotiations that are expected to come to little) have thus far yielded slight hope of a settlement, early or late, in Berlin, but tensions in that city have been conspicuously lessened, and diplomats here are saying that a modus vivendi (a euphemism for a standoff) has in fact been worked out and will probably last through most of the year. In Geneva, the obvious failure of the talks on nuclear-testing agreements has been turned into a success of sorts; the Anglo-American decision to break off the conference and resume it in March as part of the discussion of general disarmament has taken the Russians by surprise and will almost certainly make it more awkward for them to resume atmospheric testing than it would otherwise have been. The Russians, of course, have a way of ignoring this sort of awkwardness, but they do not overlook it entirely, and at the very least the West has created the problem for them.

Even the chancier undertakings have turned out better than many people here dared to hope. There was a time only a few weeks back when many members of the administration had extremely cold feet about our support of the United Nations' intervention in Katanga Province. Some shared the misgivings of the British and the French about the political wisdom of the whole affair; others only feared that it would meet with failure and thus deal one more heavy blow to the prestige of the United States in the United Nations—and of the United Nations in the United States. The question of its political wisdom may still be open to dispute, but the U.N.'s use of force in the Congo has achieved its immediate goal: Moise Tshombe's mercenaries have been subdued, and this has had a chastening effect on the Soviet-supported partisans of Antoine Gizenga. Katanga is in, Gizenga is out, and there is peace—or, at any rate, a temporary absence of civil war—and a semblance of order in the Congo. Its politicians can now decide for themselves, if they are capable of decision, what sort of state they wish to create; they are free of great-power intervention and have no one to fear or blame but themselves. Meanwhile, the Geneva negotiations on Laos appear to be proceeding satisfactorily from an American point of view. The cease-fire, though it has been periodically threatened, has held, and the Russians have agreed to a Cabinet in which the crucial Ministries of Defense and the Interior would go to neutralist followers of Prince Souvanna Phouma, with the rest being divided more or less equally between the pro-Western and pro-Eastern princes—Boun Oum and Souphanouvong. The hope here is not that a nominally neutralist Laos will endure forever, or be a particularly stable or admirable member of the Southeast Asian community of nations. There is always the risk, as the President freely acknowledged at his news conference earlier in the week, that a government pieced together by this least desirable of political processes will in time succumb to the Communists or to chaos. But time—even the time consumed by negotiations—is of the absolute essence, and the real hope is that a period of peace, or prolonged cease-fire, and at least technical neutrality in Laos will give its neighbor, South Vietnam, security on its western frontier and thereby enable the United States to pursue its promising efforts to help build a modern and independent South Vietnamese state.

To the administration, the importance of these successes and non-failures lies not so much in any changes that might be made on the Cold War scoreboard (these would be slight indeed) as in their impact on opinion here. The

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agreeable outcome of the Common Market negotiations plainly improves the President's chances of getting increased authority to revise American tariff schedules and to fashion "a bold new instrument" of American trade policies that will enable this country to "meet the challenge" of the Common Market. There is still some doubt whether he will get from this session of Congress any considerable share of the power he has asked, but the likelihood is far stronger than it was last fall, when some members of the administration were so certain of a Congressional rebuff that they urged him not to press the question before 1963. His request for the establishment of a long-term three-billion-dollar fund for the Alliance for Progress has a better than good chance of being approved. In the closing weeks of last year, when it seemed entirely possible that the U.N.'s attack on the Katanga secessionists would in the end strengthen the pro-Communist elements in the Congo, it was felt that the administration might be forced to justify before Congress continued American membership in the U.N., and that it would have a very hard time winning authorization to subscribe a hundred million dollars to the U.N. bond issue. Now, despite some serious reservations that continue to be expressed here about the U.N.'s present role, there is not likely to be any violent attack on the U.N. in Congress, and the question of the bond issue will be considered on its merits. No one takes it for granted that the administration will have things entirely its own way on this or on most of the other requests the President made in his State of the Union address and in subsequent messages, but a few modest successes and the avoidance of disaster have greatly improved his position. Some new crisis may, of course, arise to unsettle both the administration and Congress, but the prospect now is for a session that will not be characterized by hysteria, recrimination, or irrelevancy but that will provide a number of reasonably clear tests of the temper of the country and of Congress. Authorities on Congressional behavior here seem to feel that on all the controversial proposals the margin of victory or defeat will be narrow.

A NUMBER of these authorities have maintained that the administration is largely indifferent to the fate of its major domestic proposals—on school construction, medical care under Social Security, and so forth—in the present session, and would not be dis-

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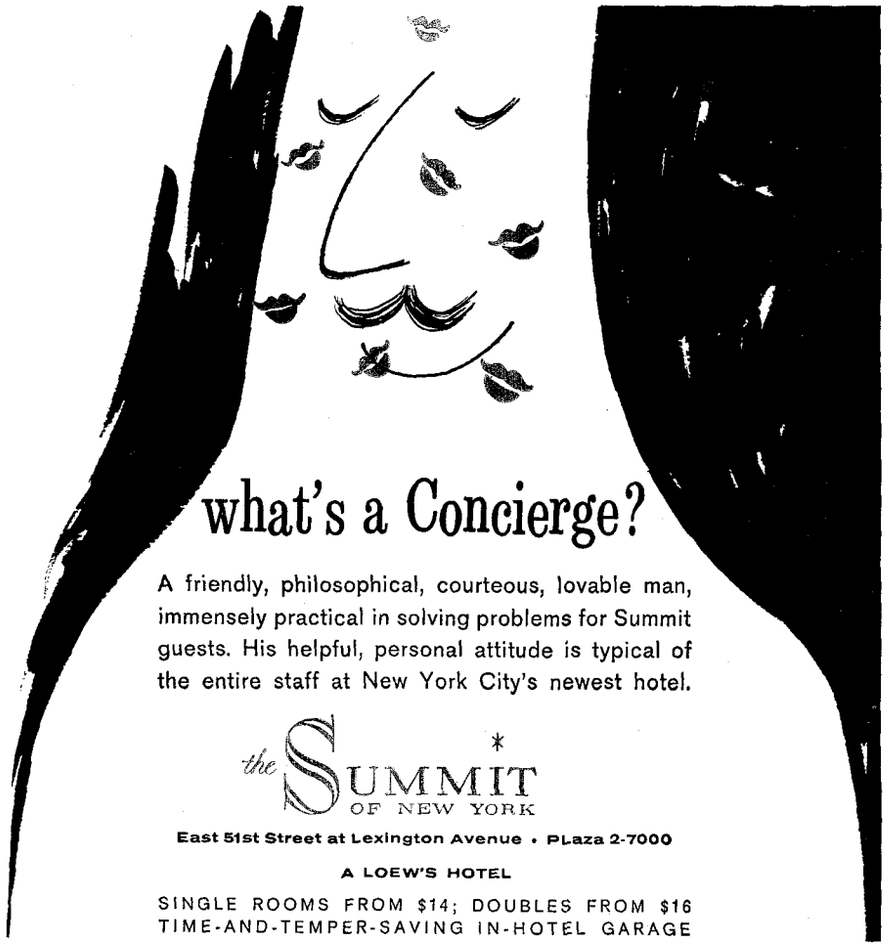
pleased to be in a position to use their defeat to political advantage in the fall elections. There may be a measure of truth in this. In politics, there are times when a bird in a bush is worth two in the hand, and most Democratic strategists (as well as, probably, most Republican strategists) are confident that wherever the vote turns on what politicians indelicately call "gut" issues, the welfare-state Democrats would be fortunate to be able to reopen the arguments over medical care and aid to education. The President himself, though, is clearly making his calculation on a different basis. He has put before Congress not a program so offensive to his opponents that they will be sure to vote it down but one that is intended to win a few supporters from opposition ranks. The moderateness of his domestic program has been attributed, on the one hand, to the moderateness of his own temperament and, on the other, to his hope that his proposals on domestic policy will not get in the way of his proposals on foreign policy. Those who have worked with him on the program tend to think that both explanations miss the central point. It is true, they say, that there are more enthusiastic welfare-statists than Mr. Kennedy, and it is also true that his primary concern, like that of every other recent President, is with foreign policy. But Mr. Kennedy, they go on, is much more impressed with the connection between foreign and domestic policy than either Mr. Truman or Mr. Eisenhower ever was. When he says, as he did last week, that "if we cannot fulfill our own ideals here, we cannot expect others to accept them," he is not clothing policy with platitude but putting a firmly held conviction into platitudinous language. To what extent the conviction is rooted in his own ideals is not important; what is important is that he believes this view of things to be inescapable in the present stage of the Cold War. Before the emergence of Khrushchev and during his first few years in office, Communist policy was based almost entirely on military power and subversion. Khrushchev added economic competition and found it largely a failure. In the past three or four years, however, he has managed to add something else of enormous importance; he has made the Soviet Union into a society that has a good many attractions not only for peoples so ridden by poverty that they have little interest in liberty but also for peoples well enough off to care about liberty, and even to care a bit about some modest luxuries, among them education. Living standards in



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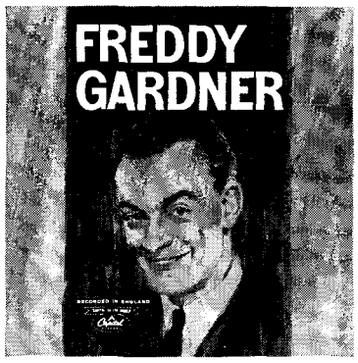

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Russia have risen almost to average European levels, education has approached American levels, and there is a much increased measure of individual liberty, with more promised. The time, it is felt, may not be very far off when Soviet society and Communism as a principle of social organization will have a large appeal to those who up to now have not despaired of their own societies or been attracted by the idea of revolution; Communism will have an inviting look to certain sections of the managerial classes as well as to proletarians, to white-collar as well as to blue-collar workers. The system's attractions will be not unlike the attractions of our own society for Europeans a couple of generations ago.

There is not much doubt on the part of the President and his colleagues that Khrushchev expects this development to count for a number of victories. They are convinced that it is in the forefront of Khrushchev's mind when he engages in polemics with the Chinese and with the "anti-Party group" that opposes "peaceful coexistence." What is in the forefront of the President's mind as he presents a welfare program to Congress is not the immediate urgency of a large-scale medical-care plan for the aged in the United States but the need to gain and hold a fairly steady American lead in the use of wealth and power for the development of humane institutions. The point of holding such a lead is not simply to exploit it in the competition between the systems. It is even more useful, the administration believes, as a means of encouraging the Russian leaders to use their own power and resources for the development of liberal and humane institutions. There is a growing belief among Soviet experts that Khrushchev and his contemporaries, no matter how durable may be their conviction that capitalism will someday collapse under the weight of its own inner conflicts, know perfectly well that this will not happen in their time, and that their aim is to go down in history as the Soviet leaders who averted war with the West, who mobilized Communist opinion against the mistaken opponents of coexistence, and who demonstrated to the world not only that a Communist society could function without employing every one of the known techniques of repression but that a Communist economy—even in a world where capitalism continued to flourish—could free the energies of its people for the pursuit of goals other than revolutionary struggle. Few things, it is felt, are more in the American nation-

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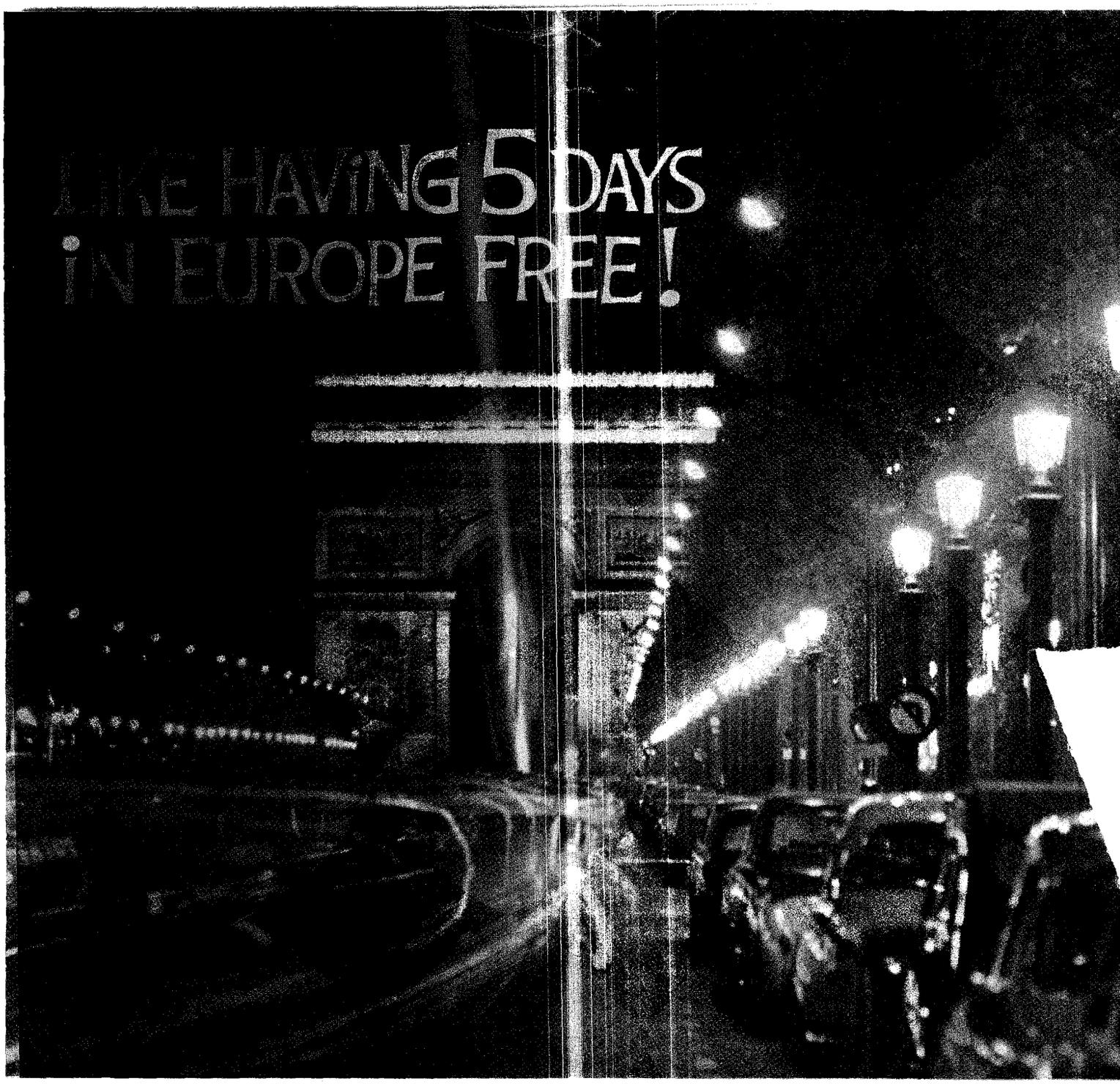

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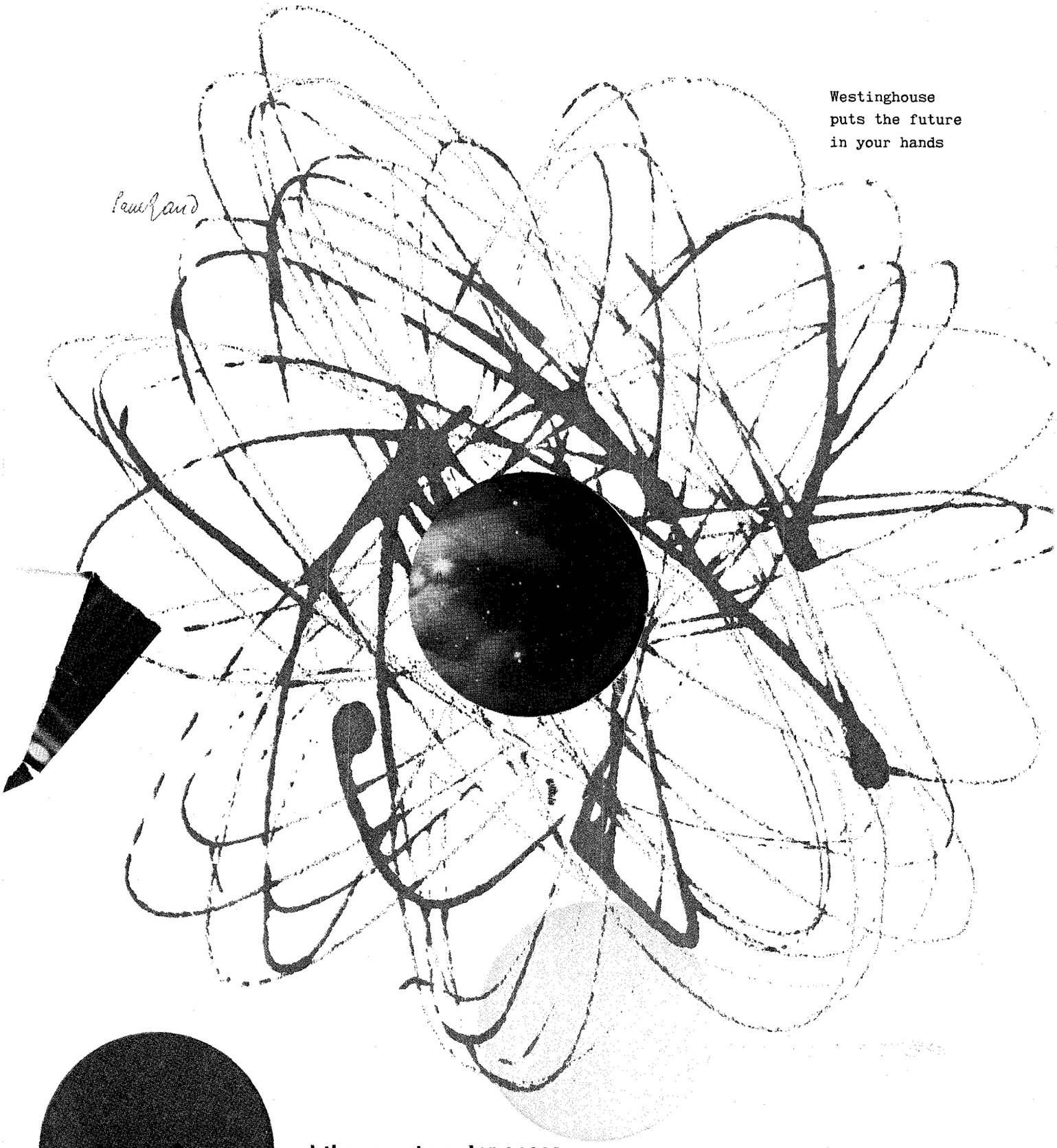

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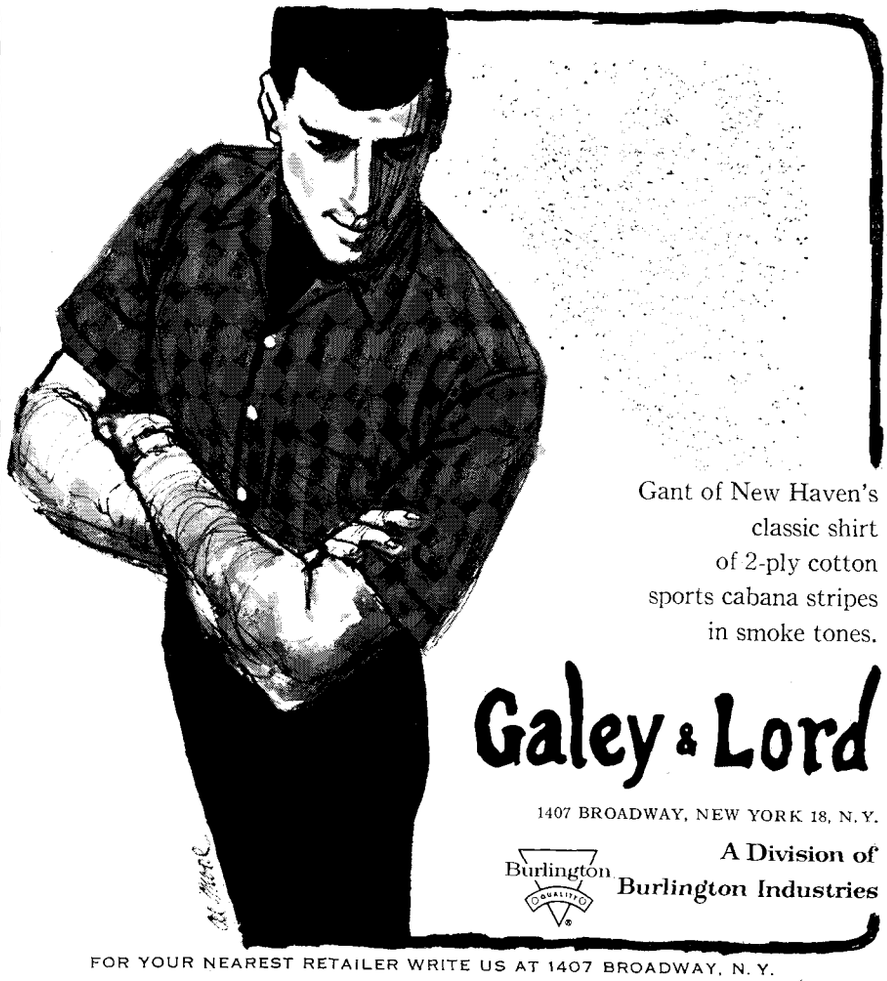
al interest than keeping alive this spirit in the Kremlin.

THE President is in New York today, meeting with the Acting Secretary-General of the U.N. It is said to be a courtesy call on Mr. Kennedy's part, and he will no doubt extend felicitations to U Thant on his election and on the completion of the military mission in the Congo. The United States was an early supporter of U Thant, and there has been no formal expression of anything but approval for his management of the affairs of the Secretariat. There is, however, quite a bit of concern here about the future of the U.N., and it is by no means limited to those who feel that Moise Tshombe is a valiant anti-Communist and a great champion of free enterprise. There is concern about the whole structure of the U.N., and particularly about the procedures of the General Assembly. Ironically, one of those who feel most strongly that we ought to reëxamine our whole position in the U.N. is Dean Acheson, who in 1950, as President Truman's Secretary of State, championed the Uniting-for-Peace Resolution that made possible a huge increase in the authority of the General Assembly. What disturbs Mr. Acheson and a number of other people is the fact that the doubling of national sovereignties over the past decade has turned the General Assembly into a legislature for a globe made up very largely of rotten boroughs. Prevailing coalitions can now be formed by powers whose populations constitute not more than a fifth of the whole and whose effective resources may be a good deal less than a fifth. In the General Assembly, of course, it has been true from the start that members with far less than half the total population could outvote the rest, but at the start the U.N. rejected the use of force—and, in any case, had none to use. There was little, if anything, to which it could commit reluctant powers. Now, though, the General Assembly, while it has at its disposal only that power which members feel they can spare for its purposes, is able to commit the world to a good many things, and could quite conceivably start a chain of events that would end in large-scale war. The advantages of the power may outweigh the risks; the general view here still is that this has been the case thus far, from Korea to Katanga. But even those who feel that the U.N. has been, by and large, an agency of incalculable usefulness over the years, and who are pleased with the recent turn of events in the Congo, are uneasily aware of the fact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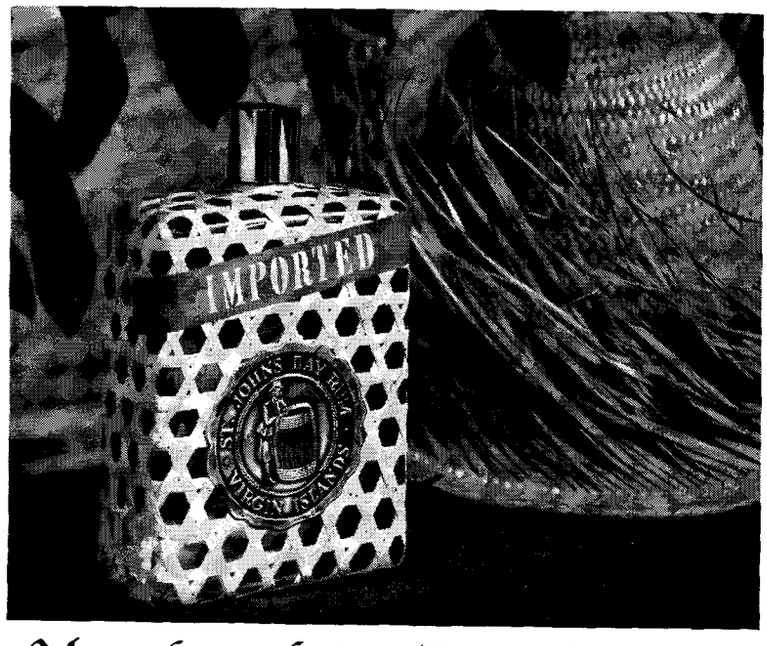

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that a precedent of great importance, and possibly of danger, was set by the latest Katanga intervention. It differed in kind from all earlier U.N. interventions, including the original establishment of a U.N. presence in the Congo by Dag Hammarskjöld. The U.N. intervened in South Korea to prevent aggression against a state for whose security it had made itself responsible. It moved troops or observation teams into the Gaza Strip, Lebanon, Jordan, and Laos in order either to preserve the peace or to report on threats to it; the original Katanga intervention, ordered by the late Mr. Hammarskjöld last summer, was undertaken not for the purpose of subduing Moise Tshombe and his mercenaries but for the purpose of quarantining them and, additionally, for the purpose of discouraging great-power interference. Except for the resolution of October, 1950, in which the General Assembly authorized the troops under General MacArthur to proceed across the Thirty-eighth Parallel into North Korea, the U.N., up to last November, had never attempted anything that could possibly be construed as an effort to impose a political settlement by force. In the Korean case, there were certain ambiguities, including doubt as to whether, in a proper U.N. view, there were two Koreas or only one. In the case of the Congo, there were no ambiguities; the U.N. took it upon itself to defeat Tshombe's secessionist movement. As many people here see it, the case for defeating this movement was a strong one, morally, politically, and economically. The Congo, it is argued, could not possibly be a viable commonwealth without Katanga; Tshombe was a creature of outside influences; it is highly doubtful whether he ever commanded the loyalty of anything like a majority in his own province; to maintain his secession, he had to make war on his own people. All this may very well be true, and it may also be true that an enlightened international organization has some sort of duty to remedy situations such as the one in the Congo last fall. What distresses some people here, however, is their awareness that the General Assembly, as constituted at present, could not undertake such duties in an even-handed way. It could put down Tshombe, because he was regarded by the new sovereignties as a tool of the colonialists, but it is impossible to imagine the U.N. authorizing intervention if the secessionist threat had come in the first instance from Gizenga. It is impossible, as Professor Stanley Hoffmann, of Harvard, pointed out recently in the *New Republic*, to imagine the U.N., as

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constituted at present, taking any sort of initiative against a power that disturbed the peace in the name of anti-colonialism or in the name of anything that appeared to the new powers to be a movement of liberation. (India's seizure of Goa has not yet been mentioned in the Security Council, and the Soviet intervention in Hungary has not yet been condemned by anything like a majority of the members.) U Thant's efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement in Netherlands New Guinea may have the backing of a majority, and he would almost certainly be able to get support for stern measures against the Dutch if they should seek to cut down Sukarno's armies, but if, on the other hand, Sukarno should seek forceful "liberation," he would meet with no opposition in the U.N. There are, to be sure, additional reasons for the U.N. to act in a place like the Congo and not in other places. It can muster the small amounts of power needed to defeat a force like Tshombe's, which at its most powerful consisted of a few hundred trained soldiers and two or three jet fighters; it could not, in any presently imaginable future, stand up against even the kind of force that Indonesia could be expected to field. But the crucial matter, as it is seen here, is that the U.N. is now dominated by powers whose primary interest is in opposing "colonialism." The United States goes a long way in sharing this interest with them; they, however, share very few interests with us. We can commit them to very little; they can commit us to some quite dangerous pursuits—and there could be a whole series of dangerous pursuits, it is felt by many people here, if the doctrine that governed the latest Katanga intervention were to be applied whenever the majority felt like it.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

SYDNEY, Australia, Dec. 21 (UPI).—The suicide complex among fish along the Australian coast ended Thursday as suddenly as it began.

Sportsmen on the northern coast of New South Wales resumed catching live fish on baited hooks and schools of fish were swimming normally off the coast.

•

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra will skip a week in its subscription series and will not play in Northrop Auditorium Friday, Jan. 19, when the noted German conductor, Eugen Jochum, will be the guest on the podium.—*Minneapolis Sunday Tribune.*

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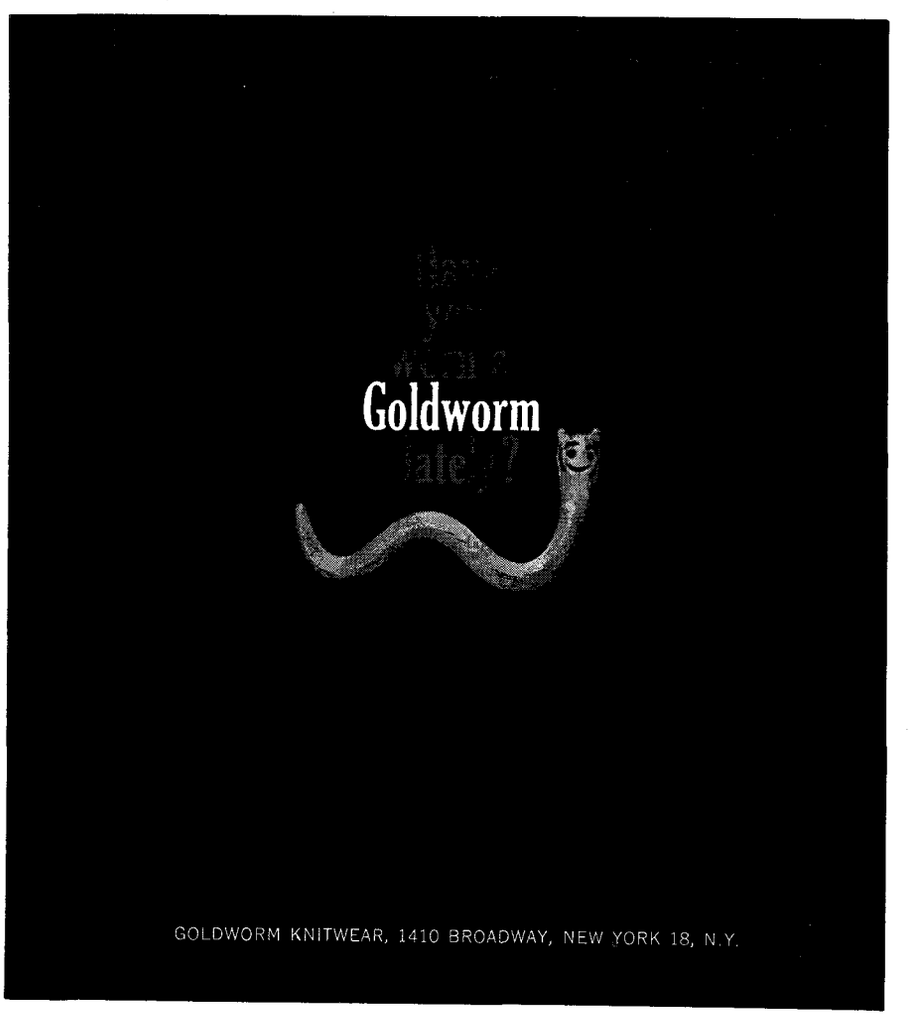

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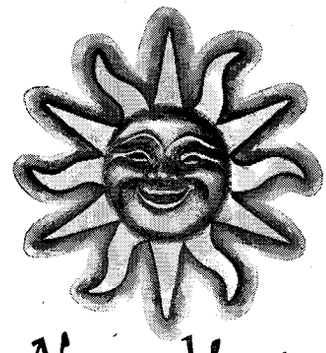
THE ROOM UNDER PASCAL'S

I HAVE always been impressed by the ability of French people of culture to refer casually, in conversation, to the most amazingly recondite details of anything connected with their national classics. The minute exactness of their familiarity with their masterpieces has aroused my envy, and I have sympathized completely with the pride that they take in it. But to what a degree this pride could go was never fully borne in on me until one Sunday afternoon last year, when American friends in Paris took me to call on an elderly French lady, well up in her eighties, in her apartment in an old house at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis.

I'll never forget the views of the Seine and its banks and the Ile de la Cité from the windows in three walls of her salon. Notre Dame, with its great apse and flying buttresses, was only a few hundred yards downstream; from where I stood, the cathedral was a sprawling, soaring mass, monstrous in the scale of its surroundings, huge as it must have looked in medieval Paris, its size doubled by its great reflection in the water. The two arms of the river, flowing along beside the house, just under two of the windows of the salon, came together beneath the southern window to form the broad stream, almost a lake, that bore the cathedral's reflection; and then, just behind Notre Dame, this full Seine separated once again into two arms to embrace the Ile de la Cité. There was a panorama of innumerable bridges, and barges and *bateaux-mouches* were constantly passing just under our eyes. Sunday strollers were moving along the stone ramparts of the quay on which the house was built, and the cobbled promenade at water level was lined with lovers and fishermen.

Our hostess, a tall, white-haired lady with the scarlet ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur sewed to one of the lapels of the black velvet tea gown she was wearing, told us that, except for one wartime year, she had occupied this same flat since 1912, and that the views out the windows had scarcely changed. She pointed to a church tower on the Right Bank. "Saint-Gervais," she said. "One of the oldest churches in Paris, though of course the façade is only seventeenth-century. Mme. de Sévigné was married there, on August 14, 1644, at two o'clock in the morning."



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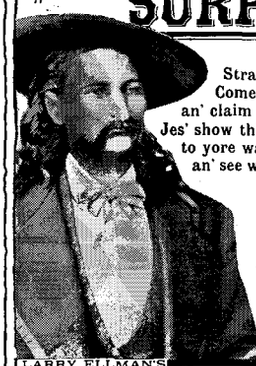

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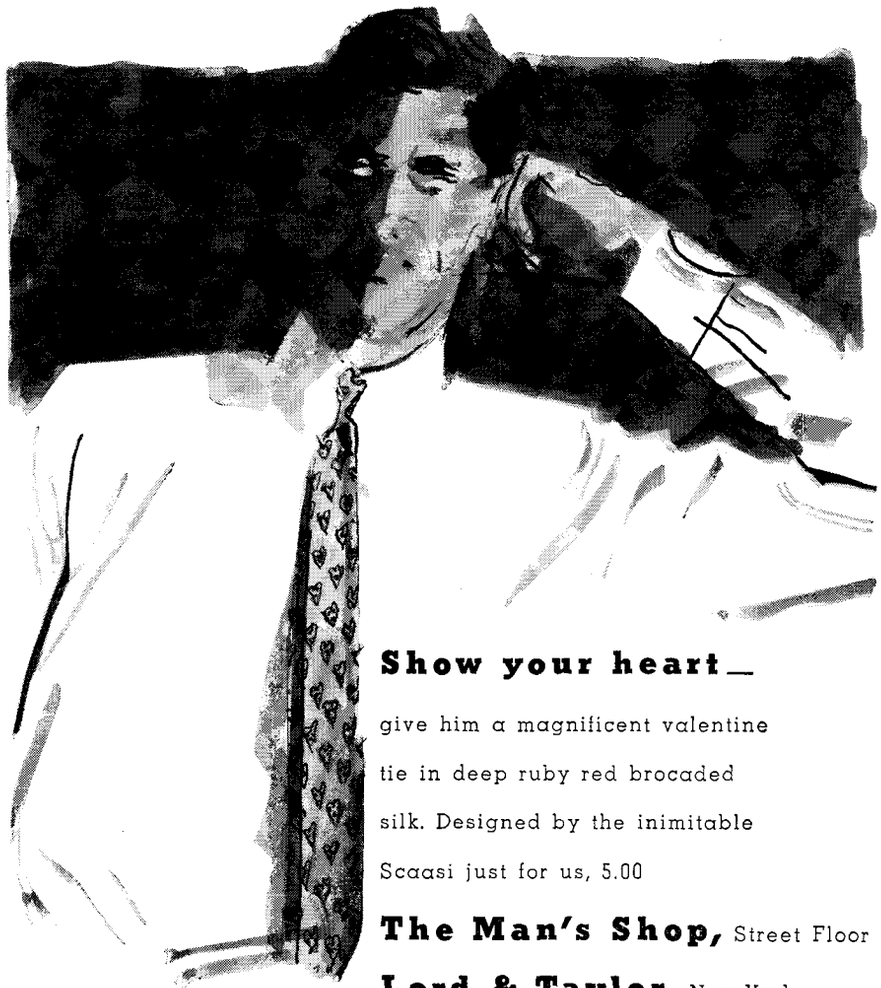
Then she told us a story about the war.

"WHEN the invasion came, in 1940, I had a little house in Port-Royal," she said. "You know—the village near Versailles where Pascal and Racine lived. Some friends of mine lived in Les Granges, the very house of Pascal and Racine. They'd made a kind of museum out of it—it's a national museum now—and they had to flee, for personal reasons, and they asked me to be caretaker in their absence. So, to oblige them, I moved in, with my dog, and I lived in the ground-floor room just under Pascal's room for a whole year. It was pleasant in good weather and not too cold in the winter. I had an electric heater, and besides those old builders were intelligent. If you close the outer shutters when the last rays of the sun disappear, not too much cold comes in.

"The Germans arrived in Port-Royal just after my friends left. I explained to a young German soldier, who spoke perfect French, that this was a Pascal and Racine shrine, and that if we had been victorious in Germany, we would have spared the houses of Goethe and Schiller. It turned out he revered Pascal, so everything went off very well. They put up signs, in German, saying what the place was. I wasn't interfered with; I'd show the place off to visiting Germans, and they were all very correct, except—

"The village school was closed, and the people of Port-Royal begged me to teach their children to read and write, and also to speak a little German, so that they could talk with the soldiers quartered in their houses. So for a time I had a class—the children of the gardener and the other servants at Les Granges, as well as the village children. One day, I was giving a lesson when a German officer I'd never seen before walked into the classroom. They never had done that without asking permission, and I was just about to tell him to leave when suddenly he walked right up to me. I had written the German for 'eggs' on the blackboard—selling eggs to the soldiers was a very important thing in the village—and I'd made a mistake. Instead of writing '*die Eier*,' I had written '*die Eien*.' Before I could stop him, the German officer rubbed out the 'n' and wrote an 'r'. He was grinning so! I went wild. Without knowing what I was doing, I gave him a terrific slap in the face—a slap that you could have heard all the way to Versailles. '*Ah, non, Monsieur*—not in front of my



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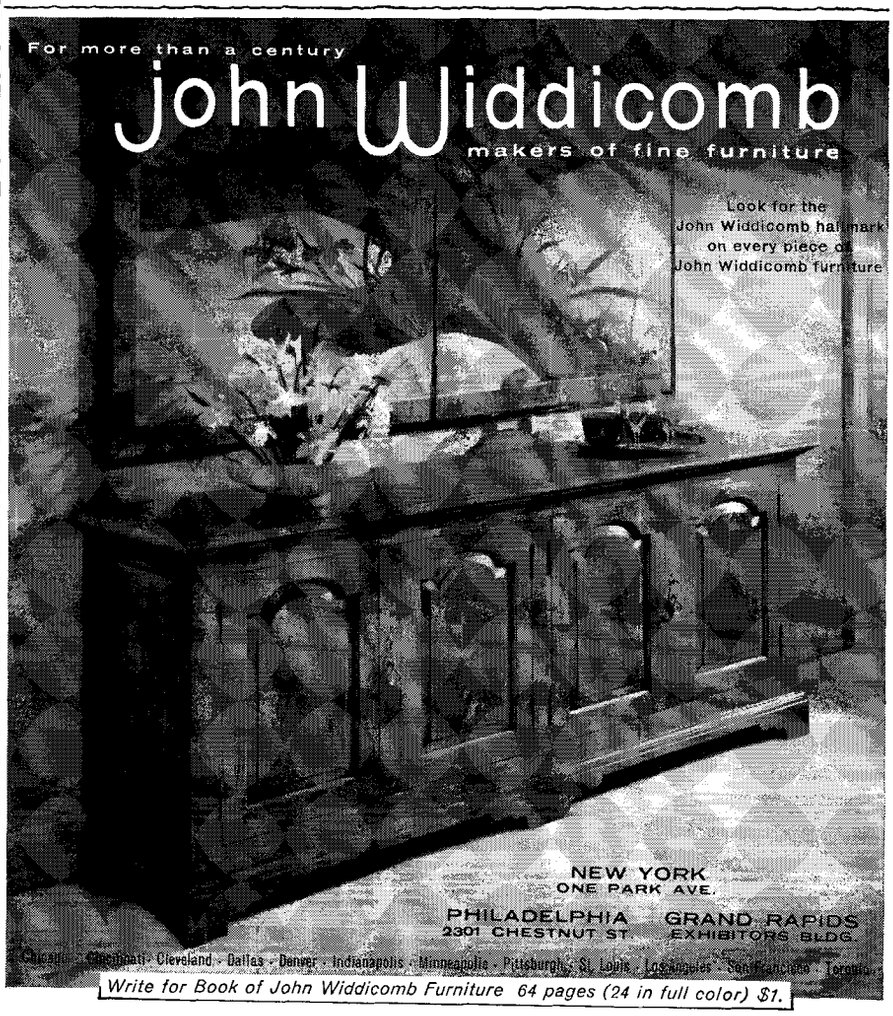

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pupils!' I cried. 'If a gentleman corrects a teacher, he does so in private!'

"He turned so red! He swelled up so! He walked out without saying a word. The children were stunned. They didn't make a sound. I was terrified, afterward, but nothing happened to me."

The old lady paused, and it was what she then proceeded to say that so deeply impressed me.

"I was glad when that winter was over," she said. "It was lonely and a little frightening, living there all by myself in the room under Pascal's. Of course, as I said, I had my dog—my dog . . . What was his name? I know it. I know it as well as I know my own, because he had the same name as Racine's dog. I had named him myself, after Racine's dog. What was the name of Racine's dog? Help me out, won't you, one of you? Surely you know the name of Racine's dog—everybody knows that. Well, not you, perhaps," she said to us. "After all, you weren't brought up in France. But certainly every educated French person— *Ah, çà, alors!* My friends, I do beg your pardon most humbly. I am humiliated. The name of Racine's dog! *Mon Dieu!* What will I forget next?"

—Francis Steegmuller

•

A man on board a Jersey Airlines Herald jet-prop airliner flying yesterday at 13,000 feet over the English Channel tried to open an emergency hatch. He was restrained.

Captain Patrick Higgens, the pilot, said later at Gatwick Airport that if the hatch had been opened the man might have been sucked out and the pressurisation would have dropped.

Mr. Daley said: "I think the man wanted to throw his cigarette out. I don't think that he realised the danger."

After speaking to airline officials, the man, aged about 45 and smartly dressed, left Gatwick to join a Frankfurt-bound airliner at London Airport.—*London Sunday Times.*

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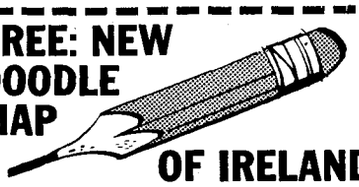

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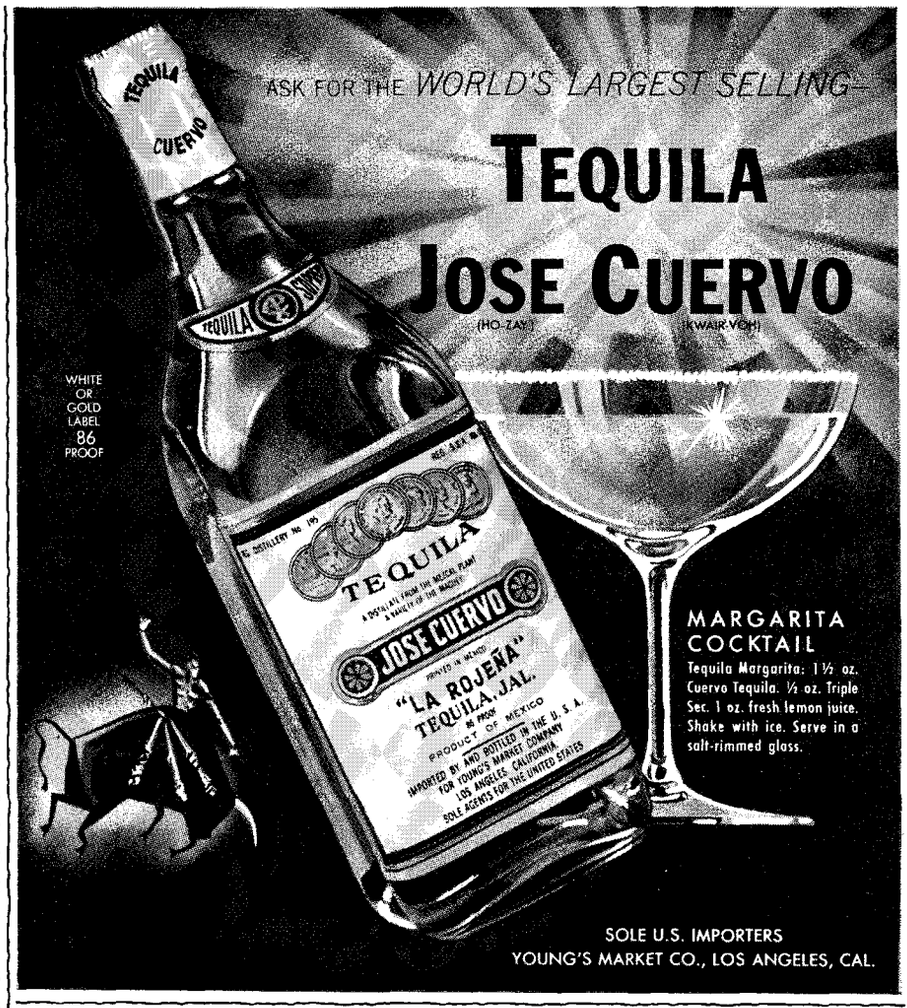
THE ART GALLERIES

Sticking to One's Last

IT has often been said that an artist is responsible only for his own work and not for his imitators, and in the main this is true, particularly when the course of the imitators has been downward. One could hardly blame Michelangelo for the overblown masculinity of his followers, or Raphael for the saccharinity of so many of his. Yet I think there are other sides to the matter. In the first place, there is ground for the assertion that the vulgarizers of any artistic style, who almost invariably tend to exploit its easy or "soft" side, also tend (by that very fact) to illuminate the weaknesses that may underlie its strengths. In this way, they perform not only a critical function but a constructive one, for it is chiefly by observing the weaknesses of an established school, as revealed in its decline, that the members of that ever-present restless younger generation find encouragement in their assaults on it. But at still one more remove in time—and this at first glance may seem paradoxical—it is frequently these same faults in a school which, when it has safely receded into the past, awaken the interest of a still later generation and start them off on experiments in one more direction. So the downs, coming after the ups, lead to ups again—which is, after all, one of the fascinations of art for the observer—and the decline of Impressionism (to cite a single example), followed by a revulsion against it, results at last in its revival in the Tachism of today.

This little homily has by now led me fairly far afield from the exhibition of paintings and other works by Raoul Dufy at the Wildenstein, though it was he who inspired the homily. On the face of things, Dufy was plagued more by imitators, often of the cheapest sort, than almost any of his contemporaries, and the popularity of his reproductions (which made such charming "spots" of color on the walls, according to the interior decorators) only served to dilute the primary impact of his paintings still further. As a result, it is difficult to approach his work, as displayed in the cur-



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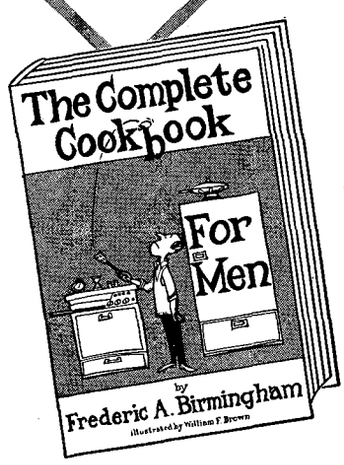

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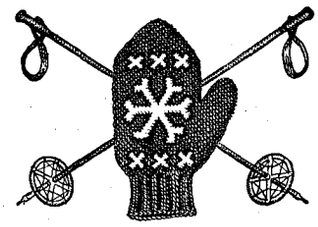
rent collection, with any freshness of viewpoint and to assess it fairly. Yet isn't that still his fault, in a way? If familiarity with his paintings has diluted their impact, isn't that because their impact was slight to begin with, and if he was plagued by vulgarizers and imitators, wasn't he, to a degree, his own vulgarizer? Perhaps—and I add this at a venture—it was the Fauvist style itself that was the hidden villain. Short-lived and transitional as it was, too involved with immediate emotionality ever to concern itself with stricter values, it lent itself more readily to the frivolous and the factitious than any of the other contemporary artistic movements, and it is, I think, significant that the greatest of the original Fauves—Matisse, Braque, Rouault, and so on—soon abandoned it in favor of more disciplined forms of expression. Dufy stuck with it to the end, and possibly the best thing that can be said is that, long as his life was (he was born in 1877, had his first exhibition in Paris in 1902, and, though crippled severely by rheumatism in his last years, went on painting right up to his death, in 1953), he managed to invest his version of the style with a certain feeling of freshness and spontaneity throughout.

To be sure, there are references in the Dufy show to a brief period of experimentation in his younger days. A "Portrait de l'Artiste," of about 1900 (hat jauntily aslant on curly dark hair, eyelids drooping, and mouth pursed superciliously), shows him working in a kind of Munich-school naturalistic manner—and suggests as well that at the time he fancied himself as something of a dandy—while in two studies called "La Plage de Ste. Adresse," both of 1908, he reveals that he was more than a little attracted to Cézanne. A year later, though, in "Statue aux Vases Rouges," with its arbitrarily green-and-red coloration, we find him settled in comfortably with the Fauves, and although there are fifty-odd later oils and water colors awaiting our inspection, not to mention a considerable number of drawings, there is surprisingly little variation in color, mood, or—once the round of landscapes, seascapes, and flower-bedecked nudes has been established—subject matter in the lot of them. But Dufy had charm, and I think it resided mainly in his peculiar mixture of urbanity and good taste. His color was almost always impeccable, and so, after a fashion, were his manners. When he borrowed—as he did, most persistently from Matisse and occasionally from Braque—he borrowed discreetly; indeed, one feels, he did it almost with a



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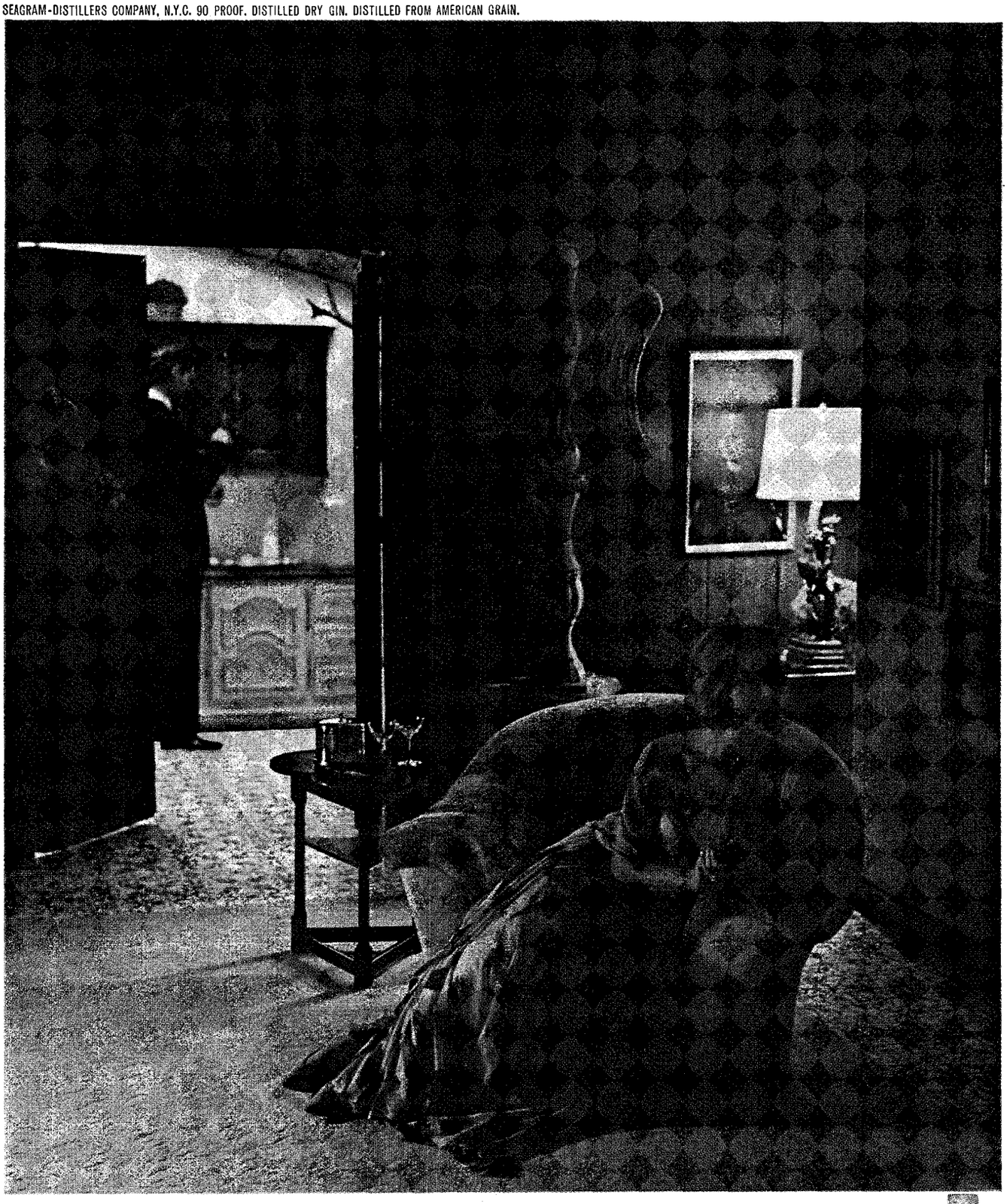

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slight, polite bow of acknowledgment.

In the same way, his suavity and tact kept him from ever becoming overbearing or supercilious toward the observer. Worldly as his subjects are, ranging from the regattas at Cowes to the regattas at Deauville, and from there to the casinos and beaches of the Riviera, he was too much a worldling himself to be overly impressed by them, and too courteous to make the least effort to impress you, the onlooker, either. Instead, he seems always to invite you to share his genial disillusionment with the tinsel scenes. "Look," he says, or seems to say, in such pieces as "Casino de la Jetée, Feu d'Artifice" and the airy "Quiconce à Hyères." "They are pretty, all these places, aren't they? But it's only skin-deep, you know." And as if to emphasize the fact, he paints them in the thinnest and most transparent of washes, laid on over the most insubstantial outlines. Even such bland disillusionment cannot be maintained forever, and except for his painterly skill and address, his work went down as time went on. He had not enough substance for a big subject, either, and apart from the late, large, and stunning Orchestra series—none of which, unfortunately, are in the show—his large compositions in general tend to fall apart and look empty in comparison with the smaller ones. I liked the view of a hill town, called "Caltagirone," with its staccato façades, and the beautifully blue "L'Estacade," and the landscape "Vence," all of them fairly early, in addition to the much later "Jardin Public à Hyères," a slightly jumbled effort at abstraction, but a brave one.

IT'S a far cry from the bantering lightness of Dufy to the deadly seriousness of Joaquín Torres-García, the Uruguayan abstractionist, whose works are now at the Marks Gallery, and who, almost forgotten at his death, in 1949, is undergoing a certain revival of interest. There was a period, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, while he was living in Paris, when he seemed destined to become one of the major figures in the Cubist school, particularly the Dynamist branch, led by Léger, whose disciple in a sense he was. Léger's influence shows here and there in the current collection, most firmly in such pieces as "Composition Planos" and "Composition (Blue, Red, Yellow, Black & White)," where there are echoes of Léger's attack in both the color and the design. Torres-García, however, seems to have been far too individualistic to follow in any man's tracks for long, and the style he eventually

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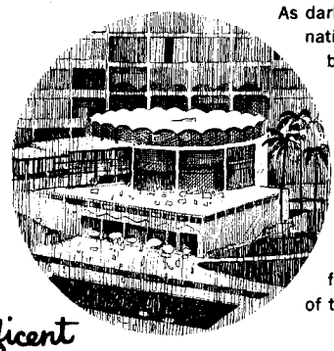

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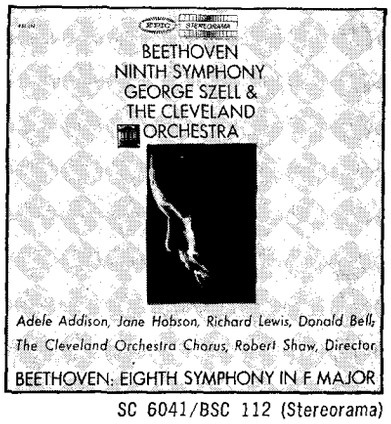

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evolved—this largely developed after his return to his native Montevideo, in the mid-nineteen-thirties—is a highly personal one, in which tiers of pictographic symbols (a house, a bottle, bread, a ship, a clock, and so on) are presented, compartmented, on the canvas, and usually arranged around the figure of a man or a woman, also neatly compartmented, at the center.

The philosophical bent—to reduce man and the range of his preoccupations to a set of simple, universal symbols—is fairly obvious, and I found the works compositionally as monotonous and limited in scope as the theory. The trouble may be that Torres-García tried to hammer home his point too hard. Seen collectively, he seems repetitious; taken separately, the paintings—dark brown in tonality and hinting in their construction of Andean Indian and even pre-Columbian influences—have a kind of grave authority. I like him best, though, when he departs from his usual patterns, as in the study of two figures called "Formes en Negro y Rojo" and the ascendingly patterned "Composition (Black & White)."

—Robert M. Coates

•

COMPOSERS

There is no denying
That Chopin was a fast worker.
Every day, if he was sighing
Because his lady had been false,
He would write another mazurka.
Otherwise, he would write a waltz.

Schubert worked even faster.
No time for brooding on his wrongs
Had this prestidigitatious master;
His brain was a kind of treadle
That could turn out a whole cycle of songs
As fast as he could pedal.

But Mozart was the winner.
He was made of incandescent gases,
And would write a symphony after dinner
While admiring the light of the moon,
Or compose three operas, five quartets, seven overtures, and a couple of miscellaneous Masses
In the course of an afternoon.

—R. P. Lister

•

Columbia, S.C. (UPI)—The South Carolina electric chair has been ruled too dangerous to use and the state is in the market for a new one.—*Winston-Salem (N.C.) Journal.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Eight Straight

I'M afraid I'll have to turn in a minority report on Ridan, last summer's most talked-of two-year-old. Since he had won all of his previous seven starts, and most of them by lengths in fast time, he was expected to run over his opposition in his first race this season, the Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah last weekend, but instead he had to be ridden hard to beat Rainy Lake, Mighty Fennec, and seven other three-year-olds. I watched it on television (I'm all for TV, because important races are usually shown a second time, on video tape, and you can see the things you missed the first go-around), and from where I sat, Boston Sailor looked the quickest out of the starting gate. He was closely followed by Rainy Lake, and a bit farther on they were joined by Ridan. Even at that early stage, Hartack, who rode Ridan, seemed to be hustling him along. On the far turn, Boston Sailor dropped back and Ridan and Rainy Lake drew ahead, both going hammer and tongs. Half a furlong from home, Hartack asked his mount for a final effort, and Ridan responded, pulling away to win by a length and a half. Rainy Lake carried eight pounds less than Ridan, but his performance deserves full marks. I can't say as much for Sunrise County, who I thought should have finished better than fifth. The time for the six furlongs was 1:09⅕, which is stepping right along; what is more interesting—to me, at any rate—is that the first quarter was run in 0:21⅗, the second in 0:22⅘, and the third in 0:24⅕. I wonder how long it would have taken Ridan to do a fourth quarter. But it's no more than fair to say that he put up a good show in the Hibiscus. As you know, a leg ailment sent him into retirement early last September, and it took him a long time to get over it. Besides, he's such a big, rambunctious colt that he's not easy to train. But to get right down to it, if pedigree, conformation, and style of running mean anything, he's a sprinter. When I toss off that apparently condescending "sprinter," I'm not making light of Ridan. Many of the top horses I've seen were sprinters—Osmand, Billy Kelly, Balko, Happy Argo, Sation, White Skies. We

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could do with a few of them right now.

Speaking of television, when Hialeah started it, some years ago, it was well done. What I saw last week was, let's say, below par. Just about all one could see of the horses in the Hibiscus was the actual race, and you know how long that was. Much of the half hour was devoted to a fashion show, and it was a little dandy, if I ever saw one. Anyway, Hialeah had a bang-up opening day, with an attendance of 21,599. Also, a track record was broken. Next to a big mutuel handle, what racecourse managements like best is to have some horse or other break a track record every afternoon. On this occasion, Beau Admiral, who had never shown anything like such speed before, was the animal who obliged. Leading all the way in the Royal Poinciana Handicap, he ran six furlongs in 1:08⅘, a fifth of a second faster than the old mark. Globemaster, the favorite, was never prominent. It seems that he was struck on the head by a clod or a stone early in the race, and after that he wouldn't try.

OUT at Santa Anita last Saturday, it rained so hard that the San Marcos Handicap, scheduled for the turf course, was run over the main track, and a Greentree Stable racer, The Axe II, who had never run on anything but grass, romped home by more than six lengths. Oink was second and Dress Up third. T.V. Lark was scratched, because he didn't like the footing. For the record, Four-and-Twenty is going great guns again in California. After finishing third to Olden Times and Spy Flight in the Malibu Stakes, he won the San Carlos Handicap and the San Fernando Stakes on successive Saturdays. On the face of it, he'll be the favorite for the Maturity Stakes, the first of the season's hundred-thousand-dollar events, at Santa Anita this weekend. Winning it may not be so easy, though, for the Maturity is at a mile and a quarter, and in my book Four-and-Twenty's best distance is a mile and a furlong. That extra furlong can be a very long one for a horse who goes all out from the start, as Four-and-Twenty does.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

American Legion Post 82 will meet at 8 P.M. Monday at the post home. Awards will be presented. Officers of the post have asked for a good attendance. the irritating little things.
—*Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat.*

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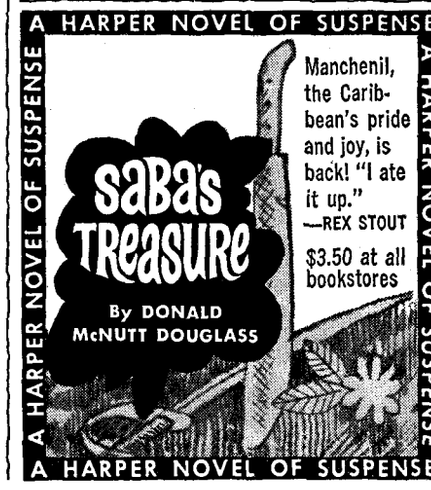

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—REX STOUT

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BOOKS

The Grooves of Academe

ONE cannot help wondering, sometimes, if it is prudent for novelists to take up residence in colleges. Most of these establishments tend to depress the spirits, and special qualities of character are required to survive, unscathed, the slow succession of the semesters. Undergraduates are not unbearably oppressed by their dismal condition, but undergraduates enjoy the elasticity of youth. Likewise, the members of the faculty commonly are possessed of resources that enable them to breathe the collegiate atmosphere, and even, in many instances, to contribute to it. But writers, by nature and training, are inclined to be more than somewhat sensitive to their surroundings. It may be that colleges are not good for them. Some such inference might be drawn, at any rate, from "A New Life" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy), by Bernard Malamud. It is obvious from internal evidence that the author has spent a great deal of time in a college that did not agree with him, for he has collected a staggering amount of information on every deplorable aspect of the academic life. But even as he was compiling his indictment, the dim, gray spirit of the place was penetrating his pores and spreading through his intellectual system. His novel is a kind of unwilling tribute to much of what it sets out to deprecate. It is a scholarly dissertation of a novel, plodding and listless.

A great part of the trouble appears to derive from the author's determination to treat his subject exhaustively, to ignore no scrap of dialogue, however trivial or uninteresting, that will support, intellectually if not artistically, his fictional thesis. It is almost as if he feared that an alumnus of his imaginary college would rise up and call him superficial were he to omit a particle of imaginary documentation. Accordingly, whole pages at a whack are given over to minutiae of this sort:

> "You're obviously conscientious," Gilley said, "and I wouldn't advise you to worry at all about the textbooks. You'll get to know them as you go along. The salesmen call and they'll send you what they hope you're looking for. What with *The Elements* and *Elements Workbooks*, Forms A, B, C, for regular, and D for remedial classes, in use, all we really have to worry about is a new freshman reader once in a while. We've kept *Science in Technology* as our reader for the last five years because it's been popular with the students. For the lit classes Orville usually picks the texts himself with an occasional assist by Bullock, Kuck or Merdith Schultz—his is the office next door to yours, opposite Bucket's, but his wife has been seriously sick and he isn't around much more than he has to be."

In a novel, a little of this sort of thing goes a long way, and a lot of it goes nowhere at all. There is, regrettably, such a tremendous lot of it in "A New Life" that the reader is long in even making the acquaintance of the hero, despite his presence on every page. For his principal activity in the early part of the book is merely to fidget in a manner simple enough to be described in a single sentence, and this sentence can be used to break up the long paragraphs of information that are directed at him by other speakers. The device provides more typographical refreshment to the eye than intellectual substance to the mind. "Levin agreed," we learn, between one long statement and another. "Levin nodded." "Levin laughed brokenly." "Levin softly groaned." "Levin, slowly stroking his beard, listened intently." "Levin's handkerchief was by now moist." And, in one memorable instance, "Levin brought out his nail file, wondered why, and quickly returned it to his pocket." His speech is equally perfunctory and unilluminating: "Please don't, if—," "I understand—," "Yes, sir—," and "Tst-tst." Even the combination of speech and action seldom conveys a great deal: "Levin, on the edge of his seat, asked, 'Because of the incident—?' "

When the protagonist has thus modestly elicited and passively absorbed a quantity of information sufficient to fill a handsome assortment of college catalogues, the story begins to inch along more briskly. Seymour Levin is a sensitive native of New York who has endured an unfortunate childhood and who has decided, rather late in his twenties, to embark on a career of service as a college teacher. He is taken on at Cascadia College, a mythical institution in a state of the same name, on the northern part of the Pacific Coast. Cascadia is an agricultural and technical college that was never much given, one gathers, to the life of the mind. It is particularly depressing at the time of the narrative, when, according to the author, who surely is exaggerating a little, "the country was frightened silly of

"There, that's what I mean. Everybody wants something for nothing nowadays."

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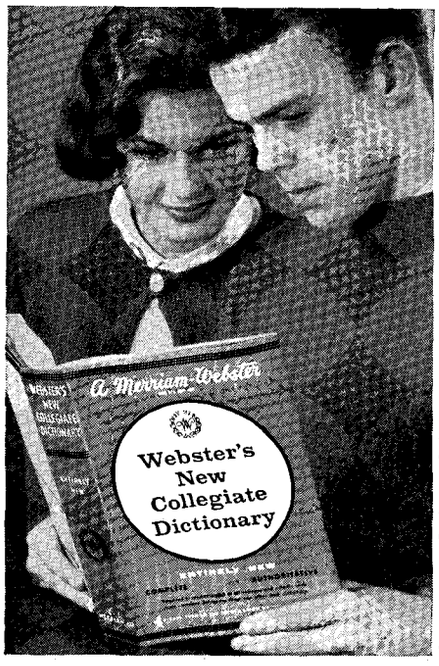

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Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers, Communist spies . . . and those who asked them for a match or the time of day." The special and more credible form that the national terror takes at Cascadia College is, "paradoxically, in what was missing: ideas, serious criticism, a liberal position." Under these circumstances, "Levin's protective coloration was to pretend he thought like everyone else."

This last statement explains, more or less, a curious bifurcation of the novel. When Levin is off campus, so to speak, he achieves a larger measure of existence. His sentences grow to completion and expand into paragraphs. His fidgetings resolve into continuous motions and even into acts of volition. He attempts to seduce a barmaid. He enjoys a brief affair with a student. He commits a more prolonged adultery with the wife of a colleague. He almost expands under the benign influence of these nonacademic occurrences, and the author loses no opportunity to endear his hero still further to the reader by hinting at Levin's extraordinary, if unspecified, qualities whenever he so much as observes a Hereford on a country walk: "He had never seen one in the open before, or black Angus; they had never seen a Levin."

If these efforts come to nothing very much, it is probably because Levin is condemned to dwindle almost to the point of nonexistence in the portions of the novel that deal with academic freedom and collegiate practices. In these he returns to the unprofitable task of punctuating the speeches of his colleagues and eliciting from them the evidence of their mediocrity and lack of character. In argument, his opposition is perfunctory and brief, and most discussions end in this fashion:

"What do you expect me to do?" Gilley then asked. "You know darn well I can't arrange the kind of program you want, all by myself. What about Dr. Labhart? I have heard him say that Plato, Shelley, and Emerson have done more harm than good to society."

"God save us all!"

"Don't underrate him. This place has just about doubled in size and scope during his tenure. He's a first-rate organizer. As a student he paid his way through graduate school by founding and running a successful used-car business that his brother still carries on in Boise."

Levin sighed.

And the reader sighs as the subject is changed to fly-fishing.

To be sure, Mr. Malamud has neatly explained Levin's reluctance to engage in controversy. If one objects to the hero's reticence, it is not on grounds of

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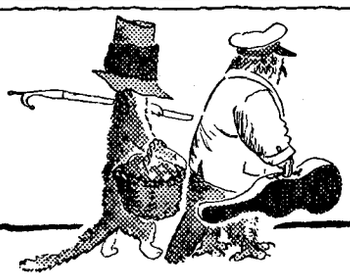

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implausibility but because that reticence produces a serious disconnection in the novel. Levin's persistent failure to join issue with his colleagues fairly isolates him from a substantial portion of the book. Aside from his mere presence on the page, he simply does not register. The consequences of Mr. Malamud's policy are so dire that one is driven to speculate on the reasoning that could have prompted him to equip such a novel with such a hero. A clue, perhaps, may be discerned in that last speech of Professor Gilley. Consider the vulgarity of the argument, its feebleness, its contemptibility. Levin might demolish it with a word. But if he were to utter that word he would prove himself equally capable of demolishing all the other professorial equivocations that Mr. Malamud has assiduously set forth. That is to say, if Levin were to speak his mind, it would be vividly evident that his opponents have no minds to speak. If he were to assert a definite character, the negligibility of the others would be hopelessly apparent. Perhaps, then, it is for the sake of preserving a balance in the minuscule conflict that the author has reduced his protagonist to the verge of invisibility. Unfortunately, this shrinkage has deprived both Levin and the novel of any qualities that could arouse a sustained interest.

—Donald Malcolm

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

In High Places, by Arthur Hailey (Doubleday). This long story of political juggling in Canada, and of diplomatic juggling between Canada and the United States, is vaguely interesting at all times but achieves no very high point at any stage because of a failure in the main character—James Howden, Prime Minister of Canada. As a political figure, and also as a domestic man, Howden is believable enough, but the material of which he is made is not weak enough to ask for attention and not strong enough to command respect. A Literary Guild selection.

Note: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," a novel by Muriel Spark, has been published by Lippincott. Most of the book first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

Dust in the Lion's Paw: Autobiography, 1939-1946, by Freya Stark (Harcourt, Brace & World). The intrepid author of this book (part

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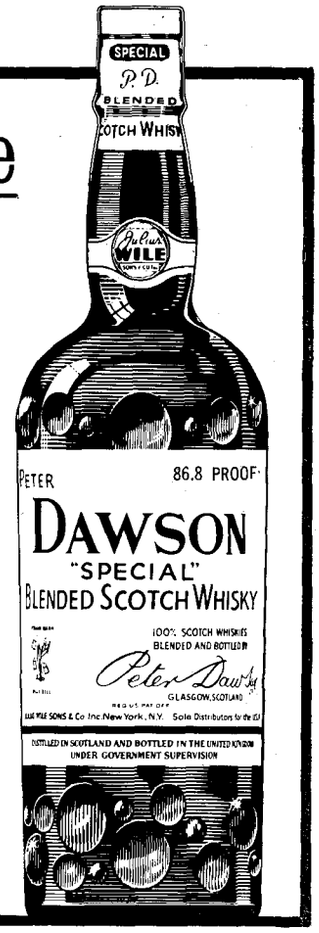

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LINGUISTICS

There are about 3,000 languages spoken around the world today—2,999 more than most of us know, unless you count tourist French and pig Latin.

That 3,000 figure counts English as just one tongue, without taking into consideration its many sublanguages – the technical terms of the scientists, the specialized lingo of the lawyers, psychiatrists, and social scientists, the gobbledygook of the politicians, the strange vocabularies of sports and show business, the various kinds of slang, etc. There's even a sublanguage that might be called "Wall Street."

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memoir, part diary, part letters, and part argument) served Great Britain as a lecturer, writer, and organizer—in short, a propagandist—during the Second World War. She told Arabs that Britain was better than the Axis and would win. She told Americans that British colonialism was a good thing and that Zionism was a bad thing. And she told Indian women how to organize their own version of the English Women's Voluntary Service. In so doing, Miss Stark had an abundance of risky, comic, or odd adventures, which make fine reading, but she remains, alas, the champion of beneficent empire, and the pages in which she justifies, once again, old British policies that failed are dull because they are dated. Luckily, they don't obtrude on Miss Stark's brilliantly evocative travel writing.

THE WHISPERING LAND, by Gerald Durrell (Viking). Mr. Durrell manages a three-ply career as a naturalist—he runs his own zoo, periodically goes off to the wilds to collect for it, and then comes home and writes about his adventures. This time, he went first to Patagonia and then to a jungly section of northern Argentina, and acquired a puma, an ocelot, a peccary, a tapir, and a noisy rainbow of parrots. He developed a terrific crush on lady fur seals and suffered one dreadful disappointment: he failed to catch a vampire bat. Except for that small defeat, his expedition was a splendid success. So is his book.

NOTE: "Gomillion Versus Lightfoot," a report that Bernard Taper wrote for this magazine on a Supreme Court case concerning the voting rights of Negroes in Tuskegee, Alabama, has been published by McGraw-Hill.

•

Someone entered the First Methodist Church in Robinson Sunday night and stole a small amount of change from the office.

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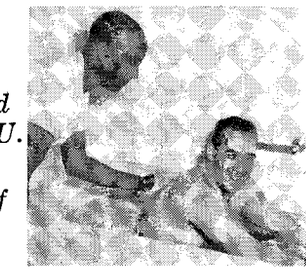

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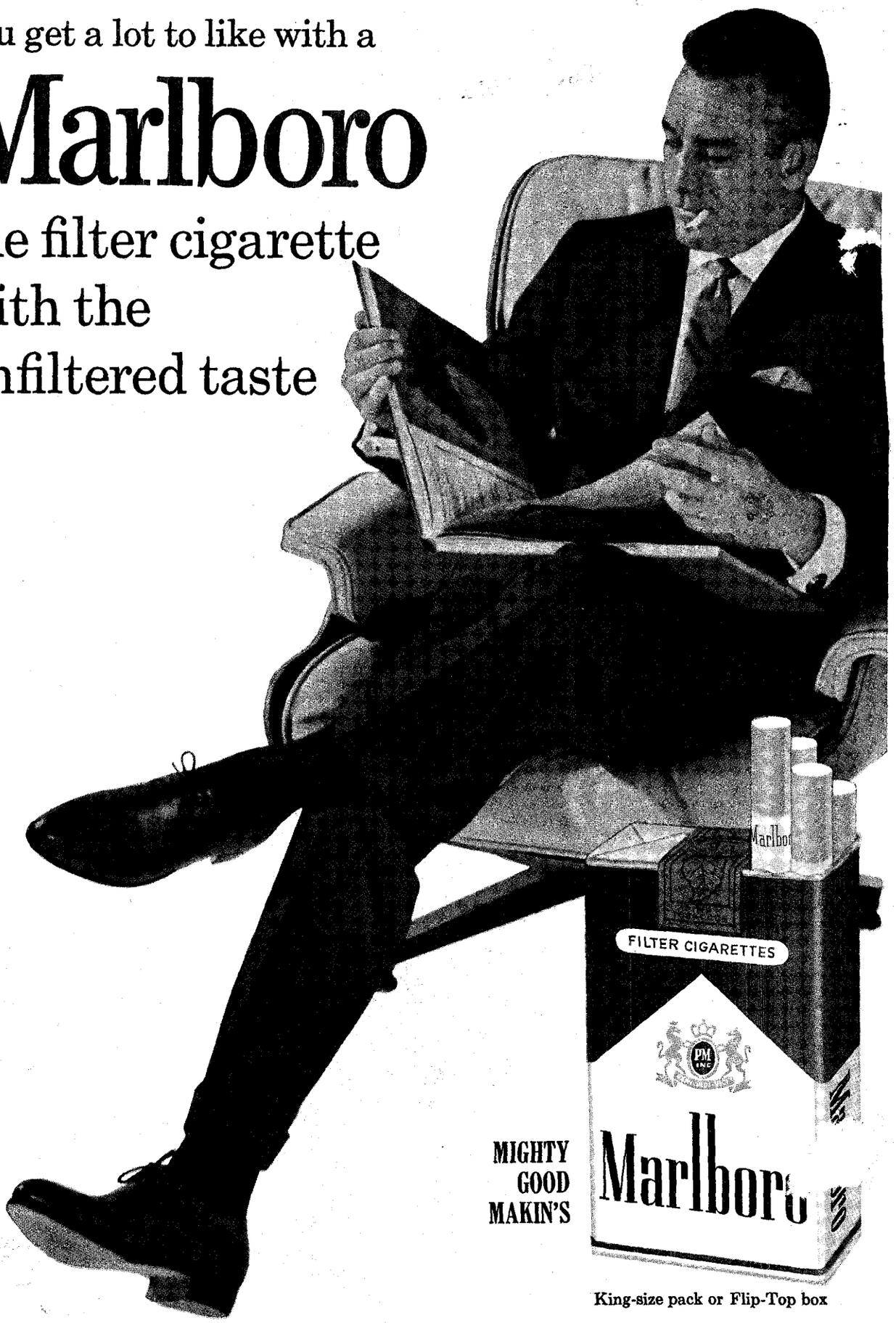

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